CORRESPONDENCE AND CONVERSATIONS

OF

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

WITH

NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR

FROM 1834 TO 1859

EDITED BY M. C. M. SIMPSON

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

VOLUME I

SECOND EDITION

[1872]

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PREFACE.

ONE DAY in the year 1833 a knock was heard at the door of the Chambers in which Mr. Senior was sitting at work, and a young man entered who announced himself in these terms: 'Je suis Alexis de Tocqueville, et je viens faire votre connaissance.' He had no other introduction.

Alexis de Tocqueville was at that time unknown to fame. His great work on America had not yet appeared.

Mr. Senior, however, perceived at once the extraordinary qualities of his new acquaintance. M. de Tocqueville became a frequent visitor in Mr. Senior's house, and the intimacy thus begun was continued by letter or conversation without interruption (indeed every year drew it closer) until the premature death of Tocqueville in 1859.

Soon after that event Mr. Senior collected and arranged his letters and conversations with a view to

their publication at some future time: some extracts from them appeared in the 'Memoir of Tocqueville' published in 1861.

I have thought it would add to the interest of the correspondence to print Mr. Senior's letters, which were sent to me by M. de Beaumont after my father's death. I wish that I could have reproduced the French as well as the English originals, as I cannot hope in a translation to give an idea of the force or the grace of M. de Tocqueville's style.

Mrs. Grote has kindly permitted me to insert in these volumes her notes of conversations in 1849 and 1854.

I have included Mr. Senior's journal of a visit which we paid to Madame de Tocqueville after the death of the great philosopher. She had collected round her three or four of his most intimate friends, and he seemed to be still amongst us, for we talked of him continually and he was never absent from our thoughts. How much we wished that we could once more hear his voice, which, sweet, low, and varied in its tones, added so much to the charm of his conversation.

In person he was small and delicate. He had very thick and rather long black hair, soft yet brilliant dark eyes, and a finely marked brow. The upper lip was long and the mouth wide, but sensitive and expressive. His manner was full of kindness and playfulness, and his fellow-countrymen used to say of him that he was

a perfect specimen of the 'gentilhomme de l'ancien régime.'

Although he had a keen sense of humour, his countenance was sad in repose. Indeed the 'fond' of his character was sad, partly from sensitiveness, partly from ill-health. The period in which his lot was cast was not calculated to raise his spirits; he foresaw, only too clearly, the troubled future in store for France.

The convulsions of the last two years, while they would have deeply pained, would not have surprised him; and though France could ill afford to lose such a man, his friends may find some consolation in the reflection that he is at rest.

M. C. M. Simpson.

Kensington: *May* 7, 1872.

MR. SENIOR'S INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE CONVERSATIONS,

Written in 1859.

I WAS honoured by the friendship of Alexis de Tocqueville for twenty-six years—from 1833 to 1859—but I did not attempt to preserve his conversations until 1848.

In the May of that year I visited Paris, and I was so much struck by the strange things which I saw and heard, that I took notes of them, which swelled into a regular Journal.

The practice once begun, I continued during my subsequent travels, and these volumes contain perhaps the most valuable part of my Journals—that which was contributed to them by M. de Tocqueville.

Of course his conversation loses enormously by translation. Its elegance and finesse could not be retained, but its knowledge and wisdom were less volatile, and I have reason to hope that they have been, to a certain extent, preserved.

In general I sent M. de Tocqueville my reports as they were written, and he corrected them before they were copied.

In one or two cases he made notes on the fair copy.

That nothing of his might be lost I have reproduced the originals with his notes.

NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

Letters from 1834 *to* 1848.

	PAGE
Mr. Senior's criticisms on the 'Démocratie'	3
M. de Tocqueville's answer	6
On M. de Beaumont's 'Marie'	10
On the 'Bien des pauvres'	10
Poor Law Report	12
Timidity of English Ministry	14
Whig Ministry necessarily more honest than Tory	14
Reform Bill in reality a Revolution	15
Prosperity of France	16
Conversion of the Funds	17
Instability of French Ministry	18
Absorption of M. de Tocqueville in preparing the latter volumes of the 'Démocratie'	20
Further criticisms on the 'Démocratie'	22
Comparison of the French and English	22
Indifference of the general public in England to conquest	23
Causes which regulate wages	24
Treaty for the suppression of the Slave Trade	27
Should M. Guizot have resigned?	27
Mr. Senior's opinion that he should not	29
Article on Ireland	30
Anxiety in France	32
Want of Aristocratic element	33
Excess of the Monarchical	34

PAGE

False notions of the French on Political Economy 35
Causes of Revolution of 1848. 35
Speech of M. de Tocqueville, January 27, 1848 36
Government of Louis Philippe 37
Émeute of April 16 39
Attack on the Assembly, May 15 40

Journal in Paris, 1848.

Tocqueville's account of May 15 41
Why the Assembly should work ill 44
Dinner at Tocqueville's. 44
Characters of French Statesmen 45
Expectations of a street fight 46
Frenchmen never bold on the defensive 47
Garde Mobile 48
Character of Lamartine 49
Comparison between the Revolutions 1789 and 1848 . . . 50
Contempt has taken the place of hatred against the upper classes . 51
Decrease in the influence of women 51

Letters in 1849.

Foreign policy of English Ministers 53
Universal listlessness in France 54
Probable character of the new Assembly 55
Increase of the influence of the upper classes 56
English politics 58

Notes by Mrs. Grote.

M. de Tocqueville's account of the days of June 60
Story of the 'Rouge' Concierge 62

Journal in Paris, 1849.

Terms of peace between Austria and Piedmont 66
Prussian aggrandisement dangerous to France. 67
Tocqueville's difficulties as a speaker 68
Distinction between noble and roturier 69
Exertion of public speaking 69
Bores in the House 70

Letter from Mr. Senior, December 1849.

PAGE
Bugeaud's account of February 24 71

Journal in Paris, 1850.

Tocqueville disapproves of what is going on 73
Believes that the present Constitution might be made to work . . 73
Danger of historical parallels 75
Objects of the Conservative party 75
Probable result of an Émeute 76
Greek affairs 77
Absolute government of Louis Philippe 78
Its foundation a quick sand 78
Popularity of Lord Normanby 79
All parties conspiring 81
No end to Revolution in our time 81
No hero cast up by the Revolution of 1848 82
Foreign policy of Lord Palmerston 82
Position of clergy in France 83
Depression of the Duc de Broglie 86
Revolution of 1789 has never ceased 87
Review of French History from 1789 to 1850 87
Greek affairs 91
Preference of égalité to liberty 92
Definition of égalité 93

Journal in Normandy, 1850.

Description of Château de Tocqueville 99
The Reign of Terror 100
New election law 100
Prospects of the four great parties 101
Republicans powerless 101
Orleanists unpopular 101
Legitimists associated with feudalism 102
Probable re-election of the President 103
Probabilities of a Fusion 104
State of Religion 106
Re-action after 1789 106
Religion as an engine of Government 107

PAGE

Observances of Catholicism 107
Farming at Tocqueville 108
Condition of the peasantry 109
Extent and value of estate 110
Agriculture affected by instability 111
Thiers' History of the Empire 112
Character of Napoleon I. 113
Tocqueville hopes to write his history 114
Country-house life 115
Paucity of modern great men 116
Character of Peel 116
Character of Wellington 117
Of Soult, Bugeaud, and Lamoricière 118
Nicholas intolerant of Constitutional Monarchy 119
French Army 120
Warlike propensities of the French 121
New education law 121
École Polytechnique 122
Exclusiveness of country society 122
French marriages 123
Tocqueville as leader of a party 124
His love of work 125
Cherbourg 127
Valuable against England 128
Revolution of 1848 129
The National Guard revolutionary 130
How the Monarchy might have been saved 131
The Banquet abandoned 132
Fire in the Boulevard des Capucines 132
Unpopularity of Louis Philippe's Government 133
It was a plutocracy 134
Paid representatives 135
Collective voting 135
Tendency of properties to coalesce 136
Danger of mortgages to small proprietors 136
Society formerly much more amusing 137
Influence of women—Madame Récamier 138
A wedding near Limoges 138
French households 139
Scanty population 140
Golden age of French literature 141
Deterioration in the present day 141
French poetry 142

PAGE

Bayeux tapestry 144
Journey to St. Aubin 147
Château of St. Aubin 149
Village schoolmistress 151
Death of Louis Philippe 152
His character and conduct 152
Execution of a conveyance 154
Position of lawyers 157
M. Anisson on Protection 158
His Parliamentary life 158
Qualities valued in Parisian society 160
Farming superior to that of Tocqueville 161
Careers open to gentlemen 163
Château de Caudebec 165
Unprofitableness of forests 166
Country clergy 167
Early life of M. Anisson 167
Oak at Allonville 168
No country visiting 168
Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle 169
Difficulty of recording conversation 179

Letters in 1850.

Normandy journal 171
The Tocquevilles agree to meet Mr. Senior in Italy . . . 171
No-popery agitation 174

Journal at Sorrento, 1851.

Anti-Catholic movement 179
Miserable example of intolerance 180
Superiority of Protestant populations 180
Effects of persecution 181
Mischievous effects of English bigotry 182
Dulness of English sermons 183
Worldliness of English clergymen 184
Protestantism not ascetic 184
Strength of religious feeling in England 185
Protestantism a religion of opposition 185
Celibacy of clergy 186
Letter to Archbishop Whately on the above conversation . . 187

PAGE

Vote of want of confidence 188
Struggle between the President and the Assembly 189
Louis Napoleon learned to estimate free enterprise in England . . 189
He is determined to be his own sole Minister 190
Assembly should have made a stand in 1849 190
Two modes in which it might coerce the President 190
A dissolution impracticable 191
Plans of usurpation 192
Unwise expenditure 192
Prophecy of a Coup d'État 193
Its mode described 194
Mistaken ideas of President's character 195
Specimen of Neapolitan middle class 196
Anecdote of a Legitimist 197
Salerno 199
Pæstum 200
Murder of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt 201
Future Constitution of France 203
Aristocracy has suffered the most 203
Poor Law 204
Right to relief 204
Injurious effects of charity 205
Benefits of a Poor Law 205
Death by starvation 206
Asceticism and Confession 207
Uneasiness of Tocqueville at want of news 208
Hopes that the Assembly will win the day 208
President would destroy liberty 209
Tocqueville would support the Constitution 209
Blunders of the Assembly 210
Defects of the Constitution 211
News from Paris 214
Ministers mere clerks 214
Sorrentine boatmen 215
Beggars at Amalfi 217
Story of Ben Ferrhat 218
Interpellations addressed to the Ministry 221
Fears that Representative body will prove still weaker . . . 221
Revision of the Constitution 222
French prose writers 223
Ampère surprised by the Revolution of 1848 224
Resemblance of 1851 to 1795 225
In 1795 the army decided 227

PAGE
Defence of a National Guard 227
President asks for money 227
A decisive struggle at hand 228
Talleyrand 228
Society under the Empire not amusing 229
Tocqueville not responsible for the Roman expedition . . . 231
He had not taken office 232
Austria would have undertaken it 232
The French spared the town 233
Tocqueville pressed reform on the Pope 233
Rights against the Roman Republic 234
Concessions demanded by Tocqueville 235
Obstinacy and superstition of the Pope 236
Unfavourable influence of Naples 238
Attitude of Austria 239
Louis Napoleon yielded everything 239
Tocqueville's intentions had he remained Minister 239
Grandeur of Thebes 241
Excellence of Russian army 241
Religious feeling in Russia 242
Supposititious French Memoirs 242
Louis XVIII. the only Constitutional King of France . . . 243
Distinction of the Orleans family 243

Letters in 1851.

Religious storm in England 244
Tocqueville's return to France 245

Journal in Paris, May 1851.

Commercial state of France 247
Obscurity of political horizon 248
President considers himself re-eligible 248
If re-elected the Constitution will be violated 249
Qualities required for a mixed Government 250
Probable revision of the Constitution 251
Irritating conduct of the Ministers 252
Position of the four Political parties in France 253
Desire for the revision 254
Mischievousness of precedents 255
Three modes in which Louis Napoleon might retain power . . 256

PAGE

He will not obtain a majority 257
Advantages of an Upper Chamber 257
Power of a single Chamber to resist encroachment 258
Fusion does not gain ground 258
Law of May 31 259
Inconsistent with universal suffrage 259
Probable that the President will use force 260
The Comte de Paris the best Sovereign 260

Letters in 1851 (*continued*).

Tocqueville employed on the revision 262
Effect of his Report in England 263
Probable illegal re-election of President 264
President proof against Constitutional ideas 265
No illegal movement should be permitted 266
Two opposite motives for desiring the revision 267
Nations accustomed to revolutions 268
English intolerance 268
Tocqueville's opinions in former conversations 269
Want of aristocracies in Europe 270
Gravity of present situation 273

Correspondence and Conversations of A. de Tocqueville.

Correspondence.

Alexis de Tocqueville to N. W. Senior.

March 24, 1834.

My dear Mr. Senior,—I hope that you have not yet entirely forgotten one who will always remember your kind reception with gratitude. I take to-day the liberty of asking you to bestow a portion of the same good will on my countryman, M. Guéry.

M. Guéry, who is an advocate practising in the Cour Royale in Paris, is the author of a book which is much esteemed, called an 'Essay on Moral Statistics in France.' Perhaps you have already heard of this work, which has been noticed in your reviews. The Académie Française considered it of so much utility and importance that they bestowed on it a prize.

M. Guéry is going to England in order to continue his statistical studies: he intends to spend six months there. I think that the work which he will publish on his return will be full of interest for us, and will be no doubt

of real use to the English themselves. Now that, thank God, the two countries are on good terms, they ought to endeavour to enlighten each other. I wish no better fortune for M. Guéry than to find in England as excellent a friend as I did.

I suppose that you have finished drawing up your important Report on the Poor Law. If so, I shall be much obliged if you will send me a copy through our Consul-general. The volume containing extracts from your Inquiry on the same subject has excited great interest here. The result of your labours cannot fail to be equally appreciated.

. . . . . .

&c. &c. &c.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

P.S.—In three months I shall publish my work upon 'American Institutions.' You may be sure that I shall send you an early copy.

Lincoln's Inn, February 17, 1835.

My dear Sir,—Pray accept my best thanks for your excellent work, 'De la Démocratie en Amérique,' which I have read with great interest, delight, and I hope instruction. It appears to me one of the most remarkable books of the age.

I am most anxious that it should be reviewed and translated here: but there is great difficulty in getting a review of any book requiring much thought. Those who are competent for such a work seldom like to write anonymously.

If, however, you will sacrifice a few copies for the chance, and will send them to me, I will put them into the hands of the editors of our principal reviews, the 'Edinburgh,' 'Quarterly,' 'Westminster,' and 'London.' I think also that it would be worth your while to send a copy to the Athenæum Club, both in order to obtain readers, and to insure your admission to that club (the best I think in London) on your arrival. The best mode of sending books to me in London is to direct to me, at M. J. B. Baillière, Libraire, 13 bis Rue de l'École de Médecine, Paris. Their parcels leave Paris for London every Saturday evening, and will come to me without any expense to you. I think too that it might be well to send (by the same means) copies to Lord Brougham and Lord Lansdowne.

A few remarks have occurred to me, principally in your second volume.

Page 58. Is not a passage omitted after the eleventh line? Perhaps the passage at p. 59, beginning 'Je regarde,' ought to be here inserted.

P. 76. Has money fallen in value in France since the Empire? It has risen everywhere else.

P. 76. *Note.* The expenditure on the poor arises not from the democratic nature of the American Government, but from the compulsory provision. In Denmark the most despotic, and England, the most aristocratic, country in Europe it is far greater than in America.

P. 115. I do not think that in England the wealth of the poor has been sacrificed to that of the rich. As far as my investigations extend, the wages of the English

labourer are higher than those of any labourer. He has not landed property, because it is more profitable to him to work for another than to cultivate; but this depends on the same ground which makes it more profitable to work for a cotton manufacturer than to make stockings for his own use. It is a part of the system of the division of labour, of which la grande culture is only an instance.

P. 383. *Note.* What sort of milles carrés do you refer to? Not certainly English.

P. 393. I cannot think that population is an element of wealth. It may rather be said to be an element of poverty. The wealth or poverty of the *people* of a country depends on the proportion between their numbers and the aggregate wealth of that country. Diminish their numbers, the wealth remaining the same, and they will be, individually, richer. The people of Ireland, and indeed of England, would be richer if they were fewer. I do not call a country like China, where there is an immense population, individually poor, a rich country, though the aggregate wealth of China is greater than the aggregate wealth of Holland, where the population is, comparatively, individually rich.

I am delighted to hear that you are likely to be soon in London; and I trust to have the earliest information of your arrival.

I shall send to you to-morrow by the Ambassador's bag[1] a little pamphlet, written by me, but not avowed,

[1] Extracts from this pamphlet are published in Mr. Senior's *Ireland.* Longmans, 1868. The portions, however, which relate to English politics are for the most part omitted.—Ed.

on National Property. It will show you the feelings of the Whig party here, as I wrote it in concurrence with some of the leaders of that party; and they have in general adopted its views.

With our best regards, believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

NASSAU W. SENIOR.

Paris, February 21, 1835.

My dear Mr. Senior,—I thank you much for the kind letter which you have just sent to me. There is no one whose approbation I was more anxious to gain, and I am proud of having obtained it. How much I wish that the book could be made generally accessible to your countrymen, and that they might share your opinion. Its success here much surpasses my expectations. But I shall not be satisfied unless it extends to what I consider, in an intellectual sense, my second country. I was glad to see that I had already taken the measures for insuring publicity which you advise. I had sent copies to the 'Edinburgh,' the 'Quarterly,' and the 'Westminster,' and I thank you for your kind offer of presenting them to the editors of those reviews, begging you at the same time to give them some account of the book and to ask them to grant it an early notice. You will understand that I am anxious that it should become known before my approaching visit to England.

I shall be delighted to follow your advice by sending copies to Lord Brougham and Lord Lansdowne. I had already thought of so doing, but I confess that I was

deterred by what happened to me eighteen months ago, when I sent a copy of the 'Système Pénitentiaire' to the Archbishop of Dublin with a letter of presentation. Since then I have not heard a syllable of His Grace, which has astonished me very much, for in our country there is no person so insignificant as not to expect some acknowledgment when he presents a book, or an answer when he writes a letter.

I come now to your criticisms, which have given me almost as much pleasure as your praise, because they prove the attention with which you have read my book, and, besides, I intend to make use of several of them in preparing a second edition.

You tell me that on page 58 of the second volume, a passage is misplaced. I have looked again at the passage: you are right.

A note on p. 76 induces you to ask if money has fallen in value in France since the Empire? in other words, whether more money is wanted *now* than *then* for purchasing the same things? My answer is, that I have not made any particular inquiries upon this point. I followed the current opinion on the subject. I do not understand how it can be erroneous. Although much less was produced from the mines during the civil wars in America, I cannot believe the mass of gold and silver in circulation to be less now than it was twenty years ago. However, I intend to endeavour to clear up this point as regards France.

You tell me with much truth respecting a note on p. 77, that a poor law is no proof of a republican

government; but my reason for quoting America in this respect was to give French readers an instance of the expense willingly incurred by a democracy. There are many causes which may induce any government to relieve the poor at the expense of the state, but a republican government is from its nature forced to do so.

In page 115 I said that in English legislation the *bien du pauvre had in the end been sacrificed to that of the rich.* You attack me on this point, of which you certainly are a competent judge. You must allow me, however, to differ from you. In the first place, it seems to me that you give to the expression *le bien du pauvre* a confined sense which was not mine; you translate it *wealth*, a word especially applied to money. I meant by it all that contributes to happiness; personal consideration, political right, easy justice, intellectual enjoyments, and many other indirect sources of contentment. I shall believe, till I have proof of the contrary, that in England the rich have gradually monopolised almost all the advantages that society bestows upon mankind. Taking the question in your own restricted sense, and admitting that a poor man is better paid when he works on another man's land than when he cultivates his own, do you not think that there are political, moral, and intellectual advantages, which are a more than sufficient and, above all, a permanent compensation for the loss that you point out?

I know, however, that this is one of the most important questions of the age, and perhaps the one on which

we differ most entirely. Soon I hope that we shall have an opportunity for discussing it. In the meanwhile I cannot help telling you how dissatisfied I was at the way in which Mr. McCulloch, whose talent, however, I acknowledge, has treated this question. I was astonished at his quoting us Frenchmen in support of his arguments in favour of the non-division of landed property; and at his asserting that the physical well-being of the people deteriorates in proportion to the sub-division of property. I am convinced that up to the present time this is substantially false. Such an opinion would find no echo here, even from those who attack the law of succession as impolitic and dangerous in its ultimate tendency. Even *they* acknowledge that *as yet* the progress of our people in comfort and civilisation has been rapid and uninterrupted, and that in these respects the France of to-day is as unlike as possible to the France of twenty years ago. I repeat, however, that such questions cannot be treated in writing. They must be reserved for long conversations.

My friend and former colleague, M. Gustave de Beaumont, has also just published a book upon America. If, as I hope, you have time to read it, I am sure that you will be pleased with it. The question of Slavery, which I could only touch upon, is treated thoroughly and with great ability in this work. M. de Beaumont hopes soon to have the honour of making your acquaintance, for he intends to accompany me to England.

&c. &c. &c.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Letter from Archbishop Whately.

Dublin, March 2, 1835.

My dear Senior,—I should have been glad to be able to send M. de Tocqueville, along with my thanks for his book, and the very flattering and gratifying letter that accompanied it, some specific remarks on the parts that should have most struck me on perusal. But I have been so incessantly harassed with business that I have not yet been able even to cut open the leaves; though I am still looking forward from day to day to an opportunity of deriving not only pleasure from it, but valuable instruction with a view to the reforms which I hope will ere long be commenced in our own system. In the meantime I ought at once to have returned my grateful acknowledgments for his present. I will beg you now to do so for me, and to apologise for a negligence which might seem unaccountable to anyone who does not actually see, and no one else can know, the variety of harassing business that besets me. Over and above all proper episcopal business, 'that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the Churches.' I am a member of nearly thirty boards, infinitely varied in the matters pertaining to them and several of them very important and laborious.

R. Dublin.

Lincoln's Inn, March 5, 1835.

My dear Sir,—I send to you on the other side a copy of a letter which I have just received from the Archbishop of Dublin. You will see how it happens that you have not heard from him before.

Your copies for Lord Lansdowne and Lord Brougham reached me, and were forwarded on Tuesday last. So did M. de Beaumont's two copies of 'Marie' for the 'Quarterly' and 'Athenæum.' I have written to Lockhart, the Editor of the 'Quarterly;' and have mentioned to him your work as demanding a review. He had not then seen it.

I have read 'Marie' with great delight and instruction. It is very powerfully written, though perhaps with too much 'onction' for our colder tastes. Blanco White is preparing a review of 'la Démocratie' for the 'New London Review.'[1] He had only read the introduction when I heard from him. He says that it is the most profound view of society in Europe that he has ever seen. Dr. Bowring says that he will endeavour to have it reviewed in the 'Westminster.' But you must not be surprised if you see no reviews for two or three months. It is very difficult to get anyone to review works requiring much thought. Persons capable of doing so do not like to write anonymously. When I have the pleasure of seeing you I hope to discuss the question about 'le bien des pauvres.' I believe that, so

[1] The *New London Review* was started in 1829, under the editorship of Blanco White. See J. H. Newman's Essays, vol. i. p. 27.—Ed.

far as they are in a worse situation here than in the rest of Europe (which is seldom, perhaps never, the case) it has arisen solely from the misguided benevolence of the aristocracy; and through an abuse of the poor laws. In Scotland, the most aristocratic portion of Great Britain, they are remarkably well off.

Pray say to M. de Beaumont with how much pleasure I look forward to his acquaintance.

Yours very truly,

N. W. SENIOR.

March 14, 1835.

My dear Mr. Senior,—A thousand thanks for the steps you have taken respecting the English Reviews. I hope that they will produce some fruits. I do not, however, conceal from myself that in a country agitated as yours is at present, the curiosity of the public is little directed towards subjects of general and external interest, such as those of which my book treats.

A scientific society in my province has asked me lately for a paper on Pauperism. I have begun it, but in order to finish it I ought to know what is going on in England, and particularly the New Poor Law, which was passed I think last year. Would it be possible for you to send me the Act of Parliament? you would render me a great service, especially if it came soon.

I received the other day an extremely kind letter from Lord Lansdowne, for which I am very grateful.

. . . . . .

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

P.S.—I hope that when my visit to London takes place, the Archbishop of Dublin will have already arrived there, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing him. Meantime pray remember me to him.

March 18, 1835.

My dear Sir,—I have directed two more pamphlets to be sent by the Ambassador's bag. I cannot guess through whose fault the one already sent has miscarried. I have also directed a copy of the Poor Law Act, and of a preface of mine explaining it, to be sent. They will I hope go to-morrow. I had also directed copies of the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, and of the Extracts of their evidence, and of Messrs. Cowell's and Wrottesley's reports, addressed to the Commissioners, to be forwarded to you. But they are too large for the bag, and I have not found any other opportunity.

On consulting with my French bookseller, Baillière, he has reminded me that I sent copies of these three volumes to his brother, the bookseller at Paris, and that your best way will be to call there and take them from him, and I will, as soon as there is an opportunity, send him fresh ones. If you will do this, you will, I hope, find them ready for you, as Baillière has promised to write immediately to his brother on the subject.

The three volumes are

1. Report of the Commissioners to the King.
2. Extracts of their evidence.
3. A small volume containing reports by Cowell, Cameron, and Wrottesley to the Commissioners.

The report, or at least three-fourths of it, was written by me, and all that was not written by me was re-written by me. The greater part of the Act, founded on it, was also written by me; and in fact I am responsible for the effects, good or evil (and they must be one or the other in an enormous degree), of the whole measure.

When you are here I will show you the evidence in full. It fills fourteen folio volumes.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

London, May 1835.

My dear Sir,—Not being able to call on you to-day, M. de Beaumont and I desire to express our thanks, first for the books which you have been so kind as to send to us, and likewise for the letter which we have just received from the Athenæum. Allow me also to tell you with what keen interest we read the political pamphlet which accompanied the book. For my part I have not read anything for many years throwing so much light upon the state of the country and the position of parties. I consider this pamphlet, and M. de Beaumont shares my opinion, as the most valuable document which could fall into the hands of a foreigner visiting England for the purpose of studying its peculiarities and completing his political education.

I am, &c.,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Lincoln's Inn, November 20, 1835.

My dear Sir,—The bearer of this note is Mr. Burnley of Trinidad, an old friend of mine, and the brother-in-law of Mr. Hume.

He is anxious to make, or rather renew, his acquaintance with you. I say renew, because he once went over one of the American prisons in your company.

I can give you little public news since your departure. The New Poor Law Bill is working admirably, and if the Report of the new Commissioners is out in time I will send it to you as a proof of our progress.

Your work on America is exciting every day more and more attention. You have probably seen an excellent review of it, by John Mill, in the 'London Review.'

Our Government[1] is timid, afraid of O'Connell, afraid of Sir Robert Peel, afraid of the King; but yet I believe likely to last. The general prosperity of the country is an element in its favour not easily counterbalanced. And it is beyond all comparison the most honest administration that we have ever had. Much more so than a Tory administration can possibly be, since it believes whatever progress it makes in reform to be beneficial; whereas a Tory minister believes all the progress which is forced on him to be mischievous.

When you have leisure I look forward to hearing that you are well and well employed in France, and with still

[1] Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister.—Ed.

more pleasure, to hearing that you are going to pay us another visit.

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

NASSAU W. SENIOR.

Paris, January 27, 1836.

My dear Mr. Senior,—Your letter dated November 20 reached me only eight or ten days ago, Mr. Burnley not having delivered it earlier. I received that gentleman as well as I could, but much less hospitably than I wished. I had, unfortunately, only too good an excuse for this. I have just had the misfortune of losing my mother ; and you will feel that in the first moment of the grief caused by this sad event, I was not in a fit state to do the honours of Paris to a stranger. Happily Mr. Burnley proposes to spend the whole winter here, and I intend to do all I can to make myself agreeable to him. I am all the more sanguine as to my powers, as I have now an excellent interpreter. You are doubtless aware that three months ago I married a country-woman of yours, and I rejoice in telling you that I every day find fresh reasons for congratulating myself on my choice.

Thank you very much for the details you give me as to your home politics. It seems that with you the Revolution, taking the word in the sense of a tranquil progress, is still going on ; or rather the Revolution seems to me to have been accomplished on the day when you introduced the most democratic class into the Electoral Body. The rest is only a consequence.

With us, for the moment at least, all things seem completely restored to their normal state. With the exception of agriculture, which is suffering a little, everything prospers in an astonishing manner. For the first time for five years the idea of stability seems to have entered men's minds, and with it the desire for commercial enterprise. The almost feverish activity which has always characterised us is leaving the domain of politics for that of material well-being. If I am not greatly mistaken, we shall see during the next few years immense progress in this direction. But the Government would be very wrong to over-rate the consequences of this happy state of affairs.

The nation has suffered horribly; she is now luxuriating in the repose which has at length been granted to her. But all our past experience teaches us that this repose may itself become fatal to the Government. In proportion as the fatigue of these latter years is less felt, we shall see political passion restored to life, and if whilst it is strong the Government does not redouble its prudence and treat with great circumspection the susceptibilities of the country, some day a sudden storm will burst upon its head; but will it ever understand this? I doubt.

You saw the laws it proposed last year against the Press,—laws as odious as they were unnecessary, and of which the sole result would have been to restore the power of the Press if they had been carried into effect. But the same things are written now as formerly,

because license in writing has become a habit with us, and habits are more powerful than laws.

At present the great question with us is the conversion of the funds. The opposition proceeds from the King himself, who expressed himself so strongly in the Council against this financial measure, that ministers have been forced to assume an attitude which they cannot any longer sustain.

The majority in the Chambers, which in reality, as I have often told you, serves the passions of the Government only when it shares them, has eagerly proclaimed itself in favour of the measure. No doubt it will gain the day, nevertheless I do not think that the measure will pass this year. . . . .

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Paris, January 11, 1837.

My dear Mr. Senior,—I did not reach Paris until the end of December, and received only two days ago your Report on the Poor Laws and the Treatise on Political Economy, which you were so kind as to send me by Mr. Greg. A thousand thanks to you for having thought of me. You could not have given me anything that I should have liked better than your outline of Political Economy. I have often confessed to you that I was insufficiently informed on this important portion of human science, and I have many times thought that you were the man most capable of supplying this deficiency. All that you publish is much valued by me, but especially what you write on political economy.

I have not yet, however, been able to read what you have sent. I am, at this moment, so wrapped up in my second work on America, that I scarcely see or hear what is going on around me. I think that my book will be finished in the summer, and published next autumn. I do not know if it will be good; but I can affirm that I cannot make it better. I devote to it all my time and all my intelligence.

Our ministry is still *in a dubious state.*[1] Its downfall does not appear to be imminent, but it may happen at any moment in consequence of the most trifling question; for the majority in the Chamber may be said rather to suffer the ministers to exercise the functions of government than to entrust them with its responsibilities. It would have a still worse chance if it were not for M. Molé, who attracts many members naturally hostile to the theorists.[2] The material prosperity of the country is still very great and increases slowly but steadily; if we are able to preserve peace and our institutions, even in their present imperfect state, for twenty years longer, the internal aspect of France will be entirely metamorphosed.

. . . . . .

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Kensington, February 15, 1838.

My dear Sir,—Mr. Ellice, who has distinguished himself among our diplomatists and administrators, is on

[1] *Sic* in Original.—ED.

[2] *Doctrinaires* is the French expression.—ED.

his way to Paris, and is very anxious to have the honour of making your acquaintance. I have ventured therefore to give him this note of introduction; and I have begged him to take charge of two little works of mine which may not yet have reached you; one of them indeed—the Instructions to Assistant Commissioners in the Handloom Inquiry—is not yet published, and what I send is only the proof. It may serve as a specimen of the inquiries which we are instituting as to the state of the labouring population.

I was delighted to find from the note which I had the honour of receiving from you last summer, that you were then busily engaged on your work on American Manners. It is a great happiness that such a subject should have fallen into such hands.

I shall be very anxious to hear of its completion, and still more so if I hear that the termination of your labours is likely to enable you to revisit England.

I am thinking myself, if I can escape for a fortnight, of making, in the beginning of April, a short tour in Normandy with Lord Shelburne, Lord Lansdowne's now only remaining son. I fear, however, that there is no chance of your being at that time in the country.

Mrs. Senior begs me to present to you her compliments, and to say how anxious she is to renew her acquaintance with you, and to make that of Madame de Tocqueville.

With our united regards, believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

N. W. Senior.

Château de Baugy, February 29, 1838.

The post has this instant brought me, my dear Mr. Senior, the letter of which Mr. Ellice was the bearer, and which he could not deliver in person as I have been away from Paris for some months, and shall continue to be so for some months longer.

I sincerely regret that I was not able to make the acquaintance of Mr. Ellice, whose name, I need not say, was well known to me. Pray tell him how eagerly I should have sought and cultivated his society if I had been in Paris. I would myself write to him to express my regret if I knew his address.

I hope, my dear Mr. Senior, that you will feel a great admiration for me when you hear that I have torn myself away from the charms of Paris, and of the whole political and literary world fermenting there, in order to shut myself up with my books, pens, and paper in the midst of forests almost as dense as those of the New World and much less poetical.

I could find no other way of finishing the book at which I have been working almost incessantly for the last three years, and in spite of this effort I am not yet quite sure of completing it, as I want to do, by the middle of the summer.

The subject is much more difficult and infinitely wider than I supposed when I undertook its treatment. I should probably have recoiled from the task had I been aware of its extent.

I am staying here with one of my brothers, far enough

from Paris to enjoy perfect liberty, but near enough to take a holiday there from time to time and fetch the books I require. I am leading a busy, monotonous, but very agreeable life, so do not pity me too much.

Allow me to tell you that it is a very mistaken idea on your part to think of taking a pleasure trip in Normandy in the month of April. Do you not know France is of all countries the one where you most require a bright sun to make you forget the bad inns? You should instead pay a little visit to Paris, and let me know beforehand. I should certainly join you there, for I feel an intense desire for some conversation with you. I should also be very glad to make acquaintance with Lord Lansdowne's son. Pray remember me particularly to his father.

. . . . . .

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[Two letters follow asking for information on the measures taken by England for the emancipation of slaves. They consist merely of questions. I am sorry to say that Mr. Senior's answers were not among the letters returned to me.—ED.]

Masters' Offices, Southampton Buildings, February 27, 1841.

My dear Sir,—I take advantage of the privilege of General Hamilton to send to you a copy of a Report on Handloom Weavers, which I printed a few days ago, after having given to it the leisure of nearly two

years. If you can find time to look through it, you will find that it treats at some length many important questions.

During the course of the last two months I have read through, not for the first or even the second time, your great work. Will you allow me to offer to you the following observations?

You appear to consider France as eminently democratic, England as eminently aristocratic. And yet many of the qualities which you describe as marking democratic societies appear to belong to us much more than to you.

For instance, the desire for *bien-être*. In England the desire to make and increase a fortune seems to me to urge many more people, and more constantly and forcibly, than in France. A French tradesman spends much more of his time and of his money on amusement and dress than an English one; he retires much sooner from business, satisfied with his fortune. I believe that next to the United States there is no population so sedulously intent on fortune as the English and Scotch.

Take again individualism. Except on questions affecting religious opinions and religious feelings, such as Church questions, slavery, or slave trade, little interest is felt in politics by the English people.

No ordinances of the Crown would produce in London barricades or insurrection. Probably there are not one hundred people out of London who have taken the pains to know where Ghilzie is, or what has been the nature of the Indian war, in which an empire is supposed to

have been conquered.[1] The Eastern question, which you thought and think so much of, has never elicited with us the least interest, except so far as we have feared that it might bring war. Whether Mehemet Ali reigned in Constantinople and Alexandria, or Mahmoud in both these countries, not two persons out of London, and not ten persons in London, care one sixpence. Lord Palmerston has not acquired a grain of popularity by his success. The only remark is, 'We wish he would keep quiet.'

Again you say that a democratic nation is pacific, an aristocratic one warlike. Now nothing, I fear, is more warlike than the feeling in France, nothing is more pacific than the feeling in England. All that we require from our foreign minister is, to keep peace. Lord Palmerston's only defence is, that he thought he used the best means to avoid war. He never thought of defending himself by saying that he was anxious to extend English influence, or by any appeals to the desire of national aggrandisement; for he knows that we have no such desire.

The speech which you addressed to the French Chamber would have been utterly ruinous to any English statesman. What, it would have been said, to think of going to war merely to prevent our being excluded from taking part in the affairs of Syria or Egypt? or to show that we are not unable to go to war? Or because, we, being one, are, in a business taken up by the five Powers, required to yield to the opinion of the four? Now you laid down to the French Chamber these three

[1] The war in Cabul and Affghanistan.—Ed.

cases as fit causes of war. In the English House, either of Lords or Commons, we should consider such proposals as scarcely deserving a serious answer. The passage which you struck out of the Address—namely, that *if you were attacked* you would resist, forms the groundwork of all English feeling on peace and war.

Will you let me add some politico-economical remarks?

In vol. iv. p. 51, you appear to consider the rate of wages as affected by other causes than those to which I have been accustomed to refer it. I have always been accustomed to consider wages as governed by the comparative supply of labour on the one hand, and of capital on the other, and by the productiveness of labour. Where the capital, in proportion to the number of labourers is large, and the labour is productive, wages are high, because the labourer produces much, and has a large share of what he produces. This is the case in our manufacturing towns. Where the capital is large, but the labour is comparatively unproductive, as in our best agricultural counties, the labourer gets less. Where the capital is small, and the labour also unproductive, as in Ireland, he gets still less. It does not seem to me that the institutions of a country (except slavery or serfage) have anything to do with the matter.

P. 291. You appear to consider public debts as *capital.* It must be recollected that the capital of a public debt has been all spent. It may be a sort of capital in the hands of a public *creditor*, but certainly the obligation to pay is not capital.

P. 295. We have no exceptional tribunals.

P. 299. As the desire for railroads, &c. increases, so, with us, does the power of creating them by associations. The Government does not interfere. Believe me, my dear Sir, yours ever truly,

N. W. SENIOR.

[A short note of introduction is omitted here. — ED.]

London, May 10, 1842.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—M. Ritter duly presented himself, dined with us one day, but two days afterwards wrote to say that, finding his ignorance of English an obstacle in London, he had retired for six months to the country. On his return I hope he will be *bi-linguis*, and I have no doubt that the honour of an introduction from you will enable him to establish himself. A wish to understand German is rapidly extending itself, and his general knowledge will enable him to teach it philosophically.

I fear there is not much chance of our meeting in Paris. August, September, and October, the months in which I can be absent from England, are those in which Paris is empty, always excepting the hotels, which are full while all the other habitations are deserted. This circumstance, added to the absence of steam communications, and some troublesome regulations as to carriages and passports, have made me in general prefer the Rhine as the access to the Continent. But is there no chance of your visiting England? or of our meeting in Germany or Switzerland or Italy?

I should be delighted indeed if your path and ours should coincide. We pursued your steps, as I found by the Visitors' book, in 1838 for a considerable time, though we never overtook you.

While I am writing this letter your *discours* has been forwarded to me. I had already read it, with the delight and instruction which it has afforded to everyone here. And I am proud that you have honoured me with a copy *ex dono.*

If M. de St. Aulaire is not alarmed at the size of the packet, I shall venture to accompany this note by four brochures of mine. Two are on our English Poor Laws, a matter from which I cannot extricate myself, and the other two on our financial measures of 1841 and 1842.

The remarks by a Guardian contain (p. 2), a passage not intended for French eyes, which I will beg you to consider as not sent to you. With our united best regards, believe me, my dear M. de Tocqueville, ever yours truly,

N. W. Senior.

I hear a rumour of your coming to England. I trust there is some foundation for it.

Paris, December 14, 1842.

My dear Mr. Senior,—I have been occupied lately in studying with reference to our political affairs a great constitutional question which must have arisen and been discussed in England.

The manner in which you may have treated and

decided it cannot fail to exercise great influence upon my opinion. I think I cannot do better than to apply to you for information. This is the question:

You are aware that last year M. Guizot signed a treaty[1] which the Chamber prevented him from ratifying. Was the Chamber right or wrong? this is a point which it is unnecessary and which it would take too long to examine. All that I want to know is, whether, such being the case, according to your constitutional principles the result would or would not be the resignation of the ministers who had signed the treaty. I fancy that there must have been precedents in your constitutional history, at any rate the question must have been discussed in works upon public and political law. It is quite new in France, and on this account as much as for the sake of its practical importance, I have a great wish to study it thoroughly. If you can assist me you will render me a real service.

I should be much obliged if you could give me an early answer. I am naturally desirous of forming a definite opinion before the beginning of the session, which will be on the 9th of next month, because, in the first place, it is possible that the question may be debated; and, secondly, because when once the session is opened, it is impossible to study anything consecutively. Again, forgive my importunity; my excuse is the motive which induces me to apply to you. I should not do so

[1] The treaty for the suppression of the slave trade—signed December 20, 1841—ratified by Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, February 19, 1842—never ratified by France. See Guizot, *Mémoires pour servir*, &c., vol. vi. p. 130, *et seq.*—Ed.

did I not believe that from your information and your talents you were of all my English acquaintance the most capable of enlightening me.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

London, December 20, 1842.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—I have always hitherto been delighted to hear from you and to answer you; but I am less so this time, as I fear some portion of what I must say may appear unfriendly or presumptuous.

I do not believe that a parallel case to M. Guizot's has ever occurred in England or ever could occur. An English minister finding a treaty signed by his ambassador, after a negotiation in which the ambassador had not exceeded his powers, would have felt himself bound, for the sake of his own honour or for the honour of his country, to ratify it. And would have done so, even in the case—also I think an impossible one—of the House or Houses of Parliament declaring their disapprobation. He would have said, This is an executive, not a legislative act, and I must ratify it, whatever be the consequence. Cases certainly have occurred, though rarely, of treaties signed, and not ratified, in other countries. But it has been either in absolute monarchies, where the king is in fact the minister, or in those constitutional countries, such as America, in which a treaty is a legislative, not an executive act. In America too the President is the minister, and he never resigns.

I think, therefore, that you will find no precedent, and no discussion on the subject.

But assuming the possibility of an English minister being in M. Guizot's position, would he now resign? I think not, according to our *present* feelings. I say our *present* feelings, for since the Reform Act a great change has taken place in public opinion on this subject.

Formerly, when the adverse parties were really only adverse personal factions, a minister used to resign at the first check. It was considered one of the rules of the game that he should do so. And it was a convenient rule, since it enabled the party in power to rule absolutely, and kept up the interest of the game by a frequent change of ministers.

But now politics are not a game but a business. A change of ministry is now a national event, and a minister feels himself bound to remain in office as long as the majority of the House of Commons desire that he should do so. The example was set by Peel in 1835, and followed, indeed improved on, by his successors.

An English minister in M. Guizot's position would say, 'I have been defeated in a measure which I think right, but the Chamber still confides in me, and while it does so, I remain at my post. If you think that I have lost the confidence of the Chamber, put that question to the vote; but while you fear to take that step I will continue minister.'

So much for politics.

Indeed I most earnestly wish that I could have the pleasure of seeing you again. But unfortunately at the

times when I can best quit England (August, September, and October) you are never in Paris. And this circumstance, joined to the absence of railroads and steamboats, has made me turn my steps rather towards Germany than France. Is there any chance of our meeting abroad? Next autumn we remain in England, but in 1844 we shall be in Bohemia, Silesia, and Saxony.

Ever yours truly,

N. W. SENIOR.

February 12, 1844.

My dear Mr. Senior,—I did not answer your letter immediately, because I did not wish to do so until I had read your pamphlet,[1] and the excitement of our parliamentary debates did not allow me to read it for a long time.

I have just finished it, and I can assure you that I have never read anything on the subject of Ireland which has appeared to me more worthy of the consideration of statesmen.

It would be impossible to put a more complete and striking picture into a smaller frame.

Most of the things you say are, as you yourself remark, already known. Nothing new can, in fact, be said upon a subject which has for so many years attracted the attention of the whole world, and has been studied by so many eminent men.

[1] An article in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1844, re-published in Mr. Senior's *Ireland*. Longmans, 1868. —ED.

But you have succeeded so well in bringing out the chief features of this immense and confused picture that it seems as if one saw it for the first time in your pages.

As for the remedies you propose, a great deal might be said about them ; even a long letter would be insufficient to discuss them. I would rather wait for the opportunity, which I hope soon to have, of conversing with you.

The announcement that you are coming soon gives me great pleasure. This is not the first time that I have told you of the value I set on your friendship, and on the pleasure and instruction I derive from your conversation.

You will meet here many who share my opinion, and a great many more who earnestly wish to know you.

You ask for my advice as to your journey. Here it is : I think that your best plan would be to go to Havre. From Havre to Rouen there is a very agreeable mode of transport by steam-boat, and a quick land journey. When once you have reached Rouen, the railroad takes you to Paris in four hours.

I am, &c.,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[There is a gap here in the correspondence.—ED.]

To N. W. Senior, Esq.

Tocqueville, August 25, 1847.

Many thanks for your route; not that I hope to fall in with you in Italy, but because I hope to be able to meet you in Paris. I shall be delighted to see you again after so long an absence, and to talk over with you all that has been going on, and is going on in the world. You will find France calm and not unprosperous, but anxious. Men's minds have been subject for some time to a strange uneasiness. In the midst of tranquillity more profound than any that we have enjoyed for a very long time, the idea that our present position is unstable besets them. As for myself, though not without alarm, I am less anxious; I do not exaggerate our danger. I believe that our social edifice will continue to rest on its present basis, because no one, even if he wish to change its foundation, can point out another. But yet the state of public feeling disturbs me.

The middle classes, cajoled and bribed for the last seventeen years by the Government, have gradually assumed towards the rest of the nation the position of a little aristocracy, and without its higher feelings: one feels ashamed of being led by such a vulgar and corrupt aristocracy, and if this feeling should prevail among the lower classes it may produce great calamities.

And yet how can a Government be prevented from using corruption, when the nature of our constituencies makes corruption so convenient, and our centralisation

makes it so easy? The fact is that we are trying an experiment of which I cannot foresee the result. We are trying to employ at the same time two instruments which, I believe, have never been combined before: an elected Assembly and a highly centralised Executive. It is the greatest problem of modern times. We have proposed it to the world, but it has not yet been solved.

I am anxious for your inferences from what you have seen in Germany, and are now seeing in Italy. Kind and affectionate regards.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Splügen, September 30, 1847.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—I have not ventured to write to you while I was on the other side of the Alps, as I know from experience that it is not safe to form plans depending on their being passable—but now, having left the formidable Splügen behind me, I can say that we shall be in Paris on October 12. I have written to engage rooms at the Hôtel Wagram, Rue de Rivoli. We take the route of the Rhine and Brussels, and certainly the first thing I do in Paris will be to go to the Rue de la Madeleine.

I must own that the great difficulty in France appears to me the weakness, almost the want, of the aristocratic element in your Government. We perhaps have too much of it—though it is so rapidly diminishing that perhaps I ought rather to say we *had* too much.

On the other hand, you seem to me to have too much

of the monarchical element. We have succeeded in reducing the Crown to a mere ceremony. Our queen is a phantom, put there not to act, but merely to fill space; to prevent anyone else from being there.

We have spent a month in the north of Italy, in the Austrian dominions. It is a melancholy country. Everywhere there are the traces of a civilisation which exceeded what now exists. I am glad to get out of it, and leave behind me fine bad inns, begging children, and a peasantry in rags, but handsomer than the higher orders.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

[We spent a pleasant fortnight in Paris in October, enjoying the society of M. de Tocqueville and of some of our other friends; but at that time Mr. Senior kept no notes of his travels.

In the following February the Revolution took place. Mr. Senior's account of the events which led to it and of the crisis itself precedes the journals kept in France and Italy. The letter to which the following is an answer is not among those returned to me.—ED.]

Paris, April 10, 1848.

My dear Mr. Senior,—I was away when your letter came. I found it on my return only three days ago. I immediately went to Mr. Austin's, to know what had prevented your visit to Paris. I was grieved to hear that your health had forced you to change your plans.

I am doubly sorry not to see you, on account of the cause. I had been the more anxious for your arrival as I expected to have derived from your conversation some ideas which would have been of special value at this juncture in our affairs.

It has not escaped your notice that our greatest evils are not the result of fierce political excitement, but of the frightful ignorance of the masses as to the real conditions of production and of social prosperity. Our sufferings are caused less by false ideas on politics properly so called, than by false notions on political economy.

I do not think that a poor-law such as you suggest would, at least at present, remedy the evil. The Revolution was not brought about by the privations of the working classes. In some districts they certainly suffered from want, but in general, I may say that in no other country or period had the working classes been better off than they were in France. This was especially true of those who were employed in agriculture. There the labourer did not need work, but work needed labourers. In consequence of the sub-division of landed property, there was a deficiency of hands. The crisis from which the workmen in large manufactories were suffering, lasted a very short time, and though severe was not unexampled. It was not want, but ideas, that brought about that violent subversion; chimerical ideas on the relations between labour and capital, extravagant theories as to the degree in which the Government might interfere between the working man and the employer, doctrines

of ultra-centralisation which had at last persuaded large numbers that it depended on the State not only to save them from want but to place them in easy comfortable circumstances. You must feel that to these diseased imaginations a poor-law would not be an efficient remedy. I am far, however, from saying that recourse must not be had to it. I even think that the people ought long ago to have obtained one; but this law would not be enough to extricate us from our present difficulties, for, I repeat, we have to contend with ideas rather than with wants.

Three weeks before the Revolution, I made a speech [1] which was taken down at the time in short-hand, and

[1] This was the passage in M. de Tocqueville's speech on January 27, 1848:—'It is supposed,' said he, 'that there is no danger because there is no collision. It is said, that as there is no actual disturbance of the surface of society, revolution is far off.

'Gentlemen, allow me to tell you, that I believe you deceive yourselves. Without doubt the disorder does not break out in overt acts, but it has sunk deeply into the minds of the people. Look at what is passing in the breasts of the working classes, as yet, I own, tranquil. It is true that they are not now inflamed by purely political passions in the same degree as formerly; but do you not observe that their passions from political have become social? Do you not see gradually pervading them opinions and ideas, whose object is not merely to overthrow a law, a ministry, or even a dynasty, but society itself? to shake the very foundations on which it now rests? Do you not listen to their perpetual cry? Do you not hear incessantly repeated, that all those above them are incapable and unworthy of governing them? that the present distribution of wealth in the world is unjust, that property rests upon no equitable basis? and do you not believe that when such opinions take root, when they spread till they have almost become general, when they penetrate deeply into the masses, that they must lead sooner or later, I know not when, I know not how, but that sooner or later they must lead to the most formidable revolutions?

'Such, Gentlemen, is my deep conviction. I believe that at the present moment we are slumbering on a volcano; of this I am thoroughly convinced.' —Ed.

reproduced in the 'Moniteur.' I have just had it printed exactly as it stands in the 'Moniteur.' I send you a copy; pray read it; you will see that though I knew not how or when a revolution would take place, the proximity of such an event was clearly manifest to me. I have often been reminded of this speech, which aroused at the time violent murmurs in the Chamber, from those who are now willing to own that they were wrong, and that I was right. I believed that I pointed out, as much as was possible in half an hour, the primary and deeply seated causes of that revolution. All my recent experience has had the effect of confirming me in the same opinions.

The great and real cause of the Revolution was the detestable spirit which animated the Government during this long reign; a spirit of trickery, of baseness, and of bribery, which has enervated and degraded the middle classes, destroyed their public spirit, and filled them with a selfishness so blind as to induce them to separate their interests entirely from those of the lower classes whence they sprang, which consequently have been abandoned to the counsels of men who, under pretence of serving the lower orders, have filled their heads with false ideas.

This is the root of the matter, all the rest were accidents, strange and violent in themselves, I confess, but still insufficient to produce alone such an effect. Consider, on the one hand, the causes which I have pointed out, and on the other our system of centralisation, which makes the fate of France depend on a single blow

struck in Paris, and you will have the explanation of the Revolution of 1848, such as one day it will appear in history, and as I myself intend to write it if God preserves my life. Will you be so good as to present a copy of my speech to Lord Lansdowne, and remember me particularly to him?

I have alluded only to the past in this letter; to treat of the *future* more than a letter would be required.

We are in the most extraordinary position that a great nation has ever been thrown into. We are forced to witness great misfortunes; we are surrounded by great dangers. My chief hope is in the lower orders. They are deficient in intelligence, but they have instincts which are worthy of all admiration. I am myself astonished, and a foreigner would be even more surprised, to see how strong a feeling for order and true patriotism prevails: to see their good sense in all things of which they are capable of judging, and in all matters on which they have not been deceived by the ambitious dreamers to whom they were abandoned.

Adieu, dear Senior, &c.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Paris, April 17, 1848.

My dear Mr. Senior,—I received with great pleasure the papers you sent to me. They are very valuable to me, as indeed everything is which comes from you.

I have not yet been able to call upon Mr. Rogers. In these troubled times one cannot command a moment.

During the whole of yesterday I had a musket instead of a pen in my hand. However, the day went off capitally, and would have been decisive if the moderate party had a man of action at its head. The violent party tried to get up an insurrection. The news which reached them from the departments announcing the certain triumph of the moderate party in the elections showed the necessity for striking a blow in Paris.

Yesterday, therefore, an experiment was tried for overturning the Provisional Government. 30,000 or 40,000 workmen assembled in the Champs de Mars. The drum was immediately beaten in Paris.

In half an hour more than 100,000 National Guards were under arms. Battalions were formed in an instant and ran to the Hôtel de Ville crying, 'Long live the Provisional Government!' 'Down with the Communists!' At the end of an hour Paris was in their hands, and the mob, after vainly attempting to enter the Hôtel de Ville, dispersed.

This is the first decisive victory which has been gained by the moderate party for the last two months. God grant that they may understand how to derive from it all the advantages which it may afford!

I am glad to hear that you have resumed your project of visiting us. All who, like you, are interested in witnessing the great dramas presented from time to time by human affairs, should come to Paris. I shall be much obliged if you will bring me some documents which I think will be very useful at this juncture.

1. First, relating to the *regulation* of the House of

Commons, i.e. all the rules followed by the House in conducting its business.

We probably could learn much from it for the regulation of our Assembly.

2. In the second place, I want some papers containing information as to your income tax.

We shall not be able to avoid a similar tax, and we are anxious to know how it is imposed and collected in your country.

To explain: I wish to know how it is imposed, according to what rules, what is the cost of collection, how much it has lately produced, what effects, economical or others, it has caused, and what are the exemptions?

I shall write no more as I am extremely busy I leave Paris to-day for Normandy for the elections. I shall be back in ten days.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[A proposal made by M. Wolowski in the Chamber of Deputies to consider the prayer of the Polish delegates asking the assistance of France in restoring the independence of their country, had an effect which had never been anticipated by the distinguished speaker.

It was the pretext for a Red conspiracy. On May 15, a violent attack was made on the Assembly. A body of workmen marched along the Boulevards towards the Place de la Concorde, where they were met by a small detachment of National Guards quite inadequate to resist them. Nor was any opposition offered to their

progress by a body of 1,000 Gardes Mobiles posted in front of the Assembly. The rioters rushed into the Chamber, imposed the reading of their petition on the members, and carried everything in their own way till a large detachment of National Guards under the command of General Clément Thomas came to the rescue.

Barbès and the other ringleaders marched to the Hôtel de Ville, where they proclaimed themselves a provisional government. Towards six o'clock Lamartine, accompanied by a strong body of National Guards, penetrated into the Hôtel de Ville, arrested Barbès, Albert, and their colleagues, and consigned them to Vincennes.

These were the events which induced Mr. Senior to write his first journal in May, 1848.—ED.]

CONVERSATIONS.

Extract from Mr. Senior's Journal.

Friday, May 16.—I drank tea this evening with the Tocquevilles. He attaches more importance to the events of yesterday than was given to them at the Embassy.

The cry, he said, of 'Vive la Pologne!' pronounced by 20,000 voices as they approached the Chamber, 'cette voix colossalle' as he called it, was the most formidable sound that he ever heard. He does not believe that Barbès and his companions had fully concerted their

plan, otherwise their success would have been much greater.

Their entrance into the Assembly they *had* planned. Courtais, the commander of the National Guard, and Caussidière, the Préfet de Paris, were in the plot. They placed persons in whom they could confide at the entrance in the Rue de Bourgogne, and ordered them to let in the assailants. When they were in, the plan of Barbès was to force the Chamber either to pass his four decrees of war, the contribution of a milliard by the rich, the forbidding the rappel being beaten to summon the National Guards, and the punishment of 'hors la loi' against anyone who should commit violence against the people (that is, resist the mob), or refuse to pass them. For this purpose he wished the mob to retire, and leave the Chamber to obey or refuse.

If they obeyed, they became, as the Convention became after a similar obedience, the slaves of the mob. If they refused, he intended to take down the names of all who refused, declare them 'hors la loi,' and probably have them massacred.

But in the first place, he could not get his followers to quit the Chamber. And in the second place, he could not get them to keep silence for an interval sufficient to enable him formally to put the question on his decrees.

There were among the mob perhaps fifty persons, each of whom wanted to be the hero of the day. So they spent three hours in fighting (literally in fighting), said Tocqueville, for the possession of the tribune, and

for the right to speak from it, while the members remained silent on their seats, taking no part whatever in the proceedings. This, it seems, was pre-arranged; the probability of an attack had been foreseen, and a passive resistance determined on.

'In the meantime,' said Tocqueville, 'the danger became greater and greater, as hour after hour elapsed without anybody coming to our assistance, and I feared every minute that the mob would become silent from fatigue, and that then Barbès would be able to force us to act. So that it was with the utmost delight that at length I heard the drum of the National Guard, and the sound of men marching in quick time in the passage.'

I asked him how he accounted for the long delay of the rescue, when there were 40,000 of their friends round the building.

He could account for it only by the great difficulty of communicating with them from within—there being few exits from the Chamber, and all of them blocked up by the mob—and by the circumstance that Courtais, the commander in chief of the Guard, had ordered those among them on whom he could rely to assist the mob, and had left the rest without any orders at all.

It is certain, however, that the situation of the Assembly was known to some persons long before the rescue—the body whom I met in the Place de la Concorde beating the rappel knew it and so did those who ran to cheer them.

Yet this was about two o'clock, and the Chamber was not rescued till about a quarter to five. The rush of

Barbès and his friends from the Chamber to the Hôtel de Ville, as soon as the rescue came, seems to have been a blind imitation of the march of the Revolutionists from the Chamber to the Hôtel de Ville on February 24. The only difference being, that then all Paris was for them, and this time it was all against them. They were pursued by 100,000 men, as I saw from the terrace of the Tuileries.

'Le peuple,' said Tocqueville, 'les a pris dans sa main immense, et les a étouffés.'

I asked where was Lamartine.

'It is not known,' said Tocqueville; 'he disappeared when the mob rushed in, and was not seen again till the rescue came.'

It is supposed that he was in one of the rooms of the Palace.

I asked Tocqueville, who hopes little from the Assembly, why it need work worse than the National Assembly of 1789, of which the members were still more numerous, and equally inexperienced?

He answered, 'Because then we had the cream of France, now we have only the skim milk. The members of the late ministerial party cannot show themselves. We of the opposition party have been re-elected, indeed, by great majorities, but we are suspected with truth of being Monarchists. We cannot take any lead in the Chamber. The Legitimists, of whom there are about 120, are naturally objects of still greater suspicion. So we leave the field to the 680 merchants, lawyers, and proprietors, whom the Provinces have sent to us, timid,

pacific, well-intentioned men, but quite new to public business.'

Thursday, May 25.—I went to pay a visit to Thiers, who came to Paris yesterday. I found him, however, so busy with electioneering that I could have little conversation with him, and as he goes this evening we shall not meet again. He begged me, which is significant, to send him a collection of Poor-law documents.

Afterwards I called on Madame de Tocqueville.

I told her that I had left Thiers electioneering. She feared that he would come into the Assembly, in which his powers of speaking and experience would give him great power, which he would use in attacking the present Government, without being able to form one himself.

In the evening I dined with the Tocquevilles. The guests were Cousin, Molé, Beaumont, and a deputy whose name I forget, with his wife.

The dinner was very gay. Cousin, who put me much in mind of Lord Brougham, took the lead. We talked of Thiers, and the general opinion agreed with that of Madame de Tocqueville, that he would come in, and that he would do harm. He was admitted to be the second speaker in France, Guizot being the first.

'I have always opposed Guizot,' said Beaumont; 'I think him a bad politician and a bad judge of French feeling; but he is a grand speaker.'

'I have only known two men,' said Cousin, 'who were really ambitious; they were Lamartine and Guizot; the rest have been only vain. Lamartine, however, is both.'

In the evening I had an opportunity of talking separately to Molé, Beaumont, Tocqueville, and Cousin. I said to each of them, 'I think that it is probable that I shall be here again next May. Can you prophesy, or will you guess, what will then be the state of things? Shall I find the Government as it is now, consisting of an Executive Commission and an Assembly, or will there be two Chambers and a President, or no Chamber and a Dictator, or Louis XIX., or Henri V.?'

Not one would venture on even a conjecture. All that they agreed in was their expectation of another street fight within the next three months, and their belief that the Anarchical party, which they estimate at about 15,000, will be destroyed in it. The National Guards and the Army will show no mercy this time. The Anarchists have inflicted on them the Republic, ruined their trade, and wasted their time, and they are resolved to take the first opportunity of getting rid of them for ever.

It must be recollected, however, that this was the language held six weeks ago. Then, as now, we were told that the first opportunity would be seized, or one made, to crush the enemies of order. Such an opportunity occurred on the 15th. But no use was made of it. It occurred again when Sobrier and his 200 Montagnards defied the whole force of Paris. It occurred again when the Garde Républicaine, not amounting to 1,500 men, were allowed for several hours to refuse obedience to the Government, and to hold the Préfec-

ture de Police against an army, and at length were bribed into submission.

A Frenchman is never bold when he is on the defensive. A few hundreds of the lowest street rabble, without arms or leaders, will attack an established Government, raise barricades under fire, and die content if they have enjoyed the excitement of bloodshed and riot. 200,000 men, armed and disciplined, seem paralysed if the law is on their side and they are required not to attack but to resist. Their cowardice when they are in the right, is as marvellous as their courage when they are in the wrong. Perhaps the reason is that in the former case they cannot rely on one another: in the latter case they can. Among the conservative ranks many may be lukewarm, and some, as was shown on the 15th, may be treacherous. They may only be making a show of resistance.

The Anarchists must be sincere. Whatever, however, be the explanation, it is certain that in Paris

> Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel *wrong*.

As for the Garde Mobile, everyone seems convinced that its days are numbered. Its creation was a wise measure. 15,000 of the outcasts of a great town, thieves, chiffonniers, and vagabonds, unable some to obtain employment for want of character, and others to keep it for want of self-control, the Lazzaroni of Paris, were turned at once, by giving them good pay, little to do, and above all by flattering their vanity, into the supporters of the Government. The love of excitement

and of fighting, and the indifference to life which characterise the lowest classes in Paris, necessarily make them take part in every *émeute*. They will now fight *for* the National Guards; left to themselves they would have fought *against* them. But as Gardes Mobiles, they are in fact soldiers: always under arms, and liable to be sent on any service; but with double the pay of the regular army, and with the privilege of choosing their own officers. It is impossible that the regular army (La Ligne as I always hear it called) can long tolerate this comparison. A Pretorian body, selected from the best of the regular army, is an object of envy. Here we have a Pretorian body selected from the refuse of society. It cannot, however, be disbanded: such a measure would double the anarchical force. It will be sent therefore to some place in which it will be destroyed by the enemy or by the fatigues of the first campaign. Perhaps towards Italy to perish in a mountain campaign in the Alps. Perhaps to Algiers to melt away under a tropical sun.

In the meantime they make an amusing part of the armed population of Paris. They have been thrown together without classification, so you see marching side by side boys apparently of fifteen and men of fifty, tall raw-boned ruffians and little scamps not half the height of their own muskets. They are said to have acquired tolerable habits of drill, but their general behaviour has very little that is military. At their posts they are sitting, lying down, and smoking, and their head-quarters in the Champs Elysées is a sort of fair. You see fifty

of them in their uniforms filling the carriages of a merry-go-round or crowding before a puppet-show.

We talked of English statesmen, and Molé pronounced an eulogium on Lord Lansdowne—one of the wisest, the best-informed, and, above all, the least vain man that he had ever known. Next to him Lord Aberdeen was the favourite.

Friday, May 26.—I breakfasted with the Tocquevilles. We talked of Lamartine.

Tocqueville said 'that it was difficult to speculate as to his conduct, as he is an incoherent, inconsistent thinker and actor—that he feared that Lamartine looked on the present unsettled state of things as favourable to his pre-eminence; that if he had thrown over Ledru Rollin and the Anarchists, which he might have done with perfect ease, in fact by merely remaining passive, he would certainly, for a time, have been at the head of the moderate party, though he would have had in it formidable rivals, but that among the Anarchists he is supreme. That it flatters his vanity to be worshipped by his own party, at least by the party now in power, and to be worshipped by the other party as the man who tempers and diminishes the mischievousness of his associates. Though in debt he is not corruptible by money. He does not receive company because he says, "Je n'ai pas le sou."'

Tocqueville asked him, why he did not require a salary from the Assembly. He answered, Because it might diminish his influence.

Tocqueville expressed a fear that the Republicans would try to economise by taking away the salaries of the priests. He would rather, if possible, increase them. They have considerable influence among the peasantry, and are indeed supposed to have affected materially the return of the present Assembly, and if they were better paid, a better class would enter the Church. He wishes too to alter their education, which is now carried on in seminaries admitting no others; so that they come into a world, of which they know nothing, to direct it.

I mentioned Guizot's remark to me, that in the Revolution of 1789 the 'Peuple' considered the high-born and the rich as personal enemies; abolished their titles, burnt their houses, confiscated and subdivided their estates, drove them into exile, put them to death, and tried, by enforcing equal partition among their descendants, to prevent the recurrence of large fortunes; but that in 1848 the 'Peuple' treated them not as enemies, but as slaves, not as a class to be hunted down, but to be kept in preserves, and consumed from time to time as the wants of the 'Peuple' required.

Tocqueville said that the remark was very just, and that he had himself perceived the gradual transition in the minds of the people, from dislike of the rich, to indifference, and ultimately to the sort of affection which one feels for one's milch cows, or one's poultry yard.

'During the Restoration,' he said, 'I was thought an aristocrat, and was unpopular in my department. After 1830 the people felt that they had beaten us down, and

that there was little ground for any apprehension of our recovering our power. Still there was just enough fear of us to make them distant and cold. But this time, in 1848, all is changed. The people feel that as a political party, the gentry are extinct. They elected me by an immense majority; they would not injure any of my father's châteaux for all the world. They are quite ready to tax us, but they have no wish to plunder us, much less to do us any personal harm.'

He went on to say that one of the most striking changes which he had witnessed was the decrease of the influence of women. Formerly, every young artist, or poet, or preacher, or even politician, must come out chaperoned by some patroness. The ladies in the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain were the terror of Bonaparte. Under the Restoration they decided elections, influenced majorities in the Chamber, and were still more powerful at court. But now their influence is crushed by the magnitude of the events. No female hand has meddled with this revolution.

[Mr. Senior left Paris on the 27th.—Ed.]

Correspondence.

London, January 29, 1849.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—I have begged Mr. Bancroft to take with him copies of two papers of mine in the last 'Edinburgh Review,' which, I think, may interest you and Madame de Tocqueville.

My time since I left you in Paris in May has been spent partly in Ireland, partly in the West of England, and partly, I am sorry to say, in my own room, under an attack of bronchitis, from which I recovered about three weeks ago. Yours has been more agreeably and more usefully employed. I was delighted, like the rest of the world, with your defence of property. Mrs. Grote thinks of making it a peg for an article on Pauperism.

We are to have Committees in each House on the Irish poor laws.

They will contain illustrations valuable to a political economist. Experiments are made in that country on so large a scale, and pushed to their extreme consequences with such a disregard to the sufferings which they inflict, that they give us results as precious as those of Majendie.

I am sorry that you have resigned the mission to Brussels, though I fear that the Congress may separate with little result. The pretensions of Austria and of Sardinia are separated by a gulf which diplomacy cannot fill.

I very much fear, from a very long conversation which I had yesterday with the Sardinian Minister, Marquis Sauli, that the people of Piedmont and Genoa will force their Governments into a fresh war with Austria. It seems that they think their honour requires them to make a second fight. I only hope that, if they are beaten, as I fear must be the case again, they will acquiesce in a second defeat.

I look forward with some anxiety to our parliamentary proceedings. A grave attack will be made on the Government as to both their Irish and their foreign policy. And I do not see how they can defend either. Their Irish poor-law extension, passed in 1846, was brought in against the better judgment of the wisest part of the Cabinet, in obedience to ignorant popular clamour—and has done, what was not easy, aggravated enormously both the moral and physical evils of that country. Their foreign policy appears to me to have been good, as far as France is concerned—but in Italy detestable. Their willingness to acknowledge the Duke of Genoa as King of Sicily was the most absurd and most wicked breach of the law of nations that has occurred in my time.

How Lord Palmerston will defend it I cannot conceive, and, if he falls, the Government can scarcely stand. I hear that he maintains that Metternich is still governing Austria from Brighton. If so, this is the most successful part of his long administration.

We regret the failure of Cavaignac very much—not the less, as it deprives us of M. de Beaumont, who was, as might have been expected, most popular here. Can you tell me anything of Admiral Cécile, his successor—nobody here seems to have heard his name?

Pray tell me your own news; and whether we may hope to see you and Madame de Tocqueville in the summer. Since I saw you we have added to our establishment a daughter-in-law, a very charming person. Still we have a couple of bedrooms vacant for our friends;

but if the daughter-in-law is followed by grandchildren, they will be turned into nurseries. So I hope that you will come to us while there is room. I hope myself to be in Paris in May. In August we shall probably be at Carlsbad, and in September and October in Italy, if the Liberals will let us.

Best regards to you and Madame de Tocqueville, from all our circle.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

March 8, 1849.

My dear Mr. Senior,—You wrote to me the kindest and most interesting letter, and I reproach myself for not having answered it.

I am all the more guilty as my political duties are trifling, and I have not wanted time for correspondence. Perhaps this may be the cause of my laziness. The exhaustion which has succeeded to the feverish excitement of last year, renders me incapable of any effort, even the very agreeable one of writing to my friends.

This universal listlessness is the characteristic of the period.

On the one hand we have our present Assembly, decrepid, feeble, in whose discussions we do not care to take a part; and on the other the prospect of a new Chamber, the spirit of which is still enveloped in mystery, while its approach holds the whole political machine in suspense.

When I say that the spirit of the new Assembly is still a secret, I am not perfectly accurate.

The immense majority of the legislative body which will assemble next May will certainly be animated by a strong spirit of opposition and even of reaction to all the mad follies, all the false systems, and all the men who rose up in the early days of the revolution of February 1848.

But how far will it go in this direction?

Will it be sufficiently obedient to the violent instincts of the agricultural masses, whence it will have sprung, to go so far as to overthrow the Republic?

If it should go so far, what will it set up in the place of the Republic?

This is what is completely hidden behind the thick curtain of the Future. If I dared to raise it for a moment, I should say that the most probable course still appears to me to be the maintenance, at least provisionally, of the Republic.

The new Chamber will be composed of three or four parties, of which each would prefer the maintenance of the Republic to the triumph of its old enemies.

I think that these parties, having no hope of the success of their favourite project, will be forced to be satisfied with the government which is next best after the one which they would prefer.

This, at least, is what I catch a glimpse of in the midst of the darkness which surrounds us.

Our Constitution is very bad, but it may get better; and if material prosperity, which is beginning to revive,

could be completely restored, the masses would before long become attached to the Republic, which is, one must own, well suited to our social condition, as well as to the passions and ideas to which that social condition has given rise.

So much for the future. As to the present, France exhibits at this moment the most extraordinary and to most people the most startling spectacle that could possibly be conceived.

Do you know what is the actual consequence of this ultra-democratic revolution, which has extended the suffrage beyond even the limits known in America? You would certainly find it difficult to guess.

The actual consequence of this revolution has been to give to the rich and even to the old nobility a political influence which they had lost for sixty years.

The men belonging to these classes are those whom the people everywhere select for election to offices of State.

There is another phenomenon: this revolution, which appeared destined to continue and perhaps to surpass the work of 1793, has restored not only to religion but to the clergy an influence a thousand times greater than the Restoration, which actually ruined itself for their sake, was able to do.

What say you to all this? Is it not a curious scene in the great drama of human affairs, and one well worth studying?

I think that I could easily disentangle and explain to you the causes, mostly accidental, which have quite

naturally brought about this strange reaction, and why I think that it would be wrong to expect the results to be very durable, though they will be of great importance. But such a subject cannot be treated in a letter. It requires a long conversation.

Come and see us. The events passing in France deserve the attention of a clear and strong mind, such as yours.

Mr. Bancroft brought us the two pamphlets which you confided to him. Thank you warmly for them; they appear to be both interesting and instructive. How much I wish that I could go and thank you in person, and accept your kind and pressing invitation. It would be unfortunately impossible for us just now. But if I should not be elected, I will certainly take advantage of your friendly offer after the general elections. This chance, which universal suffrage renders always possible, does not, however, seem to me to be probable. I would rather therefore meet you here.

Remember me very particularly to Mrs. and Miss Senior, and believe me to be yours sincerely and affectionately,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Kensington, April 22, 1849.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—A thousand thanks for your letter of March 8, which has given me more information and better views as to France than I have had since I left it.

I am thinking of being in Paris from about the 9th to

the 23rd of May, if I am likely to find you there; but I fear that you and my other friends will either be absent from Paris, canvassing, or, if in Paris, be so engaged as not to be visible. And in that case visiting Paris would be merely tantalising.

Pray tell me how things will be, then.

If you have looked at our debates you will have seen that our Government has not been very successful.

Their rate-in-aid for the distressed Irish Unions must be given up.

Lord Palmerston's foreign policy has been a series of blunders—except as respects you.

Peel has risen far above Lord John in public estimation. Nothing but his unwillingness to take office, and the weakness of each of the other two parties, Protectionists and Radicals, keep the present party in.

I hope that we shall get through our Irish difficulty by the only expedient—emigration. We sent 200,000 people from Ireland in 1847, and rather more in 1848. And I have no doubt that a still larger number will go this year.

The United States are quite ready to take 300,000 a year, and our own colonies 200,000. I never believed such an enormous emigration to be possible.

I trust that you will be a member of the next Assembly. If not, we rely on your and Madame de Tocqueville's promised visit. Best regards to you and to her from us.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

May 9, 1849.

I cannot describe to you, my dear Mr. Senior, the annoyance I feel at the mischance which has befallen me.

I am obliged to leave Paris, and I shall not be able to be there during the few days of your visit.

My health has been so much shaken by the agitations and the labours of the last twelvemonth, that the doctors peremptorily order me to avoid Paris for some weeks, in order to take the rest and recreation which have become indispensable.

They declare that I shall be incapable of taking any part in the Chamber, in the very probable case of my election, unless it is preceded by this interval of complete relaxation. I yield to them with extreme regret. In the first place, I regret our not meeting; and in the second, that I shall not be present at the close of this Assembly and the opening of the next. But I must submit.

Ever yours,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[M. de Tocqueville's absence from Paris was a very great disappointment to Mr. Senior. There is therefore no mention of him in the next journal. To supply the omission Mrs. Grote has kindly furnished me with the following notes.—ED.]

In April 1849, Mr. Grote and I went to Paris, for the first time since the revolution of February 1848. Some of our friends gave us interesting particulars of the events which had passed in Paris, and of certain incidents which occurred to themselves, during the last twelve months. The interest which attached to the details of the terrible days of June 1848 surpassed all the rest. On the morning, I think, of the 24th, M. de Tocqueville (then a Député), left his house in the Rue Castellane, to repair to the Chamber. He had not proceeded far before he perceived signs of extensive agitation, and when he reached the Chamber of Deputies a strong conviction presented itself to his mind that some formidable conflict was at hand. The Chamber on that morning appointed a certain fraction of its members to attend officially in different quarters of the city where fighting was going forward. They were directed to tie their tricoloured scarves about their waists, and to animate and encourage by their presence the efforts made by the National Guards to suppress the revolutionary movement. M. de Tocqueville with two others (one of whom was M. Goudchaux, afterwards Minister of Finance) was ordered to the quarter in which the Louvre is situated. M. Goudchaux proved himself a stout-hearted citizen. He manfully seconded M. de Tocqueville in his endeavours to inspire the civic guard with courage and determination. There was, however, but little need of these endeavours; the National Guards were full of the best sentiments. When M. de Tocqueville

would cry out, 'Now, my lads, press your advantage; another drive at them and the barricade is taken!' they would shout out, 'Ah! M. le Député, laissez-nous faire,—we know what we have got to do—Vive la République!' When M. de Tocqueville found his name drawn for the service I have here specified, he felt that he was 'in' for a struggle of the most momentous character. He had but just time to pen a hasty note to his wife, which ran thus: 'Leave Paris immediately, and do not return till you hear from me.' Madame de Tocqueville, guessing the gravity of the circumstances, also lost no time in obeying her husband's mandate. Taking all the money she had in the house, and concealing it upon her person, she repaired to St. Germain-en-Laye, and there awaited, in a state of mind of the most painful anxiety and suspense, such news as might arrive from the scene of action. She stayed there three nights (these were the dreadful days of June), during which she was without any authentic information concerning M. de Tocqueville. I think it was on the fourth day that, her uneasiness and impatience getting the better of her conjugal obedience, she ventured back to Paris. During her seclusion at St. Germain, she continually heard the lower class of people discussing on the events which were passing in Paris. The prevailing sentiment seemed to be a cordial desire that the insurgents should gain the victory, whilst a great number appeared disposed to go up to Paris and assist their brother 'Rouges.' This of course increased her already anxious sufferings.

M. de Tocqueville had returned home a few hours before her. He had scarcely had any repose during the whole of this fearful struggle. His domestic servant Eugène fought valiantly by his master's side, but both fortunately had come through unhurt. M. de Tocqueville described the condition of Paris during the second day of the conflict as being intensely agitating. The streets were deserted, except by combatants : all the 'portes-cochères' closed. At night you might hear a foot fall. Here and there a man would be seen lurking under a doorway, armed. Everyone suspected the presence of enemies in the upper windows, from whence musket-balls were frequently heard to whiz. On the second day M. de Tocqueville had serious misgivings as to the final result, but on the third morning he felt tolerably certain that the victory was passing to the side of the *bourgeoisie*. A day or two after the struggle had ceased, and the 'Rouges' were beginning to hide their heads again, Madame de Tocqueville's cook came to her and said: 'Madame ought to know that the concierge of our house is a Rouge, and that he bears my master an ill grudge for his conduct during the fight.' Madame de Tocqueville asked how she knew this. 'I have it,' replied the cook, 'from our greengrocer, where he goes, and where he permits himself to use very threatening expressions in relation to M. de Tocqueville. He said yesterday, "Il y a longtemps que j'en veux à ce gredin-là."' Upon this, Madame de Tocqueville became extremely uneasy, and besought her husband to be upon his guard against the concierge. M. de Toc-

queville (of whom his father once said to me, 'Alexis does not know what fear is') took little heed of his wife's warnings. But it happened that, very soon afterwards, he had occasion to stay out somewhat late, returning to his dwelling some time after the inmates of the hotel had retired to rest. He knocked at the 'porte-cochère;' and the concierge opened it in person. (It is customary in large hotels in Paris for the concierge to pull a string from his bed which unlatches the outer gate when anyone wishes to enter after a certain hour.) The concierge accosted him thus: 'Do you know, M. de Tocqueville, that I am very much alarmed at some unaccountable noises, which seem to proceed from a building at the farther end of our court?' Now this building was a disused stable or cowhouse, and was at some distance up a narrow garden court. 'Well, what do you want me to do?' said M. de Tocqueville. 'Oh,' replied the concierge, 'if Monsieur would be so good as to come with me; for I am afraid to go alone, and yet I should like to know from whence these odd noises proceed.' M. de Tocqueville instantly saw that this was a pretext to entice him to a lonesome spot. But he dissembled his suspicions, and told the concierge that he did not believe that there was any ground for alarm, but, as he wished it, he would go and assist him in his search. 'Allons,' cried he, 'we will soon find out the ghost. Do you march first, since you carry the light.' The concierge was a stout, square-built man, of middle height. M. de Tocqueville is a small man, but not destitute of muscular strength. At this particular

period he habitually carried in his breast pocket a small, loaded pistol, and, as he followed the concierge up this long silent entry, he kept his right hand upon the weapon. When they got to the stable, the concierge made signs to him to listen attentively; they did so, but no sounds, except the sighing of the wind, were heard. After a few minutes, M. de Tocqueville, more than ever convinced that it was a feint for drawing him into an ambush, told the concierge that 'there was nothing, and that he must now light him back into the hotel.' They ascended the stairs to M. de Tocqueville's own door, of which he had the key. Turning to the concierge, he bade him 'good night!' in a firm voice, without any symptom of distrust. The man wished him 'good night!' in his turn, and went downstairs again. Not long afterwards M. de Tocqueville left this hotel, and took another apartment. They could not rid themselves of this very disagreeable functionary, who was the servant of the landlord of the hotel, and he chose to keep the concierge in the lodge.

Alexis de Tocqueville probably owed his escape from the designs of the 'Rouge' to his insisting on the latter preceding him. He never once suffered the concierge to get near to or behind him, and the latter probably guessed M. de Tocqueville to be 'ready for him,' by his keeping his hand in his bosom.

H. GROTE.

[Louis Bonaparte was President, M. Faucher was Prime Minister, and M. de Tocqueville was Minister for

Foreign Affairs when Mr. Senior next visited Paris, on his way to the Pyrenees, in July. There are no letters to be found on either side during this interval.—Ed.]

Conversations.

Paris, July 27, 1849.[1]—Mrs. Senior and I went at about twelve to Madame de Tocqueville, whom we found in the Hôtel des Affaires Étrangères, sitting with a large bag of five-franc pieces before her, and an *employé* in the Foreign-office, who is her secretary of charities, by her side making out a list of the people among whom the contents of the bag were to be distributed. The table was covered with begging-letters. I looked at two or three of them. One was from the widow of a *littérateur*, another from a tradesman ruined by the revolution. None of them were supported by any peculiar claims on the Foreign Minister. He was applied to merely as supposed to have a large income. Madame de Tocqueville says that of course she makes inquiries, but that they are necessarily superficial, and that she must be constantly deceived, and, at a great sacrifice of time and money, probably does more harm than good. A poor-law seems to be as much wanted for the relief of the rich as of the poor.

We talked of the chances of a prorogation. She said that, from the moment it had been suggested, an alarm had been spread of a *coup d'état* intended by the President. She admitted that many of those around him were urging him to seize monarchical power, and

[1] This passage was retained in the *Journals in France*.—Ed.

that, if his character had not altered since 1840, he might be supposed accessible to such a temptation; but she thinks that he has now too much sense to make an attempt the temporary success of which is very doubtful and the permanent success impossible; and she is sure that none of his ministers would assist him. 'They believe us,' she said, 'to be ambitious conspirators; but all that we attempt, and all that we hope, is to keep our own heads and properties, and to protect those of our countrymen. We ourselves have removed nothing from our own house. We are birds of passage in this hotel.'

Saturday, July 29.—We dined with the Tocquevilles.

He hopes that the peace between Piedmont and Austria is by this time settled.

I said that I had heard that the principal difficulty was a demand by Piedmont that Austria should grant an amnesty to the Lombards who endeavoured to promote the union of Lombardy and Piedmont—a demand which appeared to me inadmissible. The Milanese rebelled against their sovereign—a sovereign deriving his title, not from conquest or treaty, but from a succession of centuries. The Piedmontese, though at peace with Austria, made common cause with the rebels, invaded Lombardy and annexed it to Piedmont. They have been defeated and driven back. Austria is in possession of Lombardy and even of a part of Piedmont. That the beaten Government should attempt to dictate to the conqueror the terms which he is to grant, not to them, but to his own subjects, is a pretension unparalleled in history.

Tocqueville did not object to this, but said that the

demands of Austria for the expenses of the war were at first excessive—far beyond the ability of Piedmont. He had reason to think, however, that they had been very considerably moderated, and this was the ground of his hope that the peace was arranged, if not signed.

We talked of Lord Palmerston's policy respecting Germany. He said that he thought it too favourable to Prussia.

I answered that, as Austria was in danger of falling to pieces, would be powerless if she lost Hungary, and under the influence of Russia if she kept it, it was important to raise up a substitute to stand between Western Europe and Russia, and that Prussia was the only Power capable of performing this office, and therefore that, if Lord Palmerston's policy tended to this, it was right. He replied that this might be true as respected the interests of England, but that France could not see with pleasure the farther aggrandisement of a great military Power immediately on her frontier.

Monday, July 30.—We called on Madame de Tocqueville, and found her as before with her bag of five-franc pieces and her almoner, deciding on petitions. She said that the rising on June 13 was far more serious than it was generally supposed to be. As the Hôtel des Affaires Étrangères is very much exposed, she removed all her papers and valuables to her own house, and the *économe*, or house-steward, contributed to the establishment by Bastide, entertained her with assurances of the triumph of the 'République Rouge.'[1]

[1] See Mrs. Grote's note, p. 63.—Ed.

'I thought,' she said, 'after you left us yesterday, how much your conversation showed that you belonged to a settled government. You are to be absent for three months, and you have no doubt that when you return Queen Victoria will be still on her throne, and Lord John Russell still her Minister, and Mr. Senior still Master in Chancery. No Frenchman can look forward for three months, or, indeed, for three weeks.'

October 21, 1849.—We passed August and September in the Pyrenees, and returned to Paris in October.

In the evening I went to Madame de Tocqueville's.

I talked to Tocqueville about the late debate on the Roman question. Montalembert, he said, was splendid; nothing could be finer as a piece of oratory. La Rivière rather repeated an article than made a speech.

I asked Tocqueville whether he felt his habits as a writer interfere with his speaking. He said, Terribly. That ever since he had been in the Chamber he had been endeavouring in vain to shake off the writer. The only writer whom he recollected as having done this thoroughly was Guizot.

Tuesday, October 23.—I breakfasted with the Tocquevilles. Knight Bruce, who was of the party, asked Tocqueville if much attention was paid to the decree abolishing titles. He answered, that it was attended to in official acts, but neglected in society. I said that, even before it passed, titles had been in a great measure disused—for instance, that Tocqueville had never used his.

No, he said, though his father and his brother did;

but that he had always foreseen that some day titles would be abolished, and he did not wish to assume what he might have to relinquish.

I said that I was told that the distinction between *noble* and *roturier* existed in its full force in real life.

'Yes,' said Tocqueville, 'it does, meaning by noble, gentilhomme; and it is a great misfortune, as it keeps up distinctions and animosities of caste; but it is incurable—at least, it has not been cured, or perhaps much palliated, by our sixty years of revolution. It is a sort of Freemasonry. When I talk to a gentilhomme, though we have not two ideas in common, though all his opinions, wishes, and thoughts are opposed to mine, yet I feel at once that we belong to the same family, that we speak the same language, that we understand one another. I may like a bourgeois better, but he is a stranger.'

I mentioned the remark to me of a very sensible Prussian, *bürger* himself, that it was unwise to send out as ambassador any not noble. I said that it did not matter in England, where the distinction is unknown. 'Yes,' he replied, 'unknown with you; but you may be sure that when any of our *bürger* ministers meets one who is *von Adel*, he does not negotiate with him on equal terms; he is always wishing to sneak under the table.'

We talked of the physical exertion of public speaking. Knight Bruce said that after speaking for six hours, he felt tired for half an hour: Tocqueville, that he could not speak two days following, that he required an inter-

val of rest for his throat, and that in the Chamber one was forced to scream, both to conquer the size of the room and the noise of interruptions.

I said that our reformed House was far more tolerant of bad speaking than the old House; that in the old House a bore was speedily coughed down; but that the anti-bore police was almost inefficient in the new House.

'With us,' said Tocqueville, 'it is not the bad but the good speakers that are unheard. In proportion as a speech tells, it provokes interruption: the bad ones are listened to, or at least submitted to, quietly enough.'

[Mr. Senior left Paris on the next day.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[I have looked in vain for the original or a copy of the letter from M. de Tocqueville, to which the following is an answer. Large extracts from it are appended to the article on Lamartine published last year in the Journals in France and Italy, and to the Journal for 1849, vol. i. p. 214.—ED.]

Masters' Offices, December 10, 1849.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—A thousand thanks for your interesting and instructive letter. I have ventured to add as notes to the article, of course not naming you, the two anecdotes of Lamartine. They confirm, I think, his account. When I was last in Paris I saw an enormous letter from Marshal Bugeaud, giving an account of

what he saw and did on February 24. His story exactly tallies with Lamartine's. The story which you tell of the detachment of the 10th Legion, he tells thus: 'After the King's retreat I went home, changed my dress, and went back towards the Palais Bourbon. When I got there I met some deputies running out of the Chamber, frightened to death. Those who could speak cried, "All is over; they have proclaimed the Republic!" I ran to a detachment of the 10th Legion, which was stationed in the place, and said, "You don't wish for a Republic?" "No sacre bleu!" they said. "Then come with me to the Chamber." There were about 150 of them. They ran for their arms. Oudinot joined us, and we moved on the Chamber. About twenty deputies met us, escaping from the Chamber. "All is lost," they said; "the Duchess is going to the Invalides. The Republic is proclaimed." And it was too late, or we were too few, and so the monarchy fell. Had the Court been at Vincennes, had I had the command a fortnight sooner, things might have passed differently. But all had been neglected, no preparation made for resistance or for retreat, no plan laid down, no instructions given, no supplies of ammunition, no deposits of provisions, no collections of the tools necessary for breaking open doors and piercing walls; nothing was thought of except to follow what was recollected of the management of 1834. I have often talked to the ministers, and to M. Guizot, about the danger to which their want of preparation exposed the monarchy, but I never could excite their interest, or even gain their attention. There was a sort

of sneer, as if they thought I was talking to get a command.'

Is not this your detachment of the 10th Legion ?

What you say of the immediate causes of the Revolution is very important. *Mon siége est fait*—but this is not the last time that I shall write about the 24th of February.

I have no use for the proofs, unless perhaps you could send them to M. Pichot, the editor of the *Revue britannique*, with my compliments, and tell him that the article will come out in London in three weeks, and if he wishes to translate it for his review, and publish the translation at any time after that, they are at his service.

It is probable, however, that the Revolution has, among better things, destroyed the *Revue britannique*.

Lord Lansdowne was delighted with his French visit. He had an interview of some hours with your President, and negotiated a resumption of intercourse between him and Molé, who had ceased to visit the Élysee after the *coup d'état*. I have seen nobody else, being confined by bronchitis.

Kindest regards from all of us to you and Madame de Tocqueville. Ever yours,

N. W. Senior.

[There is a gap here in the correspondence. There is no letter on either side till after the next journal.—Ed.]

Conversations.

Paris, May 1850.—The law called afterwards 'The law of the 31st of May,' which restricted the suffrage, was at this time under discussion in the Assembly.

The foul copy of this journal was shown to M. de Tocqueville immediately after it had been written; and it was returned by him without alteration.

Some months afterwards I sent to him a fair copy, on which he made numerous notes, which are inserted after the conversations to which they refer.

Tuesday, May 14.—After breakfast I sat for half an hour with Tocqueville.

He utterly disapproves of what is going on, and, if he is to be ill, is glad to be ill now and to have nothing to do with it. His object, he says, has always been to make the best of the Constitution for the time being, and he believes that that which now exists might be made to work tolerably,[1] and this he thinks is the wish of *the majority*

[1] *Tuesday, May* 14.—Ceci demande quelques développements pour que ma pensée soit bien comprise.

Je doute très-fort qu'une constitution républicaine, ou, pour parler plus clairement encore, un pouvoir exécutif électif, convienne, quant à présent, à la France.

Je pense de plus, que la constitution républicaine de 1848 est extrêmement défectueuse, et j'ai prouvé que telle était mon opinion en votant contre plusieurs de ses principaux articles. Je crois qu'il est très-nécessaire qu'on arrive à la modifier, mais en même temps j'ai toujours été convaincu, et je le suis encore, que les périls qui naissent de l'exécution de la constitution, toute imparfaite qu'elle est, sont infiniment moindres que ceux qu'on ferait courir au pays en voulant briser cette constitution par la force, et en faisant

of the majority in the Assembly. They are not men of much experience, or of much knowledge, or, perhaps, of much talent—but they are honest. They have no leader, however. Odillon Barrot keeps retired, Dufaure is gone on some inquiry to Toulon, and the reactionary, or, as we now call them, the revolutionary party have it all their own way. They believe that the next Chamber must at all events be Montagnard. He does not know what rashness and folly on the part of the Government

prendre au parti modéré la responsabilité d'une révolution nouvelle. Je n'ai point de doute, comme je le disais dans la conversation ci-dessus rapportée, que cette manière de voir ne fût et ne soit encore partagée par ce que j'ai appelé *la majorité de la majorité* de l'Assemblée, c'est-à-dire, par cette masse d'hommes que les passions de parti, les calculs, ou les regrets de l'ambition, ou enfin la peur, ne conduisent pas. Il me serait facile de dire pourquoi les dangers qui naîtraient d'un renversement violent de la constitution seraient plus grands que ceux qui naissent de son maintien, mais je n'ai voulu ici qu'éclaircir les idées que j'ai déjà exprimées à M. Senior et non en produire de nouvelles.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

This passage requires development in order that my meaning may be perfectly understood. I much doubt whether a republican constitution, and, to speak still more plainly, an elective executive, is suitable to France in her present condition. I think, likewise, that the Republican Constitution of 1848 is extremely faulty, and I have proved that such is my opinion by voting against many of its principal articles. I believe that it is quite necessary to modify them, but at the same time I have always been convinced, and I am so still, that the dangers which arise from enforcing the constitution even in its present imperfect state would be infinitely less than those which the country would incur if it were to be overturned by violent means, and the responsibility of a new revolution laid upon the moderate party. As I said in the above conversation, I have no doubt but that this opinion was and is shared by *the majority of the majority* in the Assembly; that is to say, by all those who are moved neither by party spirit, by interest, by ambition, nor by fear. It would be easy for me to show how it is that the perils occasioned by a violent overthrow of the constitution would be greater than those which arise from its maintenance; but I wished here only to clear up the ideas which I have already expressed, not to add new ones.

may do; but he is sure that, with tolerable prudence, it would not be so. These recent Parisian elections are mere protests against counter-revolution. The people see that the Government is conspiring against the Republic, and try to warn it.

I mentioned Z.'s parallel of the present state of things to that which preceded the election of the Convention.

'I wish,' answered Tocqueville, 'that all our history could be burnt, if this is the use that is made of it. The next Assembly will be no Convention unless they make it one. No one is deceived by the protests of the reactionary, or, as they call themselves, the Conservative party. No one believes that they really care about improving the constituencies. Their real objects are two. One is to engage the whole majority of the Assembly in a counter-revolutionary course, to bring them gradually, by a series of measures each a little more unconstitutional than the previous one, into an anti-republican position. The other is to produce a revolt, a victory, and an anti-republican Constitution, probably a presidency for ten years, surrounded by monarchical institutions. In the first attempt they probably will succeed. The really moderate portion of the Assembly will find itself counter-revolutionary before it is aware of what it has done. In the latter they will probably fail. The adverse chances are too many. In the first place an *émeute* is improbable. The leaders of the Montagne are perfectly satisfied with their position. The twenty-five francs a day, though they are obliged to

surrender much of it to the public purse of the party, is still a great deal to men who had nothing before they were deputies, and will have nothing after they cease to be so. They are afraid too of their followers—they know that they will themselves be the first victims of a "rouge" republic. They will strive to prevent a revolt, and I think will prevent one. In the second place, if there be a fight, the *émeutiers* may succeed. The reactionists are very confident, but I have seen too many confident parties beaten to be sanguine. The 10,000 *gracis* have nothing to lose. They have a fair pretext to fight for. If the Government was unpopular before it brought in this law,[1] what will it be afterwards? I hope that the National Guard will be stanch; but 125,000 of its members voted for Sue. Many thousands of them will be among the disenfranchised. If they side with the *émeute*, the soldiers can no longer be relied on. Thirdly, suppose the battle fought and won. I am not sure that the majority of the present Assembly would vote an anti-republican constitution. They might the day after the victory, but I doubt whether they would three weeks after. And what sort of an anti-republican constitution would work? I foresee no prospect of alteration in our present situation, unless accident should offer one; and as for its ending, that seems as far off as it was in 1789.'[2]

[1] The law, then under discussion, passed on May 31, 1850, restricting the suffrage.—Ed.

[2] Ceci demande encore un développement pour être bien compris.

J'entends par 'the ending of the present situation' un état stable et définitif, devenant la manière d'exister pour la société pendant un long

Thursday, May 16.—I drank tea with the Tocquevilles. As he does not admit the usual explanation that the whole matter was a scheme to insult France, he is as much puzzled by the Greek affair as I am. His intercourse with Lord Palmerston led him to believe him faithful to his engagements, though troublesome, litigious, and unscrupulous. He has the *esprit d'un procureur* (which was also Beaumont's expression), but also of an honest attorney—so far, at least, as an attorney can be honest![1]

espace de temps ; comme la monarchie administrative et sans contrôle politique qui a suivi chez nous les guerres civiles des 16me et 17me siècles, ou la monarchie représentative qui a achevé de se fonder en Angleterre après les révolutions de 1640 et de 1688. Je ne parle point d'un établissement transitoire qui impose momentanément la paix aux partis, laisse respirer la nation et lui permette de se jeter de nouveau avec ardeur à la recherche du bien-être matériel par des voies irrégulières.

Une solution de cette espèce ne peut pas beaucoup tarder, mais c'est de la solution dont j'ai d'abord parlé, que nous sommes encore, à mon avis, très-loin.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

This again demands some explanation to be perfectly understood. By the 'ending of the present situation,' I mean a stable, definitive condition, into which society might settle for a considerable period, such as the administrative and unfettered monarchy which followed with us the civil wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or the representative monarchy which was ultimately founded in England after the revolutions of 1640 and of 1688. I am not speaking of a transitory government which imposes only a temporary peace on the different parties, and, after a breathing time, leaves the nation to plunge itself once more with eagerness into schemes for acquiring wealth by irregular means.

Such a solution as this cannot be long in coming, but the solution which I first mentioned is, in my opinion, still very distant.

[1] Lord Palmerston est un homme d'État de premier ordre, dont la politique appelle quelquefois à son aide les petites ruses et les expédients d'un 'attorney.'—*A. de Tocqueville.*

Lord Palmerston is a statesman of the first class, whose policy sometimes calls to its assistance the cunning and petty expedients of an attorney.

I asked in what respect unscrupulous.

'He seemed to me,' answered Tocqueville, 'to interfere in the affairs of the Continent for the purpose of serving his own personal or party interest at home, with little regard to the consequences on the rest of Europe. He ought to have known in 1847 that he could not stir the inflammable elements of Rome and Naples without risking a general conflagration.'

'The conflagration,' I answered, 'was caused by your revolution, and who in 1847 foresaw that? I remember your saying to me in October in that year that Louis Philippe was the most autocratic sovereign that had reigned over France since Charlemagne—that he approached nearer to absolute power than Louis XIV.'

'Yes,' replied Tocqueville, 'he *was* nearly absolute; but it was of the extent, not of the durability, of his power that I spoke. He had so thoroughly corrupted the Chamber that he had no parliamentary opposition to fear. He had so thoroughly corrupted the 200,000 electors that he had nothing to fear from an electoral opposition. With his 200,000 or rather 400,000 places, all the middle classes, on whom his government rested, were his tools. But, by abusing for these purposes the gigantic means conferred by our system of centralisation, he had rendered those middle classes, on whom his throne was built, unfit to sustain its weight. His monarchy was constructed with great skill and great solidity, but its foundation was a quicksand. He made the middle classes objects of hatred and contempt, and the people trampled them and him under foot. I never

thought him during the latter years of his reign safe from a revolution.'

'No,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'you prophesied one three years before it occurred.'

'Well,' said Tocqueville, 'this is what Lord Palmerston must have perceived. He must have known that all the Continent was mined. And he had no right to presume on his insular position and throw combustibles over the rest of the world.'

I asked how he liked Lord Normanby.

'Very much indeed,' he said. 'It was impossible for a minister to cultivate more anxiously a good understanding between the two countries. He pushed his endeavours to consult the feelings of France to the utmost extent that his duty to England would allow. Lately, however, he has excited much jealousy by his intimacy with Mrs. Howard. I once,' continued Tocqueville, 'encountered her at St. Cloud. I went there unexpectedly, and was introduced into the room where she was dining with a party of men. Lord Normanby frequents these parties. That perhaps is unavoidable; but he also visits her familiarly in her own house. He has the *grandes* and the *petites entrées* there.[1] Of course the motive is a wish to influence the President through her, and this we do not like. Lady Normanby delights everybody.'

We talked of a retreat for the winter. 'Hyères,' said Tocqueville, 'is charming. You live among groves

[1] I afterwards ascertained that M. de Tocqueville was quite misinformed. —N. W. S.

of oranges and lemons, with a fine sea and a pretty country; and you are safe, or nearly safe, from the scourge of the northern coast of the Mediterranean—the Mistral.'

'My delight,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'is Algiers. The sky, the light, the mountains, and the sea are like nothing in Europe. Our sun is pale, our air is fog, our sea is muddy compared to those of Africa. But I cannot promise you comfort there. Your food will be good, but, whatever pains you take, your bed will be alive.'[1]

'On the whole,' said Tocqueville, 'my choice is Palermo. You have there a fine town, a delightful climate and country, plenty of society, and all Sicily for excursions.'

He left the room for a minute, and Madame de Tocqueville said, 'I don't tease him now about passing the winter out of France, but I think that he must do it. He cannot bear to quit the Assembly in such times as these; but, if he is not to speak, if he is not to write, if he is not to read or even to think about politics—and such are the orders of his physician—what is the use of his staying here?'

'Well,' he said when he came back, 'you have seen Madame de Cirourt. Did you remember that I begged you to let her know *que je lui trouve infiniment de l'esprit.* I see that you did not. You were anxious to promote your own interests in that quarter, and forgot mine. Pray remember it next time.'

[1] My experience was the reverse. The bed was good, the food was bad. —N. W. S.

He soon came back to politics. 'With the exception of the Montagnards,[1] and of a few really moderate members of the Opposition, everybody is conspiring against everybody. The Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the Bonapartists, are each furious against the two others, and all three are determined to overthrow the Republic. "Ils veulent en finir," they say, "avec ces gens-là." "En finir!" as if it were possible to kill, imprison, transport, or in any way to drive out of Paris 100,000 men. There will be no *fin* in our time, or in the time of our children. It must be confessed, however, that this revolutionary regimen does not suit us ill.[2] Every interval of convulsion has been succeeded by one of

[1] Il y a certainement là une nuance de ma pensée qui a échappé à M. Senior.

Il est impossible que j'ai dit que les Montagnards ne conspiraient pas. Ils ne conspirent pas pour détruire la forme républicaine, comme les trois autres partis nommés ensuite, mais ils conspirent assurément pour faire servir la République à une révolution sociale.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

Mr. Senior has not seized the exact shade of my idea. I cannot have said that the Montagnards were not conspiring. They are not conspiring, in order to overturn the Republic, like the three parties afterwards mentioned, but they certainly are conspiring to effect a social revolution by means of the Republic.

[2] Tout ce qui suit, jusqu'à la fin de la page, me paraît plus approbatif que ce que j'ai dû dire, et fondé sur des raisons non pas contraires à celles qui motivent mon opinion, mais un peu différentes.

L'expérience, en effet, nous a appris que chaque révolution change beaucoup de positions, développe beaucoup de besoins, fait naître beaucoup de désirs, répand un grand mouvement et une grande activité dans toutes les intelligences.

Quand le calme renaît dans le monde politique momentanément, toute cette agitation ne cesse pas entièrement, elle change seulement d'objet ; elle passe dans le monde industriel et commercial, et y fait faire des efforts plus grands et des tentatives plus hardies que si on était toujours resté dans une société calme.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

All that follows, to the end of the page, seems to me to express more

increased prosperity. Old prejudices are weakened, the experience of years is gained in months, and the most acute intellects and the most decided wills assume power. This revolution, however, has as yet been an exception. It has brought forward nobody except some *militaires*, and they came from Algiers. They are nearly the sole produce of that soil. We sow soldiers there broadcast, and we reap from time to time a general.'

Saturday, May 18.—After Gioberti left us I went to Tocqueville's. He is as puzzled as ever by the Greek affair,[1] but warns me not to believe the Government papers. The moderate party are resolved to turn out Lord Palmerston, and, if possible, the Whigs. No ministry that we could have in England would be Tory enough for them; but they think they could get a neutral one—one that, if it gave them no assistance, would, at least, interpose no obstacle to their restoring in Europe what they call order; that is, destroying every

approbation than I intended, and to be founded on reasons which are not contrary to those which influenced me, but different from them.

Experience, indeed, teaches us that every revolution changes many positions, developes many wants, rouses many desires, and excites great animation and activity in every mind. When calm is once more restored to the political world, all this agitation does not at once cease—but its object changes; it passes into the industrial and commercial world, and induces greater efforts and bolder schemes than would have been the case had the tranquillity of society remained undisturbed.

[1] The dispute with Greece arose out of demands made by our Foreign Minister for damages for certain injuries to British subjects (Mr. Finlay and Don Pacificos). These demands not being satisfied, Admiral Parker proceeded to blockade the Piræus.' A misunderstanding with the French Government ensued which led to the recall of M. Drouyn de l'Huys from the Court of St. James'.—Ed.

advance to liberality that has been made since 1830. For this purpose they are using every effort *pour envenimer la dispute*, and Lord Palmerston has most unfortunately assisted by putting them at present in the right. He himself would deeply regret their success, as respects the Whigs—always excepting Lord Palmerston, whom he is as anxious to get rid of as Berryer or De Broglie can be, since he believes the tranquillity of Europe incompatible with his presence in our Foreign Office.

I said that I had heard that something like this was supposed to have occurred in Switzerland—that Lord Palmerston had been accused of carrying on a double negotiation, and, while supporting the Sonderbund in London, of urging at Berne the revolutionary party to invade Lucerne.

He answered that he found in the French Foreign Office a tradition that such had been the case, though he had not examined the documents.

I mentioned the Abbé Gioberti's visit, and Tocqueville spoke of him with great pleasure. He had enjoyed a most agreeable breakfast with him and Cousin. This led us to talk of the general state of the Catholic clergy. I said that, with the exception of one or two Italians, I had never met in society a foreign priest; that at Gäesbeck in Belgium, Madame Arconati spoke to me in high terms of their priest, and that I asked if she could let me meet him at dinner; but she answered that he could not dine with the family; it would be uncomfortable for both parties.

Tocqueville replied that such was not the case in France; that in many *cures*, though of course comparatively few, the priest was a gentleman by birth; that if a son of his chose to take orders he should make no objection. In general, however, the priest is the son of a rich peasant; he is not a polished man, but he has manners that do not offend, and considerable information.[1] His worst fault is his pride. His morals are always pure. A dissolute priest would be hunted out of the country—but, whatever his personality, his profession entitles him to be treated as an equal. 'When you come to Tocqueville,' he added, 'you will find the curé dining frequently with me, and once a year Madame de Tocqueville and I dine with him. A brother of the predecessor of the present curé was my servant; the

[1] Le fait serait exagéré si on le présentait d'une manière si générale. Ce que M. Senior me fait dire est vrai, mais dépend des provinces. Dans tout l'ouest que je connais, et je crois, dans tout le midi, que je ne connais pas, le prêtre appartient (non pas peut-être en général, mais très-souvent) à des familles riches, ou du moins très-aisées. Dans les environs de Paris, par exemple, c'est le contraire. En général, partout où la foi a gardé de profondes racines, et où le prêtre reste très-honoré, à cause de son caractère saint, par la population, on remarque que le clergé se recrute dans des classes plus élevées que dans les provinces où la foi est pour ainsi dire éteinte, et où le clergé n'a pas d'influence sur les habitants.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

This statement would be an exaggeration if asserted without qualification. The remark which Mr. Senior quotes as mine is true, but applies only to certain provinces. In the west, with which I am personally acquainted, and, from what I hear, also in the south, the priest belongs (not, perhaps, in general, but very often) to a rich family, or at least to one in easy circumstances. In the neighbourhood of Paris, however, the contrary is the case. Generally speaking, wherever religion is deeply rooted, and the priest is venerated by the people on account of his sacred office, one sees the clergy recruited from a higher class than in those provinces where faith is extinct, and the clergy have lost their influence.

curé has dined with me while his brother waited, and neither of them perceived in this the least *inconvenance.*

'The institution is certainly a democratic one.[1] It places the peasant on a level with the noble, but the politics of the clergy are essentially conservative. They are dependent on the State for their salaries, and therefore cannot resist the party that is dominant for the time being, be it despotic or anarchical, but the tendency of their wishes and their habits is monarchical.'[2]

[1] Je ne crois pas avoir été aussi affirmatif. Je dois avoir dit, parce que je le pense, qu'il y avait dans la constitution du clergé catholique deux aspects, ou deux caractères qui permettaient à ce clergé de s'identifier assez aisément, soit à des institutions politiques aristocratiques, soit à des institutions politiques démocratiques. Par sa hierarchie officielle de servants, curés, évêques, archevêques, pape, et sa subordination exacte, il tend vers l'aristocratie et la monarchie. Par le principe de son recrutement et de son avancement, qui repose uniquement sur la capacité et l'unit par les liens de l'origine à toutes les classes de la société, les plus basses comme les plus hautes, par sa doctrine, qu'aux yeux de l'église et de la religion tout au dehors du clergé doit être considéré comme égal et traité de même, le paysan comme le noble, il incline vers la démocratie.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

I do not think that I spoke so decidedly. I must have said, because I believe it, that the Catholic Church is so constituted as to have two aspects, or rather that it is composed of two different elements which enable the clergy to identify themselves easily enough either with aristocratical or democratical institutions. Its official hierarchy—its acolytes, priests, bishops, archbishops, and pope—and its rigid discipline are in their nature monarchical and aristocratical. The mode in which it is recruited, and its promotion, which rests entirely upon merit, bind it to every class of society, the highest as well as the lowest; and the principle which it holds, that in the eyes of the Church all are equal, apart from the clergy themselves, and should all be treated alike, peasant as well as noble, inclines it to democracy.

[2] Tout cela est très-vrai, mais il faut ajouter qu'au fond le clergé n'appartient qu'à lui-même, que les formes politiques seront toujours pour lui des choses secondaires; que les pouvoirs politiques qui ont cru l'avoir lié à leur fortune n'ont jamais manqué de se tromper, et qu'à ses yeux les affaires

I asked whether the regular clergy multiplied. 'Not,' answered Tocqueville, 'the mendicant orders: we have none of them now, nor of the comfortable orders, such as the Benedictines; but the number of the active orders—those engaged in education and charity—and also of the most austere, contemplative orders, such as the Trappists, augment strikingly. The Trappists are admirable cultivators. Their time, when not devoted to prayer, is spent in the fields. They are under excellent direction, work harder than our peasants, and are the great introducers of new instruments and processes. Those who have settled in Africa have magnificent herds and flocks. If you could tempt them in numbers into Ireland they would be the best improvers.'

May 19.—I dined with M. Anisson Duperron. The Duc de Broglie, M. de Viel Castel, and Baron de Billing were of the party. The Duke seemed much out of spirits. I drank tea with the Tocquevilles. I mentioned the depression of the Duc de Broglie.[1]

'He is one,'[2] said Tocqueville, 'of a numerous class

de l'église restent toujours les grandes affaires auxquelles tout le reste doit être subordonné.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

All this is very true, but it must be added that the clergy in truth owes allegiance only to the Church; that politics will never be of more than secondary interest for them; that the Governments which have fancied that they had bound them to their fortunes have never failed to be deceived; and that in their eyes the affairs of the Church will always be considered as the only important ones, to which all others should be subordinated.

[1] The father of the present ambassador.—Ed.

[2] La phrase est construite de manière à faire croire que je place le duc de Broglie parmi ceux qui ont passé leur vie à croire que tout était fini: il y a une nuance qui a échappé à M. Senior, et ma pensée devrait être rédigée à peu près ainsi:—

'Le duc de Broglie est un de ces théoriciens politiques qui ont voulu

who at each successive phase of our Revolution have believed that it was over, and that a settled state of things was to ensue. My father is 76; he was about 16 at the time when the Revolution began. He recollects therefore the opinions that have prevailed during its progress. When fifteen years of disorder ended in a military despotism, everybody believed that it had run its course. It seemed to be the natural progress of events that revolution should produce war, and that war should make the army, and that the army should make its General omnipotent. When the Consulate and the Empire were followed by the Restoration, it seemed also in the order of things that the military ruler should be ruined by the ambition to which he owed his empire; that he should go on playing double or quits till he

prouver aux autres, et étaient parvenus à se prouver à eux-mêmes, que la Royauté de juillet était la fin naturelle de la révolution française, et commençait la nouvelle ère de la Société parmi nous. À chacune des différentes phases de notre révolution on a vu des hommes d'esprit tomber dans une erreur semblable.

'Nous avons le goût de la métaphysique politique, de quelques faits qui se ressemblent nous tirons volontiers de prétendues règles générales, dont nous nous servons ensuite pour expliquer tout ce qui a été, et prévoir tout ce qui sera.' Mon père, etc., etc.

This passage is worded so as to make it appear that I class the Duc de Broglie among those who have spent their lives in believing in finality. A shade of my meaning has escaped Mr. Senior, and my idea ought to be expressed pretty nearly in these terms :—

'The Duc de Broglie is one of those political theorists who wish to persuade others, and have succeeded in convincing themselves, that the Monarchy of July [1830] was the natural end of the French Revolution, and the commencement of a new era. At every new phase of our Revolution, men of ability have been seen to fall into a similar error.

'We have a taste for metaphysical politics: from some facts which resemble each other we like to draw some imaginary general rules, which we use to explain all that has gone before, and to foresee all that is to follow.'

had exhausted his good fortune; that his domestic enemies should join with his foreign ones; that the ancient dynasty should be restored, and that constitutional Royalty should become the permanent form of French government. When Charles X. tossed his crown into the hands of his cousin in 1830, this too seemed a natural conclusion of the drama. The parallel between France and England was now complete. In a restoration, it was said, the first king that is restored is so delighted with his return to power that he is willing to accept it on any terms. And those terms he is likely to keep tolerably. He is determined not to have to travel again. The successor of the restored sovereign takes the crown not as a good fortune, but as a right. He feels the limits within which he is confined irksome, and easily believes them to be mischievous. His flatterers tell him that they are void; that his rights are unalienable, perhaps divine, and that it is his duty to save his country without looking nicely to the technical legality of the means which must be employed. He attempts to act on these principles, and is resisted and deposed. But a great ancient nation that has once tried the experiment of democracy will not repeat it. It will select for its new sovereign the next in succession who is willing and fit to accept the responsibility and submit to the restrictions of a constitutional monarch. In that dynasty the conflicting principles of legitimacy and selection, of divine right and popular right, are united. It may expect indefinite duration. Such a dynasty is in the second century of its reign

in England, and in the first century of its reign in France.

'The revolution of 1848 came, and these illusions were dissipated in an hour. The great monarchical fortress which was built for ages, proved to be a mere stage decoration. The Republic re-appeared with its single Assembly, its universal suffrage, its clubs, its journals, its forced paper currency. The line along which they have been travelling since 1830 turns out to have been only the segment of a circle. They believe that 1848 has brought them back to the point at which their fathers started in 1789. They fancy themselves now in 1791, armed without doubt with far more power and far more experience than were possessed by the Legislative Assembly, but also attacked by much stronger and much more practised enemies. I do not wonder at their despondency; indeed, I share it. The difference is that what seems strange to them seems natural to me. I have long seen that the Orleans family were mere actors, whose exit was approaching, and I fear that mere actors have followed them.'[1]

[1] Pour rendre plus complètement et plus exactement ma pensée, il faudrait ajouter :—

'Les hommes qui, comme le duc de Broglie, ont cru fermement la révolution finie, se livrent au désespoir, et joignent au mal réel dont nous souffrons mille maladies plus terribles encore, que leur esprit dérouté et leur imagination effrayée leur fait inventer. Moi qui suis convaincu depuis longtemps que le *sol social* de la France ne peut, quant à présent, donner d'assiette solide et permanente à aucun gouvernement, j'éprouve ces tristesses, mais non point ce profond découragement ni ces terreurs; je ne crois pas que tout soit fini; je ne crois pas, non plus, que tout soit perdu, et je regarde mon pays comme un malade, qu'on ne peut, il est vrai, espérer aujourd'hui guérir, mais qu'on peut soulager beaucoup, dont on peut

We talked of La Hitte's despatch. He must have written it, Tocqueville thinks, himself, which a foreign minister, especially an inexperienced one like La Hitte, ought never to do. He should give full instructions as to the substance, but leave the form to those who have been bred up to the office, and know how to use the double-edged weapons of diplomatic controversy.

Madame de Tocqueville asked me if I had kept a journal. I said Yes, and that, if she wished to see it, I would send it to her the next morning. And I did so, ending with this page.

May 21.—I drank tea with the Tocquevilles, but saw little of him. It was the first day of the debate on the electoral bill, and one member after another came in and held a council with him in the next room. His longest conference was with Lamoricière. He came out of it rather exhausted. Lamoricière had thrown away his cigar only at the top of the stairs, and Tocqueville,

rendre pour le moment l'existence très-prospère, et de la maladie même duquel on peut faire sortir de grandes choses pour l'humanité et pour lui-même.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

To express my idea more completely and accurately, I should add: 'Those who, like the Duc de Broglie, have firmly believed the Revolution to be finished, give themselves up to despair, and join to the evil from which we are already suffering a thousand others still more terrible, the fruits of their disordered minds and terrified imaginations. As for me, who have long been convinced that the *social soil* of France cannot at present offer a solid and permanent foundation to any government, I suffer from the same depression, but not from the same terrors and despair: I do not believe that all is over, nor, on the other hand, that all is lost. I consider my country as a sick man whom we cannot, it is true, hope to cure at once, but whose malady one may greatly alleviate, whose existence may be rendered extremely prosperous, and whose very sufferings may be productive of great results, both for himself and for the whole human race.'

never very tolerant of tobacco, is peculiarly sensitive after his long illness. He said that he was *empesté.*

Madame de Tocqueville spoke highly of the wit and conversational powers of Lamoricière.

She amused me with an account of the schemes of some of the President's friends, I suspect of the lady members of the party. When the *émeute* takes place (for they have decided that there shall be one) the President is to show himself in the moment of triumph and march as Emperor to the Tuileries. Changarnier, of course, will be his competitor, but they rely on his beating him, as he is a better rider, and has the best horse in Paris.

La Hitte's letter recalling Drouyn de l'Huys, was not inserted in the body of the 'Moniteur.' It appeared in a supplement. Dupin, who, as president, transmits to the 'Moniteur' the official documents that are communicated to the Assembly, explained from his chair at some length the circumstances through which this happened. I forget what they were, but they proved that it was a mere accident.

The President (Louis Napoleon I mean), of his own authority, forbad the insertion of the letter. Hereupon La Hitte tendered his resignation, and, as a compromise, it was inserted in the supplement. I do not think that, in England, a Speaker of the House of Commons could be prevailed on to tell a series of deliberate falsehoods in order to conceal a Cabinet dispute.

May 22.—I drank tea with Tocqueville. Madame de Tocqueville was confined to her bedroom. Tocque-

ville returned to me my journal. He had read all that related to himself, and saw nothing to explain or to alter.[1]

'The great misfortune,' he said, 'of France is the preference of *égalité* to liberty.' I begged him to give me a lecture upon *égalité*—a term about which I had heard a great deal, without accurately comprehending its meaning.

'Generally,' he said,[2] 'it is a wish that no one should be

[1] The reader has seen, by the notes, that when M. de Tocqueville read the fair copy, some months later, he found much to alter.—N. W. S.

[2] Je ne saurais voir dans ce qui suit l'expression complète et nuancée de ma pensée. Je crois, cependant, mes paroles fidèlement reproduites, mais ce sont de ces paroles qu'on jette dans une conversation avec un ami, sans y attacher grande importance, et sans avoir la prétention d'approfondir le sujet dont on parle, se livrant plutôt à la disposition du moment qu'à une recherche sérieuse. Pour bien peindre ce qu'on doit entendre par la passion de l'égalité en France il faudrait une étude beaucoup plus détaillée des différents sentiments et des différentes idées dont cette passion s'alimente. Le portrait que j'en fais ici est vrai dans les parties qu'il représente, mais fort inexacte si l'on considère l'ensemble des traits de l'original.

Ce que je dis à la fin, que personne ne s'occupe de liberté, de garanties, et de bon gouvernement est de même vrai, mais d'une vérité restreinte : c'est une boutade de mauvaise humeur, plutôt qu'un jugement sérieux.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

I cannot admit that what follows expresses the exact shade of my meaning. I believe my words to be faithfully reported, but they are the sort of expressions which one utters at random in friendly conversation, without attaching much importance to them, and without any pretension to deal profoundly with the subject, following the whim of the moment rather than attempting a serious disquisition. To describe accurately what is meant by the passion for equality in France would require a much more detailed investigation of the different sentiments and ideas which feed this passion. The portrait drawn by me in this page is true in its separate features, but very inexact if compared with the general aspect of the original.

What I say in the end, that no one cares about liberty, security, or good government, is also true, but in a limited sense : it is rather an outbreak of ill-humour than a serious assertion.

better off than oneself; but, to explain it, I must begin historically. The *ancien régime* was the reign of privilege. All power, all distinction, and, as far as it was possible, all pleasure, was reserved for one caste. The people paid the taxes, the *noblesse* spent them. The people furnished the soldiers, the *noblesse* the officers; the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them; the *noblesse* made them and administered them. The *noblesse* alone were good company; if a *roturier* penetrated into their *salons* it was through their condescension.

'The Revolution destroyed this system, at least that part of it which, consisting in positive institutions, was destructible; but it could not destroy the social distinctions which depend upon manners. It could not enable the *bourgeois* to feel himself the equal of the *gentilhomme.* It could not deprive the noble of his superior manners, of his self-confidence, of the respect paid to his birth, or of many other advantages incident to his position. These things excite the envy of the *bourgeois.* Again, wealth, though less powerful with us than with you, gives great power. The rich man's son is better educated, and better launched, and better assisted. He gets on better, and this excites the envy of the poor. The great majority of the French consist, of course, of the low-born and the poor, and the *égalité* which they fight for is the destruction of the advantages of birth and wealth.

'This is the reason why they clamour against the use of substitutes in the army. Nothing would so much

destroy the happiness of the higher orders as the forcing every young man, whatever were his birth or his fortune or his profession, to serve for three years as a private soldier. This is the reason why they cling to the law which limits testamentary power; why they will not tolerate a peerage, or an upper house, or a qualification. Socialism and Communism are the same feelings logically carried out. *Égalité* is an expression of envy. It means, in the real heart of every Republican, "No one shall be better off than I am;" and while this is preferred to good government, good government is impossible. In fact, no party desires good government. The first object of the reactionary party is to keep down the Republicans; the second, if it be the second object of each branch of that party, is to keep down the two others. The object of the Republicans is, as they admit, *égalité*—but as for liberty, or security, or education, or the other ends of government, no one cares for them.

(End of Journal of May 1850.)

Masters' Offices, Chancery Lane, London, July 17, 1850.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—Mrs. Grote has just shown me your letter of June 25. I was delighted to think, as I read it, that you and Madame de Tocqueville must be really convalescent, for it does not read like a letter from a sick-house.

Friday, August 9, sets us, the slaves of the seal, free.

Pray tell me whether your kind plan that I should pass a few days with you, holds.

And if it perfectly suits you and Madame de Tocqueville's health and convenience to receive me, when shall I come?

M. Anisson Duperron has proposed to me to visit him at St. Antin. If I go to you, I can go to him either before or after.

We are all looking on with amazement at the doings of your Assembly. The monarchs of Europe need not fear the liberality of a republic.

I am inclined to think that civil liberty flourishes best under the protection of a throne, and religious liberty under that of a mitre.

With our united best regards to you and to Madame de Tocqueville, believe me, ever yours truly,

NASSAU W. SENIOR.

NORMANDY.

CHÂTEAU DE TOCQUEVILLE,

August 1850.

Conversations.

Journal in Normandy.

Tocqueville, August 16, 1850.—The Château of Tocqueville is built of granite, and parts of it appear to be very ancient, particularly three round towers. One is detached and roofless, but may once have been connected with the body of the castle. Another contains two inhabited stories, besides one on the ground, which looks as if it had been the dungeon; the third is filled by a large winding staircase of granite. The inhabited rooms are principally modern, that is to say, of the time of Louis XIII., and form a very agreeable house.

The Count de Tocqueville offered to his son a much finer castle, Tourlainville, on an eminence about two miles from Cherbourg; but it is a shell, and would have cost 100,000 francs to render it habitable, so the Tocquevilles wisely preferred their present less ambitious residence. Though on high land and not a mile and a half from the sea, it has no sea-view.

At Tocqueville I found, besides M. and Madame Alexis de Tocqueville, his father and his elder brother, with two sons and a daughter. Madame de Tocqueville appears to be quite recovered. She complains, however, of bronchitic affection whenever the weather is damp, and is easily fatigued. Alexis de Tocqueville speaks of

himself as well. He can talk as much as he likes, and intends to attend the Conseil général on the 26th, where he will have not only to speak but to debate.

The Count looks like a fine old man of sixty-five or sixty-six, but is really seventy-eight. His hair is white and has been so for the last fifty-seven years, for it was turned in 1793, when he was imprisoned for nine months with six members of his family, and saw them all leave the prison on one afternoon for trial, judgment, and execution. His own trial was fixed for the 10th thermidor. So that if Robespierre's fall had been delayed two days we should have lost 'La Démocratie en Amérique,' and all that we may hope is to follow.

One gets used to everything, even to imminent death. The disagreeable time in every day was about half-past three, when those selected for trial were summoned. The Count accustomed himself to pass from three to four in sleep.

We talked after dinner of the new election law.

Tocqueville said that his Government intended to pass an amended election law, really to effect the purpose which is the pretext of this, the exclusion of the vagabond population. How this will work no one can say. It is so obscurely worded that it receives different interpretations everywhere. The only thing certain is, that it will destroy at least three millions of votes, many of them those which, if the principle of universal suffrage is to be retained, well deserve to be preserved. In Tocqueville, for instance, no heads of families had taken the trouble to register their sons, lodgers, or servants.

All these, probably a majority of the voters, would have been excluded if Tocqueville had not sent round to them papers to be filled up.

August 17.—I talked over with Tocqueville the prospects of the four great parties.

'The terror,' he said, 'which the Republic at first spread has passed off. Men see that it does not necessarily bring with it war, paper currency, and bankruptcy, still less confiscation and the guillotine. But it is not trusted; the feeling of the mass of the people, of the peasant, the artisan, and the shop-keeper, as well as of the proprietor and the merchant, is against a constantly shifting chief. Far from valuing the power of electing a new quasi-king every four years, they detest it. "We must," they say, "have something permanent." The Republican party, therefore, as a party, has become powerless. Two years hence, or perhaps sooner, some different form of government will be established.'

'Will it then be the return of the Orleans family, excluding the elder branch?'

'That seems scarcely possible; their legal claims are no better than those of Changarnier or of Lamartine. All that their friends can say is, that the people have a right to choose their rulers, and would do wisely in choosing *them*. But their friends are a minority, small when compared with the number who are indifferent to them, and not large when compared with the number who are positively hostile to them.'

'Will it be the return of Henri V.?'

'The great obstacle to this is the association of the

Bourbon name with the old *régime*; that Government, gay and brilliant as it looks in our histories and in our memoirs, must have been horribly bad, for the detestation of it is almost the only feeling that has survived the sixty years of revolution that have passed since its fall.

'The French can bear oppression, they can bear to see their children carried off by the conscription, and their property by the tax-gatherer, but they cannot bear the privileges and petty vexations of feudalism. You saw the roofless tower in the court. My grandfather used it as a *colombier*. He kept there 3,000 pigeons. No one was allowed to kill them, and no one else in the commune could keep them. In 1793, when the peasants were the masters, they did no harm to any of the rest of our property. We have lived among them as protectors and friends for centuries—but they rose *en masse* against the pigeons, killed everyone of them, and reduced the tower to its present state. When I first was a candidate I failed, not because I was not personally popular, but because I was *gentilhomme*. I was met everywhere by the proverb: "*Les chats prennent les souris*." My opponent was of a humble family which had risen to wealth and distinction in the Revolution. This is the most favourable combination in the hands of a man of ability. Mere wealth is mischievous; it gives no influence, and it excites envy. The only time when it led to political power, was just after the revolution of 1848. Every possessor of property, and few persons in the provinces are quite without it, was alarmed. And the

greatest proprietors were selected as representatives because they were supposed to have the greatest stakes. Mere birth is still worse than mere wealth; it excites not only envy but fear.

'The remembrance of the Marian persecutions is still vivid in England after 300 years. Our fears of the revival of the *tour et colombier* are as fantastic as your dread of the faggot and the rack; but why should they not last as long?

'Last come the Bonapartists. Will Louis Napoleon succeed in becoming Emperor? I think not; I doubt whether he will attempt it. He is daring in his plans, but when the moment of execution comes he hesitates. His best chance was on January 29, 1849. He then enjoyed the full prestige of his six millions of votes, and his moral and intellectual mediocrity had not been detected. I have no doubt that the plan was laid, but at the decisive moment he, or his advisers, flinched.'

I said that one of his rashest acts seemed to be, the dismissal in November 1849 of the only respectable ministry that could be obtained.

Tocqueville answered that supposing his object to be the establishment of himself as permanent ruler and the subversion of the present Constitution, his conduct then was at least plausible.

'We,' he said, 'had served his purpose. We had enabled him to get through the most perilous period of his new reign, the substitution of the Legislative for the Constituent Assembly. We had maintained peace within and without, but we were doing *too* well. The

Republic was becoming respectable, and there was a fear that the people would acquiesce in it. By throwing the administration into the hands of a set of clerks without experience or authority, he let loose the passions of the Assembly, and enabled it to become, what is not easy, both formidable and contemptible.

'I will not venture to prophesy or even to guess, but I think that the least improbable result is, that he will be re-elected at the end of his time, but, that in other respects, the present Constitution will last its three years: beyond that all is darkness.

'If any event indistinctly presents itself, it is the reconciliation of the two branches, and the success of an united effort to give the crown to Henri V. and to the Comte de Paris as his successor. This is perhaps our best chance now, as the maintenance of the elder branch was our best chance twenty years ago. The almost inconceivable folly of Charles X. and of his advisers or flatterers ruined us then, and perhaps the animosities and jealousies of the two branches may interpose themselves when the next occasion arises. The younger Princes are, we are told, favourable to this arrangement. It would restore them to France, and in a high position.

'The Duchess of Orleans, however, is said to be opposed to it, and no one can tell what will be the conduct five or six years hence of the Comte de Paris.'

As we were going to walk, Rivet arrived from Paris. His news was that the Republican party had almost ceased to exist. He talked on Thursday with

Bergeron, one of their leaders, a revolutionist of 1848, a conspirator of 1849, who had fled to England after the affairs of June. Bergeron told him that his party was all dispersed or demoralised. Many have gone to California, others were engaged in commerce and manufactures.

'If I wanted,' he said, 'an *émeute*, I could not find three persons to raise a paving stone.'

Socialism, too, has ceased to occupy people's minds. Everybody, in short, is tired of even thinking about politics.

He too thinks the re-election of the President the most probable of near events. Much may depend on his present progress. If it should ultimately be considered a failure, he is lost, and such a result is not improbable. Public receptions are not scenes in which he shows to advantage. He can ride well, and looks imposing when he enters a town on horseback, and he can deliver tolerably a speech which he has learned by heart, but in those two things are summed up his powers of acting the king before a crowd. He does not captivate by manner, for he is cold and reserved. His inferiority to the Orleans Princes must strike everyone. Still he is *there*, and he has therefore for him one of the strongest of the present feelings of France—the fear of change.

Sunday, August 18, 1850.—Tocqueville joined me as I was walking before breakfast. He told me that after early mass, the priest had authorised his parishioners to spend the day in getting in their harvest—only advising

them to cherish pious thoughts while doing so. This led us to talk of the general state of religion in France.

'In the last century,' said Tocqueville, 'religion had almost ceased among the higher classes, and incredulity, beginning with them, had spread to the middle and even to the lower classes.

'The Revolution of 1789 changed the feelings of the aristocracy, they connected irreligion with democracy, and tried to revive Christianity as a political engine. To do this it was necessary to appear to believe it, at least to treat it with respect. And accordingly no gentleman in the present century writes, or even speaks, irreligiously. The lower and middle classes however, who have been gainers by the Revolution, felt rather grateful to scepticism for its assistance. They were led by the conduct of Louis XVIII. and his courtiers to connect religion with aristocracy, and to impute to those who affected the one a desire to bring back the other. The revolution of 1830 was almost as anti-religious as it was anti-legitimist.

'Christianity was less hated by the *bourgeoisie* under Louis Philippe, than it had been under Charles X., because it was less dreaded, but it was quite as much despised. 1848, however, by dethroning the middle classes, has converted them. They too see the want of the religious sanction; they now wish to join the aristocracy in imposing its restraints on the people.

'None but the lowest classes now profess irreligion. All the higher and all the middle classes are anxious to promote and to extend Christianity.'

I said that it did not seem to me that a political faith of this kind would do much. That it might produce an outward surface of respect and even of conformity, covering general unbelief.

Tocqueville answered that he did not believe that such a surface would cover *general* unbelief. That the instinct which leads the mass of mankind to assume the existence and the influence of a supernatural Being is so strong that it will always prevail unless it is violently opposed. That a religious system which is taught in every school, preached from every pulpit, and treated by all the educated portion of society as if it were true, will be received without examination by nine-tenths of those to whom it is offered, and adopted and retained by them without suspicion. Many of his friends, men of intelligence and learning, are undoubting Catholics. Falloux is an example. A man of high talents and acquirements and virtues, who, much against his will, took office, because his confessor told him that it was his duty.

I said that there were duties imposed by Catholicism so disagreeable that I should be unable to undergo them, and being unable to conform without submitting to them, I should break loose.

'Certainly,' he said, 'many of our observances are painful, and on some minds they produce the effect they would on you, but to many others the very irksomeness is an incentive. They estimate the merit by the disagreeableness. They delight in the idea that they are performing palpable, measurable, countable good works —that they are laying up a treasure in Heaven, of which

the amount can be calculated, and for which the security is perfect.'

After breakfast the Count, Alexis de Tocqueville, his nephew and his niece, and I visited the four principal farmhouses of the estate. There are no ricks in this country, everything is housed, and the farm-buildings therefore are enormous—to the great detriment of the landlord, who has to keep them up. They are constructed of granite, but thatched, and seem to require no rebuilding but frequent repairs. All looked as if they had existed for centuries, during several of which they may have been gentlemen's houses. One was pointed out to me as the *berceau* or traditional first residence of the De Tocquevilles.

All had the untidiness which belongs to the agricultural classes of France. The farmyards were unlevelled and full of pools of water and manure. The kitchen of every house, apparently the only sitting-room, and, in two cases, serving as the best bedroom, was much in the same state: its floor was merely an extension of the farmyard. The people were exceedingly civil and kind, but perfectly unformed. Their manners in general were more uncouth than those of our labourers. Their great effort was to persuade us to keep on our hats in their rooms; to effect which they usually set us the example. Some of the girls were exceedingly handsome. In the first that we visited we found all the family—parents, children, and servants—just finishing their dinner, probably about twenty persons. I could perceive no distinction in manners or dress. By far the most

civilised person was a very pretty maid-servant. The master of this house occupied 200 verges, or 100 acres, for which he paid 5,000 francs a year. The taxes, however, both general and local, are paid by the landlord, and they are heavy in this part of Normandy; not less than a quarter of the rent.

The next farm was of the same extent, but rented at only 3,000 francs. The occupier has an estate of his own of about equal value. His son is at the college of Valognes, and will be an *avocat*. I was struck by the number of children. One farmer had seven; another had nine. This is very unusual in France, where the children to a marriage average only three. Tocqueville told me that in this class of life children are wealth. The sons seldom marry or leave their father's house till they are nearly forty, or the girls till they are long past thirty. In the meantime they are by far the best labourers that he can have. The name applied to a girl amused me. It is '*créature*.' If you ask a peasant what family he has, he answers perhaps that he has two *garçons* and three *créatures*.

With all their rudeness they are said to be excellent cultivators, as may be inferred from the high rents which they pay. Their horses and cattle are fine. One farm only appeared to have a waggon. In the others the harvest was being carried home on a sort of cradle placed on a horse's back and supporting six sheaves on each side. Twenty years ago no other mode of conveyance was possible, for what were called roads were mere lanes just broad enough to admit a horse and its

burden. In the coach-house of the castle I saw the old family carriage. It is the body of a *vis-à-vis* supported by four shafts extending before and behind like a large bath-chair, only that two horses carried it instead of men.

The capital necessary to a farm is supposed to be about 3*l.* or 4*l.* an acre. In Picardy, or the Isle of France, it is much more. There a farm of 300 acres would require a capital of 4,000*l.* The Métayer system is unknown. All the land is cultivated by its owner or farmed.

The whole of this estate contains about 1,200 verges, or 600 acres, and is worth about 1,000 francs a verge or 80*l.* an acre. This would be a high value with us, especially in a district remote from the capital and from any great town. The land, however, is eminently fertile, and the seaweed called *vanecque* is an excellent manure always at hand. Rivet estimated the annual value at 25,000 francs. Tocqueville said that it was rather more. Farm wages are thirty sous a day, or nine francs a week. On these wages it is supposed that a man can support himself, a wife, and three children unable to earn anything. If he have more he requires assistance. The labourer's cottage is generally his own.

Here, as in the rest of France, there is distress among the landlords and tenants. There is much arrear of rent, and it is difficult to relet a farm that is on hand. Agriculture is the only industry that has not recovered from the revolution of 1848. I cannot understand this. One solution is the enormous harvests of 1848 and 1849,

which have lowered the price more than in proportion to the excess of quantity; but this would not affect cattle, which have fallen as much as corn.

Another is want of confidence in the existing institutions which stops agricultural improvements. This might affect the labourer by lessening the demand for labour, but not the other classes. Tocqueville says that consumption has diminished, not indeed of bread, but of meat. This is a real, but not an adequate cause. The fact however, whatever be the explanation, is certain. 'Were it otherwise,' said Tocqueville, 'my neighbours would not complain of the Republic.'

This is a breeding country, but horses are dear. A very good hack costs from 1,800 to 2,000 francs. The Government imports stallions, and supplies good ones at a low price, but the farmers, farmer-like, will not attend to the selection of the dams. Still the breed is improving.

That of the Limousin country is becoming extinct, in consequence of the extension of enclosures. It was originally Arab, and very active and persevering. A good Limousin horse now costs about 1,800 francs.

At Bayeux I saw posted up the programme of the Races of the Department for the 25th of next September. The prizes are given by the Government and as high as 2,500 francs. All the horses were to be stallions, born in France, and not less than four years old. At an older age they were to be weighted proportionately. The contests were not confined to galloping. Some were for trotting, and others for drawing.

This is a more sensible racing system than ours.

Monday, August 19, 1850.—The Count de Tocqueville left us this morning.

As I was going out of the gate before breakfast, I met a professional beggar entering with his wallet on his back. Strangers receive a sou, but on only one day in the week. The poor belonging to the parish are relieved with food by the Tocquevilles, and by the farmers, and sometimes with money. I saw the Count give the *curé* a five-franc piece for a particular case. There is no collection in the church, nor any regular fund for the poor. All is left to private charity.

Tocqueville took me a long walk along the side of a valley traversed by a stream which turns three mills. The land is his and might be converted into excellent water meadow. It is now neglected, and merely used by the millers to pasture their horses.

Tocqueville says that if things were in a settled state, he should set to work to improve it.

We talked of Thiers's 'History of the Empire.'

Tocqueville said that it disappointed him. He expected more from so good a speaker and so admirable a converser. It is too long and too detailed. What do we care whether the Duke of Dalmatia marched on a given point by one path or by another? These are positive faults. Its negative defect is its inadequate appreciation of the causes, intrinsic and extrinsic, which united to form Napoleon.

'Few histories,' said Tocqueville, 'give to these two sets of causes their due, or their relative weight. Some

attribute too much to the circumstances in which their hero is placed, others to the accidents of his character. Napoleon, though gigantic in war and in legislation, was imperfect and incoherent in both. No other great general, perhaps no other general whatever, suffered so many defeats. Many have lost one army, some perhaps have lost two, but who ever survived the destruction of four? So in legislation: he subdued anarchy, he restored our finances, he did much to which France owes in part her power and her glory. But he deprived her not only of liberty, but of the wish for liberty; he enveloped her in a network of centralisation, which stifles individual and corporate resistance, and prepares the way for the despotism of an Assembly or of an Emperor. Assuming him to have been perfectly selfish, nothing could be better planned, or better executed. He seized with a sagacity which is really marvellous, out of the elements left to him by the Convention, those which enabled him to raise *himself*, and to level everything else; which enabled his will to penetrate into the recesses of provincial and even of private life, and rendered those below him incapable of acting and thinking, almost of wishing, for themselves. All this is very inadequately shown by Thiers. He does not sufficiently explain how it was that Napoleon was able to do this, or, why it was that he chose to do it. Nor has his private character been ever well drawn as a whole.

'There is much truth in Bourrienne, though mixed, and inseparably mixed, with much invention. Napoleon's taste was defective in everything, in small things as well

as in great ones ; in books, in art, and in women, as well as in ambition and in glory ; and his idolizers cannot be men of much better taste. The History of the Empire and the History of the Emperor are still to be written. I hope one day to write them.'

We drove afterwards to St. Pierre, an estate belonging to Madame de Blangy, a cousin of Tocqueville's. She is an old lady of seventy-five, and lives there with her son, Gaston de Blangy.

It formerly belonged to the family of St. Pierre, the author of the project of universal peace, and was sold to the Blangy's forty years ago for a trifling price, about 4,000*l.*

The family were absent, and we wandered over the park and château. The building is a vast parallelogram quite regular, and very ugly, and, as it is composed of blocks of granite, its ugliness will probably endure for centuries. It stands on a plateau about a mile from the sea, more than half way up the ridge of a hill, which all along this peninsula overlooks the coast. The sea-views therefore are fine. The park is extensive and perfectly French, the greater part of it covered by trees thickly planted and never thinned, and therefore tall and boughless. In the midst of this artificial forest are patches of cultivated ground, and it is pierced by long avenues some running up the hill, and others opening on the sea. Such combinations, though they may not be natural, are grand and imposing.

We talked of the life in English country-houses.

'I cannot understand,' said Tocqueville, 'how your

great people, after having passed six months of representation in London, like to create a little London for themselves in the country. *We* never think of filling our country-houses with crowds of acquaintances. Our parties are mere family parties, and all our arrangements are meant for ease and comfort. There is no luxury or display in our furniture, no ostentation in our dinners.'

I answered, that the presence of a large party at a country-house is the exception ; that a man who can afford it fills his house for four or five weeks, and then lives with only his family, or some intimate friends, for a month or two. And that there is a motive for inviting our friends in England which is wanting in France. In Paris, where the town is comparatively small, the distances near, the persons who form a set not numerous, and everybody's evenings disengaged from business, there is much intimacy. Those who like one another's society can obtain it habitually. In London, where one has to go three or four miles to see one's friends, where the names in a visiting book are counted by hundreds, where few busy men can spare more than one or two evenings in a week, one scarcely sees the persons that one likes best a dozen times in a season, and then perhaps it is at a large dinner, or in a crowded party. One can really enjoy their society only in the country.

From the park we went to the stables, which are large and lofty. There were several fine horses. One, a mare, was thirty years old, another had won several prizes. M. de Blangy, some years ago, set to work to improve

the breed of the district. He imported stallions and mares, established races, and has at length so far succeeded as to be often beaten. He is also a great agricultural improver, and notwithstanding his high birth, might represent the department, if he did not systematically abstain from politics.

The *curé* dined with us. He is about thirty-five, tall, rather thin, very decent and well behaved. He did not seem embarrassed, but took scarcely any part in the conversation at dinner or in the drawing-room. This, Tocqueville said, was *convenable.*

We talked of the paucity of modern great men. A few names were suggested. One was Sir Robert Peel. 'Peel,' I said, 'certainly did great things, and the last four years of his life were useful and dignified ; but his character, both moral and intellectual, was too imperfect for greatness.

'He had a clear perception, for instance, for what was expedient for the moment. He could conjecture, perhaps, what would be necessary in six months to come,—but he could not foresee for a year. It is impossible to believe that when in 1828 he denounced Catholic Emancipation as fatal, he thought it possible that in 1829 he should have to support it himself. When he turned out the Whigs for proposing free trade in 1841, he could not have supposed that he should have to bring it forward in 1845. He was very clear-sighted, but very short-sighted. Then, as to his public spirit. No one certainly made greater sacrifices to patriotism. He threw away for the sake of his country, honour and

truth. He submitted to the misery of wearing a mask for years, and to the shame of throwing it off.

'On no other terms, perhaps, could he have carried his great measures. But a man who will use such means, can scarcely be called great. And though the fear of civil war forced him ultimately to assist in repealing the Catholics' disabilities, and the fear of famine, perhaps of revolution, forced him ultimately to repeal the corn laws, he supported those institutions long after he must have perceived them to be mischievous. His doing this was evidence of moral defects. His not perceiving sooner the extent of their mischief was an intellectual defect.'

Washington and Wellington were proposed. The moral merits of each were admitted, and the possession by each of good sense in the highest degree; but they were denied genius.

With respect to the Duke of Wellington, Tocqueville acknowledged his greatness as a general. He ought not, perhaps, to be put on a par with Cæsar, or Alexander, or Hannibal, but he was fully equal to Turenne; but he doubted his greatness as a statesman. He believed that his advice in 1815 had been mistaken, and his influence mischievous.

'His English career as a statesman,' I answered, 'though disfigured by some great errors, was useful and even glorious. The manner in which he carried Catholic Emancipation was a masterpiece of decision, energy, and skill. Perhaps we owe to him the existence of the House of Lords. Under guidance less wise and less

firm than his, that House might have dashed itself to pieces against the House of Commons in the storms of the Grey and Melbourne administrations.' We afterwards got to smaller people—Soult, Bugeaud, and Lamoricière.

I asked what sort of a statesman Soult was.

'Nothing,' said Rivet,' 'could be weaker than his character as a politician, nothing more admirable than his skill as an administrator. All who know anything of the war department will tell you that he was the greatest minister of war we ever had.'

'Bugeaud,' said Tocqueville, 'with all his weaknesses and vanity, had many of the elements of greatness. His courage amounted to heroism, and it was political as well as military. He had more public spirit than is often found in this narrow-minded generation. And his care of his soldiers was exemplary. When I was with him in Algiers, I saw how carefully he examined every detail. His officers did not much like him, but he was adored by the men.'

Both the Tocquevilles and Rivet were surprised to hear from me that Bugeaud had cherished hopes of the Presidentship. I have seen a letter in his own hand in which he gave instructions as to the mode in which he wished to be brought forward as a candidate.

Lamoricière seemed to be the favourite of everybody. Madame de Tocqueville praised his wit and his conversation. He has lived so un-Parisian a life that it is all original. Tocqueville spoke of his powers of application. He can work from dinner-time to two in the

morning without fatigue. He is killing himself, however, by smoking. The cigar is literally never out of his mouth. Rivet went to see him on February 25, 1848. He was lying incapable of moving from exhaustion, fatigue, and scratches from bayonets. All he could do was to smoke.

'When Lamoricière,' said Tocqueville, 'went to Petersburg in 1848, a friend of mine, an eminent professor, travelled with him for the first day. My friend, with his professional habits, lectured him on what he should say to Nicholas. "Tell him," he said, "that he has nothing to fear from the Republic; that we wish to interfere with nobody, and merely to be allowed to settle our own affairs in our own way; and that if he will leave us quiet, we shall be delighted to be his friends." When Lamoricière returned, he said to me, "Well, I delivered our friend's message to the Czar, and he answered, 'My good friend, there was no need to tell me all this: I have not the least wish to interfere with you. Whether you have a Republic, or a Dictator, or an Emperor, I do not care a rouble. The only government that I cannot tolerate is a Constitutional Monarchy, and in your case I see no immediate danger of *that*.'"'

Tuesday, August 20.—Tocqueville, Rivet, and I rode along the coast. We talked of a subject which has lately much engaged Rivet—the mode of recruiting the army. The French army now consists of about 80,000 men in Algiers, and 300,000 in France. Of these 380,000 men, about 80,000 are *remplaçants*

who have been attracted into the service as substitutes, 16,000 are volunteers, and the rest are conscripts. It serves for seven years. Of these three elements the *remplaçants*, though they serve for the longest period, are the worst. This seems to be partly the consequence of the treatment which they receive. Their companions look down on them as mercenaries who serve, not as paying the debt which they owe to their country but for money, and they are refused promotion. Next to them are the volunteers, and far superior to the rest are the conscripts. The best soldier is the conscript taken from the plough.

About 7,000 punishments are inflicted every year, of which, 5,800 fall on the 96,000 *remplaçants* and volunteers, and only 1,200 on the 284,000 conscripts. France is called a military nation, but never, in her utmost need, or when, as in 1848, distress among the labouring classes has been general, have the voluntary enlistments exceeded 24,000 in a year. The remedy would be an increase of pay or of bounty; but this is forbidden by the state of the finances. The budget of the army is already enormous.

I asked what amount of first-rate troops would be sufficient to maintain order in France.

Tocqueville said that a permanent army of 150,000 men well paid and disciplined, the members of which adopted it as a profession, would be more than enough.

'Then why not substitute it for the 300,000 ill-disciplined troops that you keep there now?'

'Because,' he answered, 'with an army of only

150,000 men, we should be unable to make war, and the nation would think itself betrayed. The power, and under certain circumstances the willingness, to make war, is the first duty which the nation requires from its Government. The great complaint against Louis Philippe—the fault which most produced his overthrow, was the belief that he was incurably pacific. With much less than 400,000 men, we cannot make war. What we hope to do is, to give to the Government the duty and the monopoly of finding substitutes, to take them out of the 55,000 men that are every year disbanded, and to make the service of *remplaçants* honourable by selecting them as a reward from among the best-conducted men. But while Germany and Russia remain armed, we cannot materially reduce our army, and until we materially reduce it, we cannot render it attractive by increase of bounty or pay.'

I asked for an outline of the new law on education.

'Anybody,' they said, 'wishing to open a school must apply to the Maire of the Commune, and produce testimony of his fitness If no objection be made for a month, he may open it, and except that his school is inspected from time to time by persons appointed by the Government, he is subject to little interference. If his application be refused by the Maire, or objected to by the Commune, an appeal lies to a Court in the chef lieu of the department of which the Bishop and the Prefect are members: the same tribunal can close a school that has been complained of.'

This is the law which has been introduced by the

Clergy, and is attacked as throwing all education into their hands.

It appears to me a reasonable one. All schools are subject to inspection, and the superintending it is a considerable branch of the duties of the Minister of Public Instruction.

I asked how the École Polytechnique was filled.

'By public competition,' answered Tocqueville. 'Every year there are about 120 vacancies, for which there are about 1,200 candidates. The severity of the competition injures the health of many of the candidates, and the prize, after all, is scarcely to be desired.

'The education is rather scientific than practical. They come out of it *des bêtes savantes*. The prizes, however, which it offers are considerable. It is the only avenue to the Ponts et Chaussées, the mining department, the engineers and artillery. The pupils are revolutionists while there, but their education seems little to affect their subsequent politics. Its defect is, that it does not fit them for the world.'

At dinner we talked of the society of the country. When Paris could be reached only by a journey of eight or nine days, Valognes, a small town about fifteen miles off, was the provincial metropolis. All the country-gentlemen had houses there, in which they passed the winter. The Comte de Tocqueville sold his some years ago. The *noblesse* and *bourgeoisie*, however, formed then, indeed form now, distinct societies. The only place of amusement in which they met was a concert-room. A friend of Madame de Tocqueville proposed, a

year or two ago, to give a ball to both sets. The noble ladies sent her word that their husbands might go, but that they should not. She persisted, and so did they, and as far as ladies were concerned the ball was *bourgeois*.

When Alexis de Tocqueville entered his name on the roll of *avocats*, with the intention of pursuing the judicial career, his noble friends at Valognes were scandalised. 'Your ancestors,' they said to him, 'were always gens de l'épée, et vous portez la robe.'

We passed to the subject of Marriage. In the higher classes they are usually marriages *de convenance*, and indeed must be so, as young ladies go out but little, and it is not the practice to talk much. On the female side they are generally early; a girl unmarried at twenty-one or twenty-two gets alarmed. She frequently takes to devotion—dislikes dancing and the theatre, and is very regular at mass. On her marriage, however, the relapse into the world is instantaneous. From a *vieille fille* she turns into a *jeune femme*—from a grub into a butterfly. There are several reasons for this interval of devotion. The *curés* are the principal marriage-makers. They alone know everybody. A man of eight or nine and twenty may wish for a wife, but is too busy or too awkward to set about getting one for himself. He applies to the *curé*, tells him perhaps that he has twenty or twenty-five thousand francs a year. 'Well,' answers the *curé*, 'I think that I have three or four charming demoiselles at about that price.' So the introduction is managed, and the affair is concluded in a few weeks.

'The life of an unmarried girl,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'is very *triste*. She never quits her mother's side except perhaps to dance, and then does not exchange a word with her partner; she takes no part in conversation; she effaces herself, in short, as much as possible. Were she to do otherwise she would ruin her chances of marriage.'

Wednesday, August 21, 1850.—At six o'clock this morning we set off for Cherbourg, to see a rehearsal of the naval review which is to be given to the President a fortnight hence, and to go over the Arsenal.

Tocqueville and his nephews and niece filled one carriage, Rivet and I another.

On the road we talked of the party to which Tocqueville belongs, of which Dufaure, Beaumont, and Lanjuinais are the principal members.

Tocqueville's talents and knowledge, and courage and character, seem to point him out for the leader. But, in the first place, he wants physical strength. As a consequence of that want he has never practised the constant debating which is required from the head of a party. And, secondly, he is intolerant of mediocrity. He will not court, or talk over, or even listen to, the commonplace men who form the rank and file of every Assembly; he scarcely knows their names. The leadership, therefore, has fallen to Dufaure, or rather has been forced on him. He is an admirable speaker, and has shown great skill in the management of the Assembly; but he is diffident and seems almost afraid to take the lead that is offered to him.

Lanjuinais is a man of high character, and his opinions on the subjects which he has considered are clear and precise and generally just.

Beaumont has not yet become a fluent speaker, though he has spoken well occasionally. His diplomatic absences have put him out of practice, but his talents and knowledge must force him on, and they are aided by his popularity. Never was there a more delightful companion. He must have astonished, however, his colleagues in London and Vienna.

His vehemence, his *brusqueric*, his *abandon* are charming, but not quite diplomatic.

Rivet thinks that Tocqueville would be happier in public than in private life. And I suspect that he thinks so himself.

'What I regret,' he said to me the other day, 'of my ministerial functions is the labour and the absorption. I delighted in not having a moment of the day to myself. I am naturally, perhaps, melancholy, and when it has nothing else to do, my mind preys on itself.'

The rain began to fall as we started, and by the time we reached Cherbourg it became a regular wet day. We were to have left the pier in the boat of the 'Henri Quatre' at a quarter after nine, but instead of a boat came a message to say that the review is put off till to-morrow. The messenger brought us all sorts of tickets for the yards and forts, but the weather has been so pertinaciously bad that we have stayed in the hotel overlooking the basin, and the last sixteen pages of my journal have been the result on my part. It is now

about half-past four. M. Hippolyte de Tocqueville, whose château, Nacqueville, is about four miles off, has begged us to spend the evening there, and we are going as soon as Alexis de Tocqueville has paid a few visits to constituents.

Wednesday evening, August 21.— Nacqueville is beautifully placed half way up a long wooded valley rising from the sea. A stream runs through the valley which has been dammed, and forms a lake just below the château, and is crossed opposite to it by a bridge and an ancient castellated barbican which they barbarously call a postern. The château itself is an old granite house of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, with a high roof and square stone windows, which the Hippolyte de Tocquevilles have converted into a large comfortable residence.

On a smaller scale the place itself and the scenery about resemble Glenarm, in Ireland. So indeed does the climate. Though in the middle of August we were glad to find a fire. We have never been without one at Tocqueville.

The evening was very agreeable. The whole Tocqueville family, except Édouard and his wife, were present, and *they* were represented by their sons and daughters, very pleasing young people.

Thursday, August 22.—The windows of my bedroom looked up the valley on one side, and caught a side view of the sea on the other.

We left Nacqueville at six this morning, and returned to Cherbourg. On our way we visited the Arsenal

militaire. It is a large fortified enclosure containing an arsenal, a dockyard, a floating basin, and two artificial harbours. The second or inner harbour is now in process of formation, by blasting the rock which, in the neighbourhood of Cherbourg, lies immediately under the surface, and creating a square of about twenty acres in extent, and fifty feet deep, in which at low tide there will be thirty feet of water. The outer harbour is of the same depth, but appeared to me to be about half the size. This was the harbour which was opened on August 27, 1813, in the presence of Maria Louisa—as Napoleon was marching towards his fall in Russia. It employed 1,500 men and 400 horses for ten years, and cost 17,400,000 francs, about 700,000*l.* The floating dock, dry dock, and four covered slips, each large enough to build a three-decker, were constructed during the Restoration—the slips are gigantic absurdities. Each is surrounded by walls and arches of granite, which would carry the tubular bridge over the Menai, and really support only a light timber roof. The dry dock, in which ships of the line were to be repaired, is placed so high as to be accessible to them only at the equinoctial high tides.

After breakfast we went on board the 'Friedland,' a three-decker, of 120 guns, carrying the admiral's flag. The men were exercised with the musket and cutlass, in boarding and repelling boarders, and this was followed by a cannonade by the whole fleet. The pieces recoiled little, but the poop, on which we stood, shook with every discharge. The effect was fine. The flashes in the

midst of the white smoke, and the gradual rolling away of the smoke along the sea, were very striking.

It was not comparable, however, to a cannonade which I once witnessed in the Bay of Genoa. I was on board a frigate, on each side of which were two others. It was a dark night, and every discharge from the guns which were opposed to us looked like the eruption of a volcano.

We then rowed to the Digue, and walked nearly a mile and a half from its centre to the western extremity. It is finished as a breakwater, though the forts which are to crown each end are not yet constructed. The roadstead which it encloses cannot contain less than a couple of square miles, but the bottom is rock and the depth unequal. Still it is supposed to afford safe anchorage for sixty-five ships of the line, and, as respects smaller vessels, for more than France possesses.

It will not, however, be much frequented by merchantmen. Cherbourg, placed at the extremity of a narrow peninsula, and with Havre for its rival, can never have much trade. It is valuable merely as a weapon against England. For this purpose France has spent on it, during the last sixty years, about nine millions sterling, and probably will spend one or two millions more. Had the difficulty of the execution, or even the amount of the expenditure been foreseen, it is probable that it would not have been attempted ; but Tocqueville thinks that the money has been well laid out. Its influence in a naval war will be great, greater perhaps than it is easy to estimate.

Hitherto we have been able to blockade every French port. Cherbourg alone will be a refuge without being a prison. Its coast is too dangerous and its sea too stormy to be constantly blockaded, and having both an eastern and a western outlet, there are few winds in which it cannot be quitted.

A large fleet, as large as France can man, may be united or even built behind its fortifications, and be there safe, but ready to start at a moment's notice, for battle, or plunder, or invasion.

It will be joined to Paris by the Chartres Railway, and perhaps by that of Rouen, for each of them proposes to have a branch to Caen. The different Governments under whose direction it has been completed, have each buried among its works inscriptions containing their titles and their self-gratulations.

'If ever,' said Tocqueville, 'some convulsion of Nature should uncover the deep foundations of the port of Cherbourg, the vestiges of five different dynasties will be revealed, each of which has deposited there a memorial of its power, of its confidence, and of its instability.'

We returned to Tocqueville by six o'clock. A *curé* from the neighbourhood dined with us. He was older and more familiar than the *curé* of Tocqueville.

The conversation turned on learned women: he repeated the Norman proverb, 'Prêtre qui danse, poule qui chante, et femme qui parle Latin, ne sont bons à rien.'

After dinner we talked over the Revolution of 1848.

'One of its conditions,' said Tocqueville, 'was the sub-

stitution which we made in 1844 of open voting for the ballot. Nothing but open voting kept Guizot in power from 1845 to 1848. And yet Duchâtel was opposed to the change.

'Guizot was wiser. Another of its conditions was the dismissal of Guizot neither before nor after February 23. If Louis Philippe had turned him out a week sooner, or had kept him in a week longer, he would still have been on the throne. I had a long conversation with one of the ministers about a week before. I was alarmed, but he laughed at my fears. "There is no cause," he said, "even for uneasiness; there are 65,000 troops in Paris besides the National Guards."

'In fact, however, there were only 25,000; but that was more than enough if they had been allowed to act. As soon, however, as Louis Philippe heard that the National Guards were wavering he despaired.

'There is not a more revolutionary institution,' he continued, 'that is to say, an institution more productive of revolutions, than a National Guard. Just after a revolution, to be sure, it is useful as a protector of property, but its instincts are to bring one on. The majority of its members have no political knowledge, they sympathise with the prevalent feeling, which is seldom favourable to a Government; some wish to give it a lesson, others would like to overthrow it; very few, except in moments of excitement, like those of June 1848, choose to expose themselves in its defence; and one National Guard who joins the mob does more harm than all the good that can be done by twenty who sup-

port the Government. The mob have not the least respect for the uniform, but the soldiers will not fire on it.

'Even on February 24,' continued Tocqueville, 'the Monarchy might have been saved if the proclamation of the Provisional Government and the retreat of the Duchess of Orleans could have been retarded one hour. After having sat out the revolutionary scene, heard the proclamation of the Republic, and seen Lamartine and Ledru Rollin set off for the Hôtel de Ville, I was quitting the Chamber, and had reached the landing-place of the staircase which leads from the waiting-room into the court now occupied by our Provisional House, when I met a company of the 10th Legion, with fixed bayonets, led by General Oudinot, not in uniform, but brandishing his cane in a military style, and crying "En avant! Vive le Roi, et la Duchesse d'Orléans Régente!" By his side, gesticulating and shouting in the same manner, was a man[1] whom I will not name, who by the evening had become a fierce Republican. The National Guards, though not numerous, uttered the same cries, and rushed up the staircase with great resolution. Oudinot recognised me; caught me by the arm and cried, "Where are you going? Come with us and we will sweep these ruffians out of the Chamber." "My dear General," I answered, "it is too late; the Chamber is dissolved, the Duchess has fled, the Provisional Government is on its way to the Hôtel de Ville." The impulse, however, which he had given to the column of National Guards

[1] Lamartine.—Ed.

was such that it did not stop. I turned back, and we all re-entered the Chamber. The crowd had just left it. The National Guards stood still for an instant, looking with astonishment on the empty benches, and then dispersed in all directions. They belonged to the Quartier St. Germain. Oudinot had collected them by going from house to house. If he had been able to do so two hours, or even one hour earlier, the destinies of France, and perhaps of Europe, might have been altered.'

Rivet recalled to Tocqueville's recollection a meeting of the moderate party on the Sunday morning, at which it was resolved to endeavour to persuade the leaders of the opposition to abandon the banquet. The great events which immediately followed had quite obscured it in Tocqueville's memory, but he gradually called it to mind. The result was that Rivet was sent as spokesman to Odillon Barrot and Duvergier de Hausanne ; Odillon Barrot acquiesced without much difficulty, but Duvergier de Hausanne resisted, so that their attempt failed. It was only the next morning, after seeing the programme for their proceedings which the newspapers had invented for them in the night, that those who promoted the banquet gave it up.

Rivet was present, or nearly present, at the fatal fire on the Boulevard des Capucins. Its immediate effect has been exaggerated. He saw a band of most sinister-looking ruffians make their way towards the Affaires Étrangères, and foresaw that something would happen. Immediately afterwards there was a discharge, and he and his friend were enveloped in a wave of fugitives

which carried them up to the Rue Richelieu, but there did not appear in those around him much exasperation.

La Grange denies that he was present, and he may be believed. The transaction was not one in which he would be ashamed to claim a part.

Friday, August 23.—After breakfast we walked along the plateau behind the house, which commands on three sides the plain extending to the sea, dotted over with church towers which seem to rise from a forest, scooped into deep bays, and extending into promontories, each of which has its old castle or its lighthouse, and washed by a sea, which to-day was blue as the Mediterranean. The defect of this magnificent view is the absence of ships. France appears to have little coasting-trade; and no one, except from necessity, approaches these reefs.

Reverting to our conversation of yesterday, Tocqueville said, that though the revolution of 1848 was a surprise, the existing state of things would not have long continued. The *pays légal*, the 200,000 persons who paid 200 francs of contribution, could not have been allowed much longer to govern absolutely thirty-five millions.

'Never,' he continued, 'was a Government built on narrower or on shallower foundations. It did not rest on numbers, or on wealth, or on education, or on antiquity, or on prejudice, or on respect. It was despised by the lower classes, and detested as well as despised by the higher classes. Few of those whom in England you would call gentry were Orleanists. Most of the persons belonging to the aristocracy were real Legitimists, by

feeling as well as by education, and the rest had rallied round the Restoration as the only power which had a past or a future.

'Louis Philippe's conduct was not forgiven. As Regent in the name of Henri V. he might have stood between the throne and the people as effectually as he did as King. By condescending to be the founder of a usurping dynasty, by recognising the right of a Parisian mob to be a setter up and puller down of kings, he set one of the few precedents which are absolutely certain to be followed.

'Sooner or later the Orleans dynasty must have been upset, even if it had reposed on a really democratic basis. But it rested on the most selfish and grasping of plutocracies. There were no nomination seats for the nobles; no scot and lot boroughs for the agitators; no venal ones for the millionnaires; the road to power lay along one flat level terrace of *bourgeoisie*, looked up to with envy and dislike by the multitude below it; and looked down on with scorn amounting to disgust by the better born and better educated classes above it. The *pays légal* were the electors and the elected. They were the donors and the receivers of office and of patronage.

'They made the laws as deputies, they applied them as administrators, and their legislation and their administration were a series of jobs for their own party interests, or for those of their handful of constituents. Their whole conduct excited suspicion, contempt, envy—in short, every hostile passion, except fear. Such a

Government was doomed. Its destruction in 1848 was an accident, but sooner or later some such accident was inevitable.'

I asked what he thought of the system of paid representatives.

'Both the Government,' he said, 'and the people dislike it. The Government because it renders the members independent. The people because they cannot understand the necessity of paying a man to do what he is anxious to do without being paid. But I do not see how we can do without it. It may be abolished, but it will be resumed. Unless the representatives are paid they must be allowed to hold office. With the feelings of our people the greater part of those who will be elected will be poor men. They will not starve with supreme power in their hands. They will force the public to pay them as functionaries if it does not as representatives. But a Chamber of officials would be distrusted by the people. They would be believed, probably with justice, to be the tools of the Executive.'

He prefers on the whole the new system of departmental or collective voting. Under the old system, according to which one electoral body, averaging about 500 persons, returned one deputy, the deputy in fact bought all his constituents, and paid for them out of the public purse. He got for every elector the little place that he wanted at the expense merely of voting with the Minister. Neither the present English plan of buying votes at 10*l.* a-head, nor Sir Robert Walpole's old habit of asking a member to dinner, and putting bank notes

or lottery tickets under his plate, was adopted, but it was not less a system of organised corruption. To have got rid of this is a great thing, to force these democratic electors to select men enjoying at least notoriety is another advantage, and a still greater one is the candidate's independence on any individual elector.

We afterwards talked of the subdivision of property. I said that it did not appear to me probable that it was progressive ; that with a population slowly increasing as that of France, there must be nearly as much coalition as separation, and that agricultural improvement must more than compensate for any slight augmentation in the number of properties. Tocqueville agreed with me.

'The tendency,' he said, 'is to create farms of the size which one family can *cultivate*, which much exceeds the quantity of land necessary to feed one family. Almost every peasant has his own house ; on this beginning he tries, by investing all his savings in land, to add more and more, till he reaches the limit which I have mentioned. Frequently he borrows the money, and that is one of our dangers. The enormous mortgages which oppress our landed interest, comprising three-fourths of our population, create a formidable revolutionary party. It is pretty clear that the first act of a république rouge would be, directly or indirectly, to destroy mortgage debts. Such a Government might not live six months, but it might do this in six days. It might simply apply the sponge, and declare all mortgages void ; or it might make its paper a legal tender, and lend it at one per

cent. to everyone who offered what it would call a moral security—that is, to every applicant whatever.

'And the next Government would find it difficult to avoid ratifying the acts of its predecessor, or to annul repayments which had been made with a currency legal, however depreciated.'

Saturday, August 25, 1850.—Tocqueville, Rivet, and I took a long walk over the downs commanding the sea.

'I am now forty-five,' said Tocqueville, 'and the change which has taken place in the habits of society, as I faintly recollect my boyhood, seem to have required centuries. The whole object of those among whom I was brought up was to amuse and be amused. Politics were never talked of, and I believe very little thought of. Literature was one of the standing subjects of conversation. Every new book of any merit was read aloud and canvassed and criticised with an attention and a detail which we should now think a deplorable waste of time. I recollect how everybody used to be in ecstasy about things of De Lille's which nothing would tempt me now to look at. Every considerable country-house had its theatre, and its society often furnished admirable actors. I remember my father returning after a short absence to a large party in his house. We amused ourselves by receiving him in disguise. Chateaubriand was an old woman. Nobody would take so much trouble now. Every incident was matter for a little poem.

'People studied the means of pleasing as they now do those which produce profit or power. *Causer* and *raconter*

are among the lost arts. So is *tenir salon.* Madame Récamier was the delight of Paris, but she said very little ; she listened and smiled intelligently, and from time to time threw in a question or a remark to show that she understood you. From long habit she knew what were the subjects on which each guest showed to most advantage, and she put him upon them. The last, indeed, was not difficult, for the guest, a veteran *causeur*, knew better even than she did his *fort*, and seized the thread that led to it. It was only by inference, only by inquiring why it was that one talked more easily at her house than anywhere else, that one discovered the perfection of her art. The influence of women was then omnipotent : they gave reputation, they gave fashion, they even gave political power.'

'The influence of women,' said Rivet, 'is considerable now.'

'Yes,' said Tocqueville, 'but in a very different way. It is not the influence of mistresses, or of friends, but of wives. And generally it is mischievous. Its effect is to destroy political independence. This is a consequence of the poverty of our public men. The wife is always there suggesting how much a little expenditure here, and a little there, would add to the comfort of the *ménage* ; and the husband barters his principles for a few thousands of francs.'

'The Limousin,' said Rivet, 'is among the least altered parts of France. I was at a wedding near Limoges two or three years ago, to honour which, for

four days running, seventy to eighty neighbours came every day, and went away the next.'

'Where did they sleep?' I asked.

'Why, a great portion of them,' he answered, 'did not sleep at all. They danced, or talked, or amused themselves otherwise all night, and rode away in the morning. For those who chose to sleep, several rooms were strewed with mattresses as close as the floor could hold them, and there they lay, the men in one room, the women in another. Many of the ladies arrived on horseback followed by a donkey carrying the ball-dress in a band-box.'

'Among the things,' continued Tocqueville, 'which have disappeared with the *ancien régime*, are its habits of expenditure.[1] Nobody could now decently and comfortably spend above 200,000 francs a year; to waste more he must gamble or give into some absurdity. No expense has been more reduced than that of servants. The *femme de charge*—your housekeeper—scarcely exists. Nor is the *femme de chambre* in the capacity of your lady's maid commonly seen; the duties are usually divided among the other servants, and so are those of your housemaid. Then we pay much lower wages. I give Eugène 600 francs a year—but that is quite an exception. The general rate is from 400 to 500.

'Eugène,' he added, 'is a man whom I have always envied, and I envy him now. If happiness consists in the correspondence of our wishes to our powers, as I believe that it does, he must be happy. I have all my life

[1] It is evident that this was written before the Second Empire.—Ed.

been striving at things, not one of which I shall completely obtain. In becoming a thoroughly good servant he has done all that he wishes to do ; in getting a master and mistress to whom he is attached, and who are attached to him, he has obtained all that he wishes to obtain. To sum up all, he is a hero. He fought like a lion in June.'

We ended our walk by calling on the *curé.* He has a pretty little house and a good garden. They belong to the benefice. He surprised me by saying that the population of his parish averaged only three to the house. There are few servants and no lodgers. In many cases, therefore, a house is inhabited by a single person. There is something dreary in the idea ; but it must be recollected that the house is very small, and the neighbour very near. He estimated the number of children to a marriage at three.

In the evening Rivet left us.

St. Lo, August 26, 1850.—To-morrow the Conseil Générale of the Département meets at St. Lo, and Tocqueville, much to his dislike, must attend. St. Lo was not much out of my way towards Havre, so I accompanied him. His horses took us half way, and we posted the remainder. The whole distance is eighteen lieues or forty-five miles. A lieue, the old demi-poste, being two miles and a half.

We talked of the changes in French literature during the last 150 years.

'If,' said Tocqueville, 'Bossuet or Pascal were to come to life, they would think us receding into semi-barbarism ;

they would be unable to enter into the ideas of our fashionable writers; they would be disgusted with their style, and be puzzled even by their language.'

'What,' I asked, 'do you consider your Golden Age?'

'The latter part,' he answered, 'of the seventeenth century. Men wrote then solely for fame; and they addressed a public small and highly cultivated.

'French literature was young, the highest posts were vacant, and it was comparatively easy to be distinguished. Extravagance was not necessary to attract attention. Style then was the mere vehicle of thought. First of all to be perspicuous, and then being perspicuous, to be concise, was all they aimed at.

'In the eighteenth century competition had begun; it had become difficult to be original by matter, so men tried to strike by style; to clearness and brevity ornament was added; soberly and in good taste, but yet it betrayed labour and effort. The ornamental has now succeeded the grotesque; just as the severe style of our old Norman architecture gradually became florid, and ultimately flamboyant. If I were to give a Scriptural genealogy of our modern popular writers, I should say that Rousseau lived twenty years, and then begat Bernardin de St.-Pierre; that Bernardin de St.-Pierre lived twenty years, and then begat Chateaubriand; that Chateaubriand lived twenty years, and then begat Victor Hugo; and that Victor Hugo, being tempted of the Devil, is begetting every day.'

'Whose son,' I asked, 'is Lamartine?'

'Oh!' said Tocqueville, 'he is of a different breed—

his father, if he had one, is Chénier, but one might almost say that he is *ex se ipso natus.* When he entered the poetical world, all men's minds were heaving with the revolution. It had filled them with vague conceptions and undefined wishes, to which Lamartine, without making them distinct enough to show their emptiness or their inconsistency, gave something like form and colour. His "Méditations," especially the first part of them, found an accomplice in every reader; he seemed to express thoughts of which everyone was conscious, though no one before had embodied them in words.'

I said, that I feared that I should be unable to read them; and that, in fact, there was little French poetry that I could read.

'I have no doubt,' answered Tocqueville, 'that there is much poetry, and good poetry, that no one but a native can relish. There are parts of Shakespeare which you admire, and I have no doubt very justly, in which I cannot see any beauty.'

'Can you,' I said, 'read the "Henriade" or the "Pucelle"?'

'Not the "Henriade,"' he answered, 'nor can anybody else, nor do I much like to read the "Pucelle;" but it is a wonderful piece of workmanship. How Voltaire could have disgraced such exquisite language, poetry, and wit by such grossness is inconceivable; but I can recollect when grave magistrates and statesmen knew it by heart. If you wish for pure specimens of Voltaire's wit and ease and command of language, look at his "Pièces

diverses." As for his tragedies, I cannot read them. They are artificial ; so indeed are Racine's, though he is the best writer of French that ever used the language. In Corneille there are passages really of the highest order. But it is our prose writers, not our poets, that are our glory, and them you can enjoy as well as I can.'

The whole road to St. Lo was English in everything but the houses. It ran between hedges, hedgerow trees, paths, gates, and even stiles—all of them things almost unknown in other parts of France. The churches, each with its tower and spire, put me in mind of those of our midland counties, but are finer. The finest is Charenton.

That of St. Lo is a cathedral, partly round and partly pointed. The form of the choir is irregular, the western side inclining outwards to admit a florid chapel. The aisles are divided from the centre only by pillars ; and the tasteless moderns have run horrible painted wooden screens from the pillars to the wall in order to make a succession of chapels each with its altar, surrounded by a dwarf Grecian pediment propped on wooden pillars with gilt Corinthian capitals.

The position of the town is beautiful, on the side of a deep wooded valley ; but as it rained all the evening and the next morning, I saw little of it.

The inn has a bad character, but I did not find it uncomfortable. I suspect that what I have heard, that even in the inferior inns of France the beds are good, is true.[1]

[1] Although M. de Tocqueville does not appear in the remainder of this journal, I am unwilling to omit it. M. Anisson Duperron has been dead

Caen, Monday, August 27.—Tocqueville took leave of me this morning, and I started, under a pouring rain, by the diligence for Bayeux. The country resembled that of yesterday, but was still more wooded.

The cathedral of Bayeux is, next to St. Ouen in Rouen, and St. Étienne in Caen, the finest building that I have seen in Normandy, far superior to the cathedral of Rouen; and I am not sure that I am not guilty of preferring it to St. Ouen. It has less lightness, but far more grandeur. The palladium or Wren-like central cupola is a solecism, but beautiful in itself.

From the cathedral I went to the tapestry. It is far better executed than I expected to find it. Many of the men and horses have great spirit. Harold and the other Saxons are distinguished by their moustache. The Normans are all clean shaved. The gentlemen generally carry a falcon on the right fist, apparently as a distinction. Harold does so on ship-board, Guy of Ponthieu when on his road to seize Harold, occasions on which the falcon must have been in the way.

The towns are indicated symbolically by towers not so high as a man, like those in the Assyrian bas-reliefs, which in fact the tapestry much resembles, though superior in composition and expression. The transport of the horses across the Channel seems to have been thought a great feat. Every boat is represented as full of them, and one compartment is dedicated to their

for some years. He was a deputy, much esteemed by the Orleanist party. His wife was sister to M. de Barante, the eminent writer, who died a short time ago.—Ed.

landing. Each boat has a single sail, held by the sheet, not belayed.

In the battle, William's army seems to consist almost entirely of cavalry; the few infantry are archers. Harold's consists principally of foot, and they are chiefly armed with battle-axes.

In the last compartment Harold is falling from his horse, still retaining his sword, but the arrow which is said to have killed him does not appear. Neither party have visors: the faces of the Saxons are quite unprotected, those of some few of the Normans are defended by small nose-pieces. The horses are generally red or blue, which is intended, I suspect, to intimate the colours which we call red roan and blue roan, these being in Normandy the prevalent colours. I am inclined to think our word roan merely means Rouen. A roan horse is a Rouen horse.

I spent two hours in Bayeux, and then took a diligence to Caen. Caen is very large, and as my tendon has not yet recovered I saw it imperfectly. I visited only three of its churches: St. Sauveur, St. Pierre, and St. Ètienne. St. Sauveur consists of two large chapels, very florid, separated by the widest arch that I ever saw in an interior.

St. Pierre has a wonderfully beautiful tower and spire. The tower, as is the case with several other towers in Caen, is pierced by tall lancet windows, with very deep receded mouldings. The vaulting, in the interior of the chapels which surround the choir, descends in pendent fringes resembling stalactites. The

effect is not good. St. Etienne is the finest thing that I have seen in Normandy. The west front is plain, almost bald, but imposing from its height. As at first designed it was a vast wall, with a tower on each side, and a few round-headed windows merely to give light. The spires which add much to its effect, and indeed dignify the approach to Caen, are additions. What may be the merit of the rest of the exterior I do not know, for it is inaccessible to the eye as well as to the foot; being built up by houses on all sides, as is the misfortune of the greater part of the fine churches of France.

During the last two centuries, the walls and buttresses on which so much skill and taste and labour were lavished by their ancestors, seem to have been considered by the French as mere props for stalls, shops, and dwelling-houses Frequently, so frequently that I scarcely recollect an exception, one of the finest windows is plastered up to make a party wall. This is the case at St. Ouen, at St. Lo, at the Rouen cathedral, and at Bayeux. Many of our own cathedrals are thus smothered: the south side, for instance, of Westminster Abbey. A general cleansing of the cathedrals of France from these vile parasitical accretions would open a new architectural world. The interior is grand, almost awful. When one sees it, one does not wonder that the man who had the boldness and taste to plan, and the power to execute such a work, conquered the rude Saxons of England. It is remarkable that the round and massive style of William the Conqueror's

nave, and the pointed and lighter character of the choir, harmonise perfectly. They probably would not do so if the nave were light and the choir heavy, or if the two styles were mixed in the same parts of the building.

Tuesday, August 27.—I left Caen at eleven this morning by the steamer for Havre. To-day we had a hot sun, the first that I have felt in Normandy; there was no awning and I went below. After steaming for about an hour we suddenly stopped. Across the narrow channel of the Orne, down which we were running, two great sloops had thought fit to anchor; and they just filled it. For a long time they refused to move; at last they condescended to raise their anchors, and we towed them out of the way so as to pass between them, but in doing so got aground. This cost us an hour. We consequently did not get to Havre till twenty-five minutes to four. The train to Yvetot, which I had intended to take, starts at four. There would have been time to catch it, but for the formalities which throughout the Continent have been invented to consume time and trouble. The luggage was to be weighed, and that takes a quarter of an hour; it was to be put into a van, and that takes a quarter of an hour more. Then the office closes ten minutes before the train starts. So I was forced to wait for the next train, starting at half-past five. It was eight before I reached Yvetot, which is about three leagues from M. Anisson's château, St. Aubin.

It was a dark wet night. I got a cabriolet, of course without lamps, and we started at half-past eight. After

we had driven half an hour, we saw dimly a huge object before us. It proved to be a hay-waggon, upset, and filling the middle of the road. The great highways of France, and we were on that from Havre to Rouen, are very wide, so we managed to grope our way round it.

Soon after a voice hailed us from the road. It came from a man who had dropped his purse, and he politely requested us to get out and help him to find it; a request, which my driver, I must say, not with equal politeness of language, rejected. We then turned off into a bye road, being, according to the driver, about a league from the château. We passed through a long wood, trusting to the instinct of our horse, for in the darkness under the trees we could not see his tail, much less anything of the road. Directly after we had emerged from the wood we heard voices, and found again the path blocked up. This time it was an overturned corn-waggon, which completely filled it. The peasants who were employed about it, dragged our carriage up a slope into the field, and, when we had passed the waggon, dragged it down again. This was a rather dangerous manœuvre in the dark. They told us that we were a quarter of an hour from the château. We drove for a quarter of an hour, and for a quarter of an hour longer, and the path, as far as we could judge from its ruts and its stones, became worse and worse. It was difficult to suppose that it led to a gentleman's house. At length it seemed to end in a wood, and the driver admitted that we were lost. By this time, how-

ever, the moon had risen, though behind clouds, and it was a little lighter. The driver, who professed to know the road well by day, thought that he knew whereabouts the château lay, and we took a road which led in that direction. This part of Normandy is, *à la française*, all open field. If it had consisted, like the Tocqueville country, of inclosures and deep lanes, we must have resigned ourselves to pass the night where we were. The new path, however, ended in a ploughed field, and we turned back again. There was not a cottage to be seen, and I think that we should have wandered till daylight, if we had not met a labourer whom I pressed as a guide. He led us for above a mile across the field to the garden gate. Everybody but M. Anisson had gone to bed—the servant dressed himself and let us in, and M. Anisson was kind enough to come and drink tea with me. There is nobody in the château except M. and Madame Anisson, and their unmarried son and daughter.

Wednesday, August 28.—The château is large and has nothing military. It is built of brick and stone and belongs to the age of Louis XIII. It contains three stories; the rooms all look to the garden front, south-east; the other front contains only a corridor on each floor.

Early in the morning, bread and coffee are brought into the bedroom; at half past eleven there are short family prayers, at a quarter before twelve is the regular breakfast, and at seven dinner. The habits, in fact, of a century ago are continued; except that what then was

called dinner is now called breakfast, and what they called supper is now called dinner. And except also, and it is an important exception, that they then prepared themselves for their twelve o'clock meal by full dress. Arthur Young, living in the country with the Rochefoucaulds, Liancourts, and other people of the highest fashion, bitterly laments having to put on silk stockings and to be *bien poudré* at noon. What is one fit for after that, he asks, but to gossip and play at cards? in fact these seem to have been their afternoon employments.

The great want in this country is water—not indeed from the sky, for Jupiter Pluvius is very liberal, but on the earth. Our supply depends wholly on the rain, which is carried off from the eaves by pipes meeting in one great filter of sand, and thence passes into two reservoirs in the cellars. Thence it is pumped or carried over the rest of the house—that for drinking is driven by a forcing pump through another filter, and comes out soft and clear. These cisterns are cleaned out once in two years. They are never recollected to have been empty, or even to have wanted water.

The peasants depend principally on ponds also filled by the rain. I asked if they drank such water, and was answered that nobody drinks water, except on very rare occasions or in coffee. Their constant beverage, and at all meals, is cider. The farmers and a few peasants have water-butts, filled from the roof.

As we were walking after breakfast this morning, a girl of about twenty-four, in a monastic dress, pale, with

regular features and a sweet countenance and manner, met us, whom M. Anisson addressed as 'ma sœur.' She is the village schoolmistress. When he fixed himself here he found only one school for both boys and girls, kept by a man fitted for it neither by morals, nor knowledge, nor habits, but holding his appointment under the Minister of the Interior, and removable, if removable at all, only by legal proceedings. He resolved at least to rescue the girls from him; built a school-house and residence for a mistress, and obtained this girl from a neighbouring convent. Her mother lives near Dieppe in easy circumstances, her two sisters are well married, but she felt a vocation for conventual life, and obeyed it. She was going to call on Madame Anisson, but before we had finished our walk, she had finished her visit, for we found her at home in her school-house. She lives there alone on an income which M. Anisson calls nothing: a few sous a month from those among her scholars who are able and willing to pay, and what the Anissons give her: for she has nothing from her friends, and, as to the convent, she is not a dependent but a benefactress: out of her little pittance she saves something to carry to its funds. Every year all the nuns pass five or six weeks there *en retraite*, and she is going thither next week. The Anissons fear that she may never return, as she has an alarming cough and the worn look which often precedes consumption. Should she survive her mother she will have some fortune; but in all probability she will renounce it in favour of her sisters, or give it to the convent—for though

monastic vows are not enforced by law, they are scarcely ever abandoned. They are taken for five years, a longer engagement being illegal on the part of both maker and receiver, but constantly renewed. A nun who chose to quit her convent would be shunned and probably unable to marry tolerably.

The post brought in the death of Louis Philippe. The Anissons seemed a good deal affected by it. M. Anisson knew Louis Philippe intimately. He had a conversation with him at Twickenham in 1816, which has ever since dwelt in his memory. Louis Philippe spoke with regret of the reactionary course which Louis XVIII. was taking, of his abandoning the tricolor, and of his subserviency to the priesthood. 'And yet,' he said, 'he is a man of talent and a man of liberal opinions; but as soon as you put a crown on a man's head it seems to fall over his head like a bandage. I myself, who venture to blame and to criticise, if I were tried should perhaps commit, not perhaps the same faults, but others quite as serious. I see all this with great pain, yet I cannot venture to whisper my disapprobation. But those who think that I wish to supplant my cousin, and many honest and intelligent men think so, know me very little. The position of a constitutional king is without doubt a very fine one, but that of a Prince of Wales or a Duke of Orleans is much happier. I have rank, wealth, consideration, everything in short except power, and power I do not wish for.'

M. Anisson thinks that his prevailing passion was not vanity, or ambition, or avarice, but the desire to promote

the interests of the Bourbon family. 'Of the younger branch?' I asked.

'No,' he replied; 'of the whole family.'

'Yet,' I said, 'he has injured that family perhaps irreparably. The great obstacle to the restoration of that family is the schism which his usurpation created.'

'He could not avoid it,' said Anisson; 'or rather, if he had avoided it, we should have had the Republic.'

'The theory at Tocqueville,' I answered, 'was that he might have saved the crown by accepting it temporarily as regent.'

'I do not believe,' said Anisson, 'that such a Government would have lasted a fortnight. The Republican party was then strong, far stronger in positive numbers than it is now, when its apparent strength arises from the number of factions into which its adversaries are divided. The doctrinaire party was angry and suspicious. Charles X. was known to have said that he would rather chop wood than be a constitutional king. The example of England, whose history seemed merely a type of ours, was present to their minds, and, perhaps without their knowing it, influenced their conduct. They forgot that it was the religious element which consolidated the throne of the successors of William III. If the Duc de Bordeaux had been a Protestant, and if the French had been a nation of fervent Catholics, Henri V. might have been a pretender as little dangerous as James III.; but it was absurd to think that the friends of monarchy would acquiesce in the substitution of merely an irregular for a regular inheritor. Believe it, however,

they did, and no one more fully than Louis Philippe. He did not oppose the revolution of 1830, but he did not promote it. There is nothing of the conspirator in his character. He was guilty of profiting by the misfortunes of the elder branch, but he could not have averted them. For a time the reign of that branch was over. To attempt to prolong it in the forms which, from frequent and unhappy experience, we most detest—that of a minority and a regent—was perhaps impossible and certainly would have been fruitless.'

Thursday, August 29.—M. Anisson has bought a farm for 23,000 francs. It was deeply incumbered, and the vendors and incumbrancers were to meet him at Valmont, a village about ten miles off, this morning to receive the money and execute the conveyance. They would not accept cheques, so the money was sent to him by railway from Paris in a bag containing 20,000 francs in notes, and 3,000 in silver, and weighing therefore about forty pounds. We started with our bag at seven this morning. The road lay through an open table-land, slightly undulating, and apparently dotted by compact masses of forest. Each of these masses was, however, hollow. Each was what is called here a *cour de ferme*. Every farmhouse is surrounded by a rampart of earth about four feet high, called a fosse, and nine broad, on which a double, and sometimes a treble row of trees, generally beech, but sometimes mixed with oak, is planted very closely. It comprehends five or six acres, containing the farmhouse with its extensive out-buildings, farmyard, pond and garden, and a large orchard, where the

cows graze under the apple trees. A similar enclosure surrounds every cluster of houses and every detached house. The object is to protect them from the sea winds which sweep over this high peninsula with tremendous violence. It gives to the country the appearance of a partially cleared forest ; not a habitation is to be seen, nothing but open fields and lofty woods. The wind had shifted to the north with a bright sun. It was a fine December day : with all our clothing we could scarcely keep ourselves warm in the sun, and were frozen in the shade.

On our way we passed Trouville, a magnificent Louis XIII. château in a large wooded park. It was bought some years ago by a man who had made a fortune as a pedler, and passed his old age in a corner of the kitchen with scarcely a servant. Having no relations, he left it to his *homme d'affaires*, who has sold the park in lots and is at a loss what to do with the château. Valmont stands in a deep wooded valley which reaches the sea about three miles farther, at Fécamp, and is divided by a small clear river. We arrived at about half-past nine. The *notaire* told us that he had appointed ten o'clock for the meeting of the persons who were to sign, and that it would take a couple of hours to apportion the purchase-money among them and obtain their signatures ; so that we had two hours and a half to visit the abbey and château. The abbey is placed just above the village, where the valley widens a little ; a situation supplying for the monks their two great wants, shelter and water. It was founded soon after the Conquest, and was destroyed

about once a century, sometimes in civil war and sometimes by the English, during the next 400 years. In the beginning of the sixteenth century it was rebuilt with great splendour; but seems not to have flourished. It had a lawsuit with a neighbouring community which lasted 300 years: it fell into bad repute and was suppressed by a decree of the Archbishop of Rouen, and the land and buildings sold a few years before the revolution of 1789. All that now remains is a part of the choir, and the whole of the Lady Chapel. The latter is elaborately beautiful. The roof is of the richest groining, the windows florid Gothic, painted in a masterly manner, with the legendary parts of the Virgin's history, her birth, education, marriage, and death. Over the altar is the Annunciation; the walls represent a room, with a bed on one side and a door on the other, in the middle is a table containing a sort of tambour frame in which is the Virgin's work, below is a little shelf of books. In front are two kneeling figures; one represents her, the other the angel.

The whole is of the delicate workmanship of the Renaissance. There is a bas-relief of our Saviour's baptism, and an alabaster tomb over which one of the Estoutevilles and his wife are recumbent, of equal merit. The *femme de charge*, who showed it to us, entered thoroughly into all its beauties.

M. Bournon, the present possessor, whose house is built on the site of the inhabited part of the monastery, and out of its materials, is an *avoué*.

The three businesses which with us are united in the

attorney, are in France divided between the *avoué*, the *homme d'affaires*, and the *notaire*. The *avoué* transacts the contentious part of an attorney's business: he is called in only to conduct a lawsuit. The *homme d'affaires* is the uncontentious attorney: he is the trouble-taker of the rich, and the adviser of the bourgeois. He manages purchases, investments, leases, and loans. This has been the most certain road to fortune during the last sixty years. The *notaire* prepares, authenticates, and preserves all legal instruments. He is both a conveyancer and a registrar. The number is limited, and the vacancies are filled up by the Minister of the Interior, but unless a notary is dismissed for fraud, he is allowed to recommend his successor—which of course enables him to sell his office. A *charge de notaire* in Paris may sometimes sell for 400,000 francs. When we consider the confidence which is reposed in these three persons, it is unfortunate that not one of them holds the position of a gentleman. An *avocat* ranks a little higher—he may become a gentleman when he has acquired high distinction; but then it is notwithstanding his profession: that scarcely ever leads to the bench.

From the abbey we went to the château, placed château-like on the brink of the table-land, and looking down on the abbey and village.

In this castle in the beginning of the sixteenth century was celebrated the marriage of François de Bourbon with the heiress of the Estoutevilles. Francis I. with his principal courtiers attended it. We were shown the apartment in which he is said to have spent some weeks:

it is the centre room of a tower with three cabinets, I suppose for his attendants, opening into it. The furniture professed to be unaltered. M. Anisson was incredulous. I thought it my duty to believe its authenticity; it certainly might have been collected from any broker's shop on the Quai Voltaire.

Of the old fortifications only a huge square tower and a part of the curtain leading to it remain. The modern part belongs to the times of Francis I. and Henry II.

The successor of the Estoutevilles and Bourbons is a cotton spinner of Rouen—a violent protectionist. At a public meeting a few years ago he attacked M. Anisson for his free-trade principles. Anisson had to reply, and is rather proud of having done so, before a Norman audience, with some success. It was in the spring of 1846. 'Look,' he said, 'at what England is doing; while you are clinging to prohibition, she is breaking all her fetters. Do you think that your industry, shackled by the legislation of centuries, will be a match in the markets of Europe and America for her young and untrammelled energy? Free trade must be encountered by free trade. Like the diamond, it can be acted on only by itself.' This illustration excited great applause.

This led M. Anisson to talk of his parliamentary life. He formerly represented as deputy the Puy de Dome, but after the revolution of 1830, his constituents required him to vote against an hereditary peerage; he refused, and was not re-elected. Soon afterwards the people of Yvetot sent to offer him a seat, which he accepted on the condition of being left at perfect liberty.

After the dissolution of 1843, he told Guizot that he was so utterly displeased with the turn which things were taking ; he saw so little tendency in the Government to adopt liberal views, or in the Chamber to listen to them, that he had resolved to retire.

Guizot remonstrated and urged the certainty of his being re-elected.

'I know that,' said Anisson, 'as well as you do. I know that the man whom I shall recommend will be my successor ; but I will not remain member of a Chamber, which, instead of advancing, is receding from all that I think right.'

Three years afterwards a peerage was pressed on him and he yielded.

But a seat in that house of peers was not a satisfactory position. It was indeed a good debating club: great questions were well discussed there, but it had no influence—and nothing could be more disagreeable than its judicial duties. It was almost degrading to have to unravel the turpitudes of Teste and Cubières.

I asked him if he thought that France retained the elements of an Hereditary Upper Chamber. He said, 'Yes. There are still many great fortunes in France, and the hereditary peerage gave the means of increasing them by marriage. In the chambers of a notary the current value of a peerage was 40,000 francs a year.'

At twelve we returned to the notary. The vendors were there, but there seemed little prospect of the termination of the business. Interest had to be calculated

for days and even half days. There were no tables to assist them, and everyone challenged the notary's computations. I walked among woods as long as I thought it prudent, and then studied the Indicateur des chemins de fer, at the little inn. M. Anisson went backwards and forwards between the inn and the notary, reporting progress or rather the absence of progress. At length it was half-past five. He got desperate, signed himself, and left the money with the notary, to be divided among the claimants as quickly as their signatures could be got. The duty on the conveyance was 1,600, francs, the notary's fees on the part of the purchaser about 600 more. In all, nearly ten per cent., or nearly four years' income; for land does not give more than two and a half per cent. net. This is dear, however; the ordinary expense is estimated at eight per cent.

In the evening we talked of the separation of ranks in Paris. Madame Anisson maintained that distinction in society depended on personal qualities; that the only persons avoided were those who bored, and the only persons courted were those who amused. This Anisson stoutly denied.

'Do you think,' he said, 'that an amusing homme de lettres or politician is received like a Rochefoucauld? He is received, without doubt, with quite as much civility, perhaps with more attentions, for his host wishes to make him forget the distance between them, but it is a different sort of reception. It is not the reception of an equal. I am inclined to think that persons of different ranks met on more equal terms under the old *régime*.

There seems then to have been really a sort of fusion. There is none now.'

'How,' I asked, 'are the wives and daughters of your agreeable men received?'

'Oh,' said Madame Anisson, 'agreeable men have no wives or daughters.'

'That,' I replied, 'seems to settle the question.' I asked if power or place gave any advantage in society.

'Not the least,' said Madame Anisson. 'Great actions may, at least for a season—they make a lion. Changarnier was a lion last season.'

'What is Lamoricière?' I asked.

'Nothing,' said Madame Anisson: 'he is too *soldatesque* for us.'

Friday, August 30.—I walked with M. Anisson over the farm nearest to his house. It contains 120 hectares, or 300 acres, and is let on a twenty years' lease at 6,000 francs, the farmer paying all rates and taxes, which amount to nearly 2,000 francs more. This is a low rent, and was so fixed by M. Anisson in order to obtain a first-rate farmer.

This man's capital employed in the land exceeds 3,000*l.* He purchases a great deal of manure. The outbuildings are enormous. There are two vast barns, one capable of containing 20,000 sheaves of wheat, the other 25,000; for in this country, as in La Manche, there are no ricks. Each barn has its thrashing machine. The farmer's house is long and low, and contains, besides the kitchen, two sitting rooms, perfectly neat.

The stock is fine: a good riding horse costs 40*l.*, a good cow 14*l.*

Here, as in La Manche, agricultural distress is complained of, though not in the same degree; and the same explanation—low prices—is given of it. A fat beast scarcely sells for more than a lean one, so that little profit is made by the grazier. The labourers, however, who make, as with us, the bulk of the population, are better off than they ever were, for their wages have not fallen. The ordinary farm labourer receives about forty sous a day, or about ten shillings a week and his food, but does not dine with the farmer. I saw a long outbuilding near the stables, containing a table and some rude bedsteads full of straw: this is their refectory, and just now during the harvest the beds are occupied by men brought from a distance, but in general they are not lodged. Their cottages are seldom their own. The rent is from 50 to 100 francs a-year.

We went into several of them: they were neat, as well furnished as ours, and had small well-stocked gardens before them.

The lower and middle classes on this side of the Seine seem to be a hundred years more advanced in civilisation than in La Manche. The manners of this farmer and of another whom we met at Valmont were simple and easy; a contrast to the uncouth rusticity of most of those on the Tocqueville estate. We walked on to the little village of Tourville; it is quite as neat as the best English village. The houses are built either in alternate courses of brick and flint, or of narrow compartments of

brick or flint in frames of timber. Each has its garden before it in excellent order. The church is pewed, as is generally the case in Normandy.

We talked of the careers open in France to a gentleman. From many of those which naturally suggest themselves to us he is almost excluded by the low estimation in which they are held. Such are the Church, the Bar, and Medicine. Unless under peculiar circumstances, a gentleman would not select one of these professions for his son.

France has not the Indian and Colonial empire in which the cadets of the English aristocracy find place. None but the sons of men engaged in banking, trade, or manufactures follow these pursuits. In time, agriculture, perhaps, will be a profession, but it is not so yet. Farming is in France, as it is in England, an expensive amusement. The great outlet is public employment, military or civil. The navy, however, is accessible to very few. The army affords a more considerable field: the road generally taken to it is to enter one of the government military schools—St. Cyr, Saumur, or the École Polytechnique, which are open to those who can pass their strict examinations, and give commissions to those who have passed through them, or to enrol, as is not unfrequently done, as simple soldiers. A still wider field is opened by the civil employments of the state, either administrative or judicial.

For either of these purposes, at about eighteen or nineteen, after he has passed through a college, a young man completes a *cours de droit* at the University of Paris,

or of some provincial capital; and then if he take the judicial career, after an examination which is not much more than formal, he is inserted on the roll of *Avocats*, and tries to obtain the place of *auditeur* in one of the courts; thence he may rise to be *sous-procureur du Roi*, (or *de la République*) afterwards, *procureur*, and afterwards judge. If his son select the administrative line, the father tries to make him an *auditeur* in the *Conseil d'État*, which leads him, in time, to be a *sous-préfet*, and *préfet*, or to the higher posts in the public offices.

It must be recollected, however, that, as compared with England, the proportion of gentlemen in France, and indeed on the Continent, is comparatively small. The enormous number of persons whose fortunes enable them to refuse to place their sons in any professions but those which are held to be gentlemanlike, is peculiar in England. It is odd that we have not a word corresponding to *rentier*. We have the thing in greater abundance than any other nation in the world.

I asked what were the plans of his own sons.

'The eldest,' he answered, 'who is married, wishes for public life; he will probably enter the Assembly at the next election. The plans of the second, who is twenty-one, are not yet decided; he has passed the examination at St. Cyr, not with any military view, but as an incitement and a distinction. He is now going through some courses of physical studies in Paris. He sometimes thinks of diplomacy, but I rather discourage that as an idle life. He has time before him to choose.'

The young man is pleasing, intelligent, and well-

informed, and so is the daughter.[1] She has the frankness and ease of an English girl who has lived in the world.

Saturday, August 31.—M. Anisson drove me to Caudebec. It is only in approaching the river that one discovers how high is the table-land on which St. Aubin is mounted. For three or four miles we were constantly descending. The view of the valley of the Seine from the lofty wooded bank overlooking Caudebec is magnificent.

Caudebec was the residence of Warwick when he was preparing the expedition against Edward IV. which terminated disastrously at Barnet. It was formerly a considerable town, the metropolis of its neighbourhood, and contains specimens of what were fine houses in their day, from the time of Henry IV. down to the Revolution. Now, from their unsuitableness to the habits of their present owners, they give it a decayed look. The church is a beautiful work of the sixteenth century. It consists of a nave, choir, and aisles, but no transept. In allusion to this want, Henry IV., who made Caudebec his head-quarters during the siege of Rouen, said that it was the finest *chapel* that he had ever seen. The painted glass is good and nearly perfect; only one window has been destroyed. At the bottom of one on the north, next the west door, a benefactress has introduced herself, followed by a line of daughters. The sleeves of her gown are open and at least a yard deep.

[1] Now the Comtesse de Bourke.—Ed.

The key-stone of the roof of the Lady Chapel descends in what the French call a *cul de lampe* 13 feet. There is something bold in the appearance of this unsupported projection, but it suggests the idea of insecurity, and after all it is an architectural trick: it is really maintained by an internal bar of iron running down from the vaulting of the roof. The tower and spire, the arches over the doors, the pinnacles, indeed the whole exterior, are elaborately enriched with shrines, niches, statues, and all the gorgeousness of the most florid Gothic. We returned through the forest of Maulevrier, one of a set of national forests which extend widely over this part of Normandy. It is an unprofitable property. 'It has been ascertained,' said M. Anisson, 'that the treasury would gain if all the national forests were given away. We should get from the *impôt foncier* a larger income than they now afford, after deducting the expenses of management. But they are kept as a capital to be drawn upon in every revolution. In 1830 and again in 1848, the new Government found the sale of some square miles of forest a convenient resource; and we may often have to employ it again.'

We got out at St. Gertrude to look at the village church, desecrated in 1793 and restored during the last two or three years at the joint expense of the Government and of the parish: M. Anisson being the principal contributor. It was formerly rich in painted glass and in elaborate shrines and niches. The former has disappeared, a few of the latter remain and show great delicacy and beauty. The expense was 14,000 francs,

of which the Government gave 7,000. These local subsidies form an important part of the budget.

The Government, however, in respect of its enormous land tax, is a joint proprietor, and cannot perhaps follow our example of rejecting such claims. When we had re-ascended the plateau on which St. Aubin stands it was like passing from summer to winter.

We talked of the country clergy. M. Anisson is less favourable to them than Tocqueville. He thinks very ill of their information, and not well, at least not universally well, of their morals. There are none whom he could invite to his house. He agrees with Tocqueville as to the great increase of religious feeling since the revolution of 1789, and his experience is long. He was educated in England, and returned to Paris, at the age of sixteen, on August 10, 1792. He came back because his absence in England was called an emigration, and endangered his father. His return, however, was useless. His father was guillotined, his mother would have shared the same fate if Robespierre's power had lasted a few days longer, for she had been examined by Fouquier Tinville, and the day of trial was fixed. He and his brother were in surveillance in a house a few miles from Paris. In the same house, in disguise, was Gillaume, an ex-member of the Constituent Assembly, who prepared what is called the petition of the 18,000, asking pardon for Louis XVI. He first introdnced Anisson to the knowledge of the works of Adam Smith, and may thus have influenced his whole subsequent life. One day Anisson found Gillaume's pistols on the table:

they were out of order and he cleaned and loaded them. A few days after, Gillaume's retreat was discovered, and the *gardes municipaux* came to arrest him. He used the pistols, but it was to destroy himself.

Sunday, September 1.—We drove to Allonville, a village about three miles off, to see the great oak supposed to be more than 800 years old. Its diameter is 36 feet near the ground, and 26 feet at the height of a man. Two chapels are hollowed out of its trunk, one level with the earth, and bearing the date of 1696, the other half way up. Each is consecrated and from time to time used. Every aperture is carefully roofed, and thus protected, the oak may well last for some centuries more. Its bark seems healthy, and at about 20 feet from the ground it sends out lateral boughs which would be respectable trees. If its age be correctly estimated, it must have been a fine tree in the times of the Conqueror.

Close to it is the château of Bellefosse, surrounded by the usual hedge of tall trees, which in this instance are clipped up to about 50 feet high, like those in the Tuileries gardens, so as to form a vast wall of verdure. I thought the effect good. The Anissons objected to it as too formal. They do not seem to have any intercourse with the inhabitants of Bellefosse, or, indeed, with any of their other neighbours, if other neighbours they have. And this I find is generally the case in the country. While I was at Tocqueville, a gentleman and lady, living about five miles off, once dined with us, and there were two morning visits—which were treated

as inflictions: these were all the neighbours that I saw during three weeks. Madame Anisson, who has lived in English country-houses in what are called good social neighbourhoods, wondered at our liking such a life. It was amusing, she said, to her as a foreigner, but she could conceive nothing more dull for the parties both active and passive, for those who spent a couple of hours coming and going, to sit full dressed two and a half hours at table and one in the drawing-room, or for those who had to receive them at six, dismiss them at half-past nine, and then sit for an hour and a half alone with nothing to do but to talk over their guests. We talked of the want, in English, of words answering to Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle.

'What do you do,' said Madame Anisson, 'when you want to attract a person's attention?'

'You call to him,' I said, 'by his name.'

'But,' answered she, 'if you do not know his name, can you address anybody by the word "Mister" or "Mistress" or "Miss"?'

'No,' I said; 'if you do not know the name, you have nothing to do for it but to catch the eye.'

'With us,' she replied, 'the name is very seldom used, except, indeed, by royal personages. The Queen used to address me as Madame Anisson, to show that she knew my name, but in society it would be bad taste.'

I left St. Aubin on Monday, September 2nd, after breakfast, took the railway to Havre, and the boat in

the evening, was at Southampton at nine the next morning, and at home by three in the afternoon.

I never made a pleasanter tour. I saw grand architecture, fine scenery, and agreeable and interesting society. And I never had so good an opportunity of recording my impressions. As we did not breakfast till half-past eleven, and I rose at half-past six and went out little before breakfast, I wrote every morning for about four hours.

But I found that only a very small part of a day's talk, and not the most amusing part, would bear to be recorded. Anecdotes, and serious discussions, may appear as well on paper as in reality, but the light play of easy conversation is as evanescent as the gestures of Mrs. Siddons or the tones of Fanny Kemble. In general, in the morning I could recollect all the outline, and most of the details of what had been said in the evening before—but scarcely ever could make use of either of them. The bulk of what I have preserved passed in morning walks or drives.

N. W. Senior.

Correspondence.

Malvern, October 2, 1850.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—By this time I presume that you are in Paris, or Versailles.

I had a pleasant day at Bayeux and Caen after I quitted you, then a very agreeable week with the Anissons, then another at Bowood (the inhabitants of which place are anxious to be most kindly remembered

to you), and I have been now three weeks here trying the water cure.

My Normandy tour dwells in my recollection as the most agreeable three weeks I ever spent. I do not think that I ever saw so much or learned so much in so short a time. I have brought home a full journal, which I will bring to you at Paris; it is now under the copyist's hands. I hope that you will find me a not unfaithful Boswell.

I can tell you nothing of politics, having thought nothing of them since I left you; at least of the politics of the century. The politics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have engaged my attention very closely, for I have been reviewing Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Chief Justices,' and in the course of my labours have made myself a fair scholar in the affairs of the Stuarts and the Georges.

With our united kindest regards to you and to Madame de Tocqueville, believe me ever yours,

N. W. Senior.

Kensington, October 18, 1850.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—Of course you have made us exceedingly happy.[1]

If Rome or Naples will do, perhaps we may not think it advisable to go farther; but of all this we will talk when we have the happiness of seeing you in Paris.

What is the day on which you start?

[1] M. and Madame de Tocqueville had agreed to meet us in Italy.—Ed.

I hope that you will take with you something to write on.

We shall not leave Turin before the 9th or 10th of November, nor Genoa before the 12th or 13th.

I had not permission to copy Bugeaud's letter. Nor could I have supported the fatigue of doing so—nor had I time, for it was in my hands only two days. I could translate much faster than I could copy. But of course the original would have been far more interesting than my version. Perhaps the person to whom it was written may publish it.

It was not intended to be concealed.

Can you give us letters for Naples? Those for the Ambassador and Consul at Rome and Civita Vecchia will be valuable.

Pray write in the blank pages of the Journal. Your notes will be more valuable than the original.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.[1]

Florence, Monday, December 3, 1850.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—We are grieved to hear of the inconveniences of the journey, and not surprised at Madame de Tocqueville's horror of the sea.

Till within the last hour we were determined to be at Naples, by the 'Lombardo,' next Saturday. But to-day there is a report that the Neapolitan Government has imposed a three days' quarantine. If that be so, we

[1] I omit several uninteresting notes written on the journey.—ED.

shall leave the boat at Civita Vecchia and post to Rome, and probably remain there a fortnight or so before we go on to Naples. Of course, if you are at Sorrento we shall pass some time there. My sister passed two winters or two summers there, I forget which, and was much pleased with it.

We must go for a time to Palermo; we have so many letters and so many promises.

The farther one gets from the great centres of civilisation, Paris and London, the more childish the people are.

The Genoese are inferior to the Turinese, and these people to the Genoese. I expect to find the Romans inferior to them, the Neapolitans to the Romans, and the Palermitans to all.

But they are very kind; the weather is charming; the works of art grand; and the rides and walks delightful. So we do not complain.

Kindest regards to Madame de Tocqueville.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

Naples, Tuesday night, December 31, 1850.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—I got your letter at about four this evening, on my return from Herculaneum, and wrote a short answer directly, and tried to send it by the 'Santa Philomela;' but I could find no one near the New York Hotel who had heard of the 'Philomela,' or 'Antonio,' or the 'Sirene,' so I put it into the post.

I now answer it rather more at leisure.

We dine with the Hollands to-morrow and Thursday.

There are to be few persons on Thursday, for Del Carretto is coming, and he is not anxious for publicity. I wish you could come on Thursday morning, stay the night, and dine there.

If you come on Friday, by taking the 9.25 train you can be here by 10.45. So we shall in that case expect you at breakfast at 11. The Gladstones will come to meet you.

I have a bundle of letters from England, all disapproving Lord John's letter. Lord Ashburton tells me that everybody agrees that it has done no good to him or to his party.

The walls are scribbled over :—

No Popery.

No Bishops.

No Remission of Sins.

I do not understand the last disclaimer.

Kindest regards. Ever yours,

N. W. Senior.

TOCQUEVILLE DURING THE REPUBLIC.

SORRENTO AND PARIS.

1851.

SORRENTO.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1851.

CONVERSATIONS.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE read this journal day by day as it was written, and made his corrections on the rough copy.

These are the conversations to which M. Ampère refers in his charming memoir of M. de Tocqueville published in the 'Correspondant.'[1]

'Nous faisions de longues promenades dans la mon-

[1] 'We used to take long walks over the mountains, for though so frail, he was a great walker. Sometimes we halted in some lovely spot, with the sea spread out before us, and the sky of Naples above us. We rested to take breath, and then resumed our conversations.

'His inexhaustible mind, which at no time displayed more activity or more freedom, touched, without undue haste or too rapid transition, but with even flow and infinite variety, one subject after another. They succeeded each other without effort, from the most important and logical discussions down to the most piquant anecdotes. Though always perfectly simple, he preserved, in the most intimate and familiar conversations, the purity of expression and admirable choice of words which was a part of his very nature. While sitting on the rocks around Sorrento I might have written down (and why did I not?) all that escaped his lips in those moments of friendly intercourse.'—ED.

tagne, car tout frêle qu'il était, il était grand marcheur. Nous nous arrêtions dans quelque bel endroit, ayant en face de nous la mer, et le ciel de Naples sur nos têtes. Alors, essoufflés, nous nous reposions quelques minutes, et les entretiens recommençaient.

'Son inépuisable esprit, qui n'était jamais plus actif et plus libre que dans ces moments-là, allait sans précipitation, sans secousse, mais avec un mouvement doux et varié, d'un sujet à un autre. Tous ces sujets se succédaient sans effort, depuis les considérations les plus hautes jusqu'aux remarques les plus ingénieuses, jusqu'aux anecdotes les plus piquants. Toujours d'un naturel parfait, il avait au sein de la plus grande familiarité un besoin d'élégance et de perfection dans le langage dont il ne pouvait se départir. Assis sur un rocher dans la montagne de Sorrente, on aurait pu écrire (*et que n'ai-je pas écrit?*) tout ce qui lui échappait dans l'abandon de l'amitié.'

Sorrento, Belvedere Guerracino, January 25.—We left Naples this morning for Sorrento, where we are lodged with the Tocquevilles and Ampère in the Belvedere Guerracino, an old palace about a quarter of a mile from the sea, and a mile and a half from Sorrento.

We have a glorious terrace and loggia looking north over the orange-covered piano of Sorrento to the sea.

In the pure air of Southern Italy we can almost count the houses in Naples eighteen miles off.

From Naples to Castellamare the road skirts the alluvial plain gained from the sea below Vesuvius, and

derives its principal interest from the changing views of the mountain.

But from thence to Sorrento it is indescribably beautiful. It runs *en corniche* round the cliffs, which here sink abruptly into deep water. They are generally of a friable sandstone, like the Saxon Switzerland, and the torrents from the mountains have worn them into deep ravines, up one of which the road runs inwards, for at least a mile before its banks approach near enough to be united by a viaduct.

The view from the chapel where the road crosses a lofty promontory down on the table-land ending in the precipices washed by the sea, on which Sorrento stands, its white houses smothered in orange-groves, is as beautiful as it is singular.

We arrived early, and Tocqueville and I took a long walk among the orange-gardens up the hill.

He spoke with great regret of the Anti-Catholic movement in England.

'The Pope,' he said, 'was very silly when he divided England into dioceses and created English bishops. He threw discredit on his friends the Puseyites, and excited both fear and resentment by showing the extent of his influence, and the mode in which it is exercised. So far from increasing his powers of interference with you, he has much diminished them. He was most to be feared when he acted most silently. Instead of profiting by his false move, you have made one yourselves. Your burst of intolerance puts you in the wrong.

'The cause seems to be a bad one which is defended by mobbing priests, and breaking the windows of twenty chapels.

'I look to England as the great source and the great example of political wisdom and moderation. You have now set a miserable example of bigotry and violence, and your example in this matter, as has been the case in many others, is more likely to be followed where it is bad than where it is good.'

'So far,' I answered, 'as the present movement is directed against the Roman Catholic religion, I disapprove of it as much as you do. No Christian sect has a right to call on its Government to treat the doctrines of any other sect as erroneous. Each sect has its own doctors, martyrs, and tests; and there is no umpire to say which is right. Everyone who maintains the opinions peculiar to the Protestant, to the Roman Catholic, or to the Greek Church, has two thirds of the civilised world against him. But without assuming what Protestants have no right to assume, except among one another, that the Roman Catholic *Faith*, so far as it differs from our own, is wrong, it seems to me to be capable of proof, and to be in fact proved, that the Roman Catholic *practice* is in many respects mischievous. Generally speaking, a Protestant population is superior in vigour of thought and of conduct to a Roman Catholic one. On this ground I think, that whatever steps can be taken to repress growth of Roman Catholicism ought to be taken.'

'Not acquiescing fully,' replied Tocqueville, 'in your

censure of Roman Catholicism, or in the propriety of endeavouring to discourage it, it appears that you are taking bad means for that purpose. The inefficacy of persecution, whether by the mob or by the law, to repress religious opinions or practices, was supposed to be acknowledged.'

'Even if it were acknowledged,' I said, 'I do not think that it is true. Persecution may be impolitic and may be morally wrong; but it is not always inefficacious. Witness Bohemia, which in 200 years was persecuted from Protestantism into Catholicism.'

'In the first place,' said Tocqueville, 'an efficacious persecution must be a ferocious one, such a one as you could not adopt; and secondly, I am inclined to think that Protestantism, mixing less with daily life than Catholicism, is more easily extirpated. You persecuted the Irish Catholics, and with some vigour, for a century and a half, and at the end of that time they bore a larger proportion to the Protestants than at the beginning. I do not believe that the meetings and protests which your Government seems to encourage, and the riots which it feebly discourages, or even the Acts of Parliament which it obscurely threatens, will arrest the progress of Catholicism, if such a progress there be. But they set a very bad example to Europe. The world was beginning to hope that toleration could co-exist with an Established Church and with strong religious feelings. It was beginning to hope that intelligence, morality, political freedom, and religious freedom grew together. What you are doing checks these hopes. It

seems to show that the popular Government of an enlightened and moral people is even less tolerant than many Governments which you are accustomed to look down on. The precedent which you are setting will be a pretext for bigotry elsewhere.

'Observe, too, that the outbreak is not directed against what you call the practices of Roman Catholicism, but against its doctrines. Your archbishops and bishops in their address to the Queen do not object to the Roman Catholic Church because it requires the celibacy of the clergy, or because it denies the right of private judgment, but because it is repugnant to God's Word, and sanctions blasphemous fables and deceits.

'In other words, because it interprets certain portions of Scripture in a different way from yours.'

The Tocquevilles drank tea with us.[1]

Sunday, January 26.—Tocqueville and I took a fine walk over the hills. It had rained all night, and the sky was covered, but the temperature was charming, about 54°. The oranges are not quite ripe ; the almonds are some in full bloom, others going off.

We passed a little chapel where Tocqueville always attends the sermon.

'Nothing,' he said, 'can be more amusing than the pantomime and vehemence of the preachers.

'I have often wondered,' he continued, 'that a nation which attaches so much importance as you do to religion, and which knows as well as you do the impotence of written speeches, should yet tolerate written sermons.

[1] The Tocquevilles and Ampère spent almost every evening with us while we were at Sorrento.—Ed.

You will not let a man read in the House of Commons or to a jury, because you know that what is read is not attended to. You profess to consider the matters which relate to the next world infinitely more important than those which belong to this, and yet you treat them, and them only, in written discourses often not even composed by the man who delivers them.'

'You should recollect,' I answered, 'that the practices of all professions are regulated by the convenience of the professors: the practices of the Bar are arranged for the convenience of barristers; the regulations of the Army for the convenience of officers; the studies of our Universities for the convenience of the college tutors: so our ecclesiastical habits are arranged to suit the clergy. It is difficult to preach *extempore*. Some men could not do it at all, others would do it badly. Benefices are property: they are bought like other estates, and the duties are made such as any educated man can perform. If every clergyman were required to preach *extempore*, a man who has paid 5,000*l.* for a living might be forced to give it up.'

'That might account,' he replied, 'for the use of written sermons; but then how are we to account for the effects which this torpid, formal religious teaching seems to produce? How are we to reconcile the coldness, the worldly-mindedness, and the general want of enthusiasm in your clergy with the religious zeal of your laity? With us, the influence of the priest depends on his abstraction from the world, on his indifference to the ordinary pleasures, and his contempt for the ordinary

pursuits of mankind. He tells us that this world is not a place of amusement but of trial; that happiness is not to be sought here, and if it could be obtained would not be worth a thought if it in the slightest degree interfered with our chances hereafter; that it is to our future fate which is to endure to all eternity, not to the few years that we have to pass here, that our attention and our efforts ought to be directed. But when the man who teaches all this is obviously thinking more of this world than of the next, when for one hour that he employs in providing for his eternal welfare he spends three or four in trying to obtain the comforts and enjoy the pleasures of this brief existence, it is difficult to believe him to be sincere.'

'Much,' I answered, 'perhaps depends on the absence from Protestantism of the ascetic element. According to the Roman Catholic doctrine the Deity is propitiated by human suffering. A man saves his soul by punishing his body. On that assumption, to enjoy pleasure is in the nature of sin, and to provide the means of enjoying it is sacrificing the next world to this.

'But we hold that a man may be happy both here and hereafter; at least, that his happiness here does not interfere with his prospects hereafter. And that a clergyman is not merely justified but bound to marry his daughters, and place out his sons, and leave his widow a comfortable annuity: this takes time and thought. A married clergyman cannot abstract himself from the world or despise the ordinary pursuits of mankind. If he were to do so he would ruin his family.

'He is necessarily a man of the world as well as a man of religion.'

'Still,' said Tocqueville, 'I do not understand how a clergy so occupied can excite the enthusiasm of their hearers. How, for instance, is it possible that one of your written sermons, read like a task without action or life or energy, can rouse the passions of the congregation? And yet roused they must be. Religious motives affect more the conduct of your people, religious ideas occupy a larger portion of their thoughts, than they do among us, where a much greater proportion of priests, whose whole hearts are devoted to the propagation and enforcement of their doctrines, who really act as they preach, who really show that they believe themselves striving for an eternal reward, are constantly working on the minds of their flocks with the popular eloquence of a Catholic pulpit and the powerful engine of confession.'

'One explanation,' I answered, 'is that our religion is, in a great measure, a religion of opposition. Much of it is expended in hatred or contempt of other persuasions.

'There is little controversial feeling among the continental Catholics. No attempts are made to convert them, they have no sects to divide them. They may think the belief and the practices of the Protestants imperfect, but can scarcely think them mischievous. Their religious feelings therefore, wanting the stimulus of opposition, require to be kept up by the constant, active intervention of the clergy. *We* live in an atmosphere of

controversy. We have proselytizers all round us. No man in the higher classes is certain that his daughters may not turn Catholics, or his sons Puseyites; the lower and middle classes are assailed by the fifty different species of Dissenters; then the Roman Catholic religion, of which we are chiefly in dread, appears to us not only mistaken but destructive. You *pity* us, but we *fear* you. And it is comparatively easy to rouse and to keep up fear. Our priests too, belonging to the aristocracy, influence the humbler portion of their parishioners by their expenditure and by their charities, and the higher by their society. The celibacy of your clergy, by almost excluding gentlemen from the profession, prevents their having much familiar intercourse with the higher classes.'

'I have often doubted,' said Tocqueville, 'whether, if I were reforming the discipline of the Church, I would not allow priests to marry. One objection to their marriage with us, is the practice of confession. We should not like to have the secrets of so many families confided to married men. That, I suspect, is the reason why our lay authorities prevent a man who has been a priest, even if he choose to throw off his orders, from marrying. The *Maire* refuses to authenticate the marriage, and the Courts of Law refuse to compel him.'

'Have you ever,' I said, 'considered the loss which the world would have sustained if the Protestant clergy were unmarried? A third, perhaps a half, of our most distinguished men in England and Scotland have been the sons of clergymen. A clergyman has almost always

a family; he always gives them a liberal education; he has generally something beyond his life income, but not enough for his sons to live on. They uniformly refuse to be tradesmen, and therefore are forced into literature and the professions, and succeed in them better than any other class.'

'That is good for the sons,' said Tocqueville, 'but must give an immense harvest of old maids.' [1]

[1] The following letter, in answer to one from Archbishop Whately, is interesting, not only as a commentary on the preceding conversation, but as showing Mr. Senior's object in writing these journals :—

Letter from N. W. Senior to Archbishop Whately.

My dear Whately,—I have read over the Sorrento dialogue, which is open to much of your criticism; but you must recollect that in all these conversations my object is to record what my companions said, not what I said myself. My own words are introduced as sparingly as possible, merely to render intelligible what was said to me. My journals are therefore full of most extravagant opinions and statements, unopposed, indeed uncommented on by me—but certainly no more acquiesced in than what is reflected by a mirror is acquiesced in by the man who holds it.

On the other hand, I do not think that I represent Protestant ministers as worldly or interested, that is, beyond the average. I believe them to be, in general, neither better nor worse than other people.

What Roman Catholic priests may be I do not know from experience, for I never came across them. Tocqueville, in all his conversations, both in Sorrento and in Normandy, speaks well of them.

C. A—— and my Italian friends describe them as immoral and rapacious. I lean to the latter opinion, but on very imperfect data.

Again, I believe that in France, of which we were speaking, and among the higher classes of whom we were speaking, there is much less hostility to Protestants than there is with us towards Catholics. And for this reason, that among the higher classes the men are almost all indifferent to religion, or think the Protestants nearer to the truth than the Roman Catholics.

Those among my French male acquaintances who are Christians are very rarely Roman Catholics in real opinions. They approach much more nearly to Unitarians.

Our religious feelings are kept up by living in an atmosphere of

Wednesday, January 29.—I walked with Tocqueville and Ampère round the massive walls of Sorrento. It must have been impregnable before the use of gunpowder.

In this friable sandstone the torrents from the hills wear deep channels, which are easily scarped. Channels of this kind, thirty or forty feet broad, and perhaps 200 feet deep, nearly surround Sorrento on three sides; on the fourth it rises from precipices which run out into deep water, and it has the further protection of high and solid walls.

We had just heard the news of the vote of the Assembly of January 18, that it had no confidence in the present French Ministry.[1]

'The last time,' said Tocqueville, 'that a French Chamber agreed on such a vote was in June 1830. An ominous recollection; but in 1830 the 221 had the country at their back.

'It is difficult to say how far the country sympathises with the Assembly. It has done itself great harm by releasing Mauguin from legal custody. The tribunals

controversy. The French have no fears of their children or relations being converted. I never recollect an instance of a French girl turning Protestant. All that they fear is their turning nuns. They are in general much more afraid of their own priests than of ours.

Ever yours,
N. W. Senior.

[1] The President was beginning to show his determination to exercise despotic power. He had succeeded in removing Changarnier from his position as Commander-in-chief, and the Ministers appointed on the 9th were supposed to be tools in the hands of their master. Baroche was Minister of the Interior, Fould of Finance, and Rouher of Justice.—Ed.

are furious ; all privileges, particularly those assumed by collective bodies, are unpopular. The retention in its service of such a man as Yon, is another fault. Its disorderly debates and brutal interruptions excite disapprobation, almost contempt. The President, on the other hand, makes no undignified appearance in public. His immense patronage throws all France at his feet. The framers of the Constitution meant to render him merely the subordinate officer of the Assembly. Within the limits of the Constitution the Assembly was to be Sovereign. But they have given the President means of power and influence with which they, the Assembly, find it difficult to cope. And I agree with Thiers, that if, in the struggle, the Assembly yields, we have the Empire under another name. It is possible that he may make a compromise with them on the dotation question, give up his Ministers, and receive his three millions—which of course would be dishonourable to him. It is more probable that his Ministers will refuse to continue.

'To be censured by the Assembly, and treated by the President as mere clerks, is paying a high price for office.'

'It is unfortunate,' I said, 'that Louis Napoleon has learned so little in England.'

'He learned in England,' said Tocqueville, 'a good deal. He learned, for instance, the value of private enterprise and skill. He is less inclined than most of his Ministers to interpose in all great works the action of the Government. But he has not learned even the prin-

ciples of Parliamentary Government. He is resolved not merely to be his own Prime Minister, but to be almost sole Minister. He will not even submit to be controlled in his Cabinet. Hence arises the anomaly that the leading men in the Assembly vote against the Ministry, and yet refuse to take office. They vote against the Ministry, because they fancy that they see in them the accomplices of an usurpation ; they refuse to take office because they would incur responsibility without having free agency.'

'It seems to me,' I said, 'that the Assembly ought to have made its stand against the aristocratic pretensions of the President in November 1849, when, in defiance of the spirit of Parliamentary Government, he dismissed a Ministry which was supported by a strong majority. By not resenting that aggression, you invited others.'

'That is true,' he answered ; 'but the Assembly was new, and the President was new. We were very anxious not to begin so early with a quarrel, and we, the retiring Ministry, used our utmost efforts to obtain for our successors a fair trial. But perhaps, as you say, we were wrong.'

'What is the next move,' I asked, 'if the Ministers remain ?'

'There are two moves,' he answered, 'by which the Assembly might endeavour to coerce the President. The direct taxes, which form the bulk of the revenue, are, by the Constitution, only annual. It might refuse them, or it might pass laws directly aimed at his power. It might change, for instance, the constitution of the

army. It might exclude the army from Paris; in fact, exercising despotically the whole power of legislation, on all points that are not determined by the Constitution, it might seriously embarrass or even arrest his administration.'

'Would not either of these courses,' I said, 'induce the public to take part with the President? Each of them would, in fact, be fighting the battle at the expense of the country. You want, I think, here the expedient of a dissolution. With us, if the King returns Ministers whom the House of Commons disapproves, it stops, or rather threatens to stop, the supplies; not as a party move, but as a means of forcing an appeal to the people. It is dissolved, and the ultimate umpire, the Nation, decides. If it sends back, as it did in 1835, a House with the same opinion as its predecessors, the Ministers must go. If it sends one, as it did in 1784, with a Ministerial majority, of course they remain. You seem to have no means of consulting the Nation, but must wait till the Assembly has sat through its term.'

'A dissolution,' he said, 'with us would be a revolution. The President, especially a Bonaparte, could not be left even for a few weeks unchecked by a countervailing force. Some years hence perhaps, if we have then popular institutions, our Chief Magistrate may be allowed the power given to your Sovereign, but not in our present state of transition.'

'But,' I said, 'if you refuse to pass laws and the President remains firm, what is to be the result?'

'If,' he answered, 'his conduct were such as to justify

our accusing him of an intention to subvert the Constitution, we might seize the whole power of the State and impeach him. And these seditious cries, these promotions of those who uttered them, these dismissals of those who refused to join in them, this removal of the Commander on whose skill and fidelity the Assembly relied for its protection, are strong indications of plans of usurpation.'

'They might be urged,' said Ampère, 'as implying a tendency; but the President may certainly keep within the limits of the law, and yet make legal Government, except through his own Ministers, impossible.'

'Was he wise,' I asked, 'in indulging in an expenditure which forces him to apply to the Chamber for a further allowance?'

'Very unwise,' answered Tocqueville. 'He ought to have lived within his income, as the richest private man in France, without assuming princely magnificence. He would have been more respected and really more powerful. I have told him so a hundred times. I have implored him to lay aside his extravagant retinue, and to discontinue his ostentatious fêtes. But his instincts are towards expense, and his immediate adherents, who are as bad advisers as it is possible, stimulate an extravagance by which they profit. He is always thinking of his uncle. And the expense of the Imperial Court is, of course, the part of the Empire most easily copied.'

'In what way,' I said, 'does he get rid of so much money?'

'A great deal of it,' said Tocqueville, 'goes in gifts to

old officers. Much of course in dinners and balls, but more still in what is called *coulage*—waste, carelessness.'

'Of course,' I said, 'he has gained something by this expenditure, though he may have lost more.'

'If,' answered Tocqueville, 'his object be to become a Sovereign, he may have forwarded it by accustoming people to see him surrounded by a state and splendour inconsistent with private life.

'But I do not believe that his extravagance has been the result of any deep political views. I fancy that his real motive has been the pleasure of spending money, of gratifying his immediate vanity, and the vanity of those around him.

'It is wonderful how many men of talent and ambition have sacrificed their comfort and even their independence to a taste for expense.

'All that is going on,' continued Tocqueville, 'fills me with uneasiness. I wish well to the President, and I wish well to the Assembly, and I see them trying to destroy one another. Among all the different courses which events may take, the one which has for some time appeared to me the least objectionable is the prolongation of Louis Napoleon's Presidency, and I am grieved to see him make it the most objectionable.'

'What,' I asked, 'will be the prophecy that I shall hear when I am in Paris next May? During the three last Mays it has been an insurrection, and twice it has come true.'

'The prophecy,' he answered, 'next May, will be a *coup d'état*. Some of your friends will tell you that in

a week the Assembly will declare itself in danger, appoint a guard of 40,000 men under the command of one of its members, and use it to drag the President to Vincennes.

'Others will assure you that the news which you may expect every morning is, that during the night the Palais National has been occupied by the troops, that the walls are covered with placards declaring the Assembly dissolved, and that all the leading members of the majority are arrested or concealed. And I will not venture to predict that neither of these events or, at least, that no event similar to one of them, will occur. In the present state of feeling,' he continued, 'nothing could be easier than for the President to make himself a Constitutional King. It is the form of Government under which France has been most prosperous, it is the one which has the most friends and the most effective ones. If one of the Orleans Princes were President, we should slide into it almost unconsciously. But this is a *rôle* utterly repugnant to all Louis Napoleon's prejudices and tastes. He cannot bear to be controlled by an Assembly, to take his Ministers from its majority, to submit his conduct to its criticism. I am convinced that he had much rather remain President of the Republic, with a vague, undefined, and, as he thinks, independent power, than become a Constitutional King, acting under the advice of his Ministers, and with little real power of choosing them.

'Of course I do not mean to say that he is satisfied to be a mere President. What I affirm is merely that he prefers it to being a Constitutional King. What he would

wish is to be a king like Henri IV., or one of your Tudor sovereigns.

'He would not object perhaps to a Senate, which might always pay him compliments, and sometimes give him advice; which might take on itself the details of legislation, and register and promulgate his decrees. But, like his uncle, he wishes to govern.

'The folly of clever men is wonderful.

'Almost all the leading members of the Constituent Assembly voted for him. Many were enthusiastic in his cause. They gave to it the solidity of a party. Two ideas governed them, and it is difficult to say which was the most absurd. One, that he was "Nul,"—that he had neither talent nor knowledge, and that therefore he could be easily led; the other, that if he were unmanageable he could be easily got rid of, at least at the end of his term, perhaps before. They thought that he would be a tool, and a tool that they could break. In opposing him, my friends had scarcely any supporters except the Montagne.

'Cavaignac afforded the only chance to the Republic. He is not a man of extensive views, but he is an honest man, and he prefers glory to power. His model would have been Washington.'

In the afternoon we had a visit from Don Raffaelle Petruzzi. It is a relic of the Spanish domination that, among the middle classes, Don and Donna are the usual titles. Don Raffaelle is a young man about twenty-five married to a lady who on her uncle's death will have 25,000 francs a year—in this country an enormous

fortune, but in the meantime he has little except his salary as a receiver of taxes. He is to give us an hour of his company every day as *Parlatore*, for which we shall pay five carlines. It is not easy, however, to find subjects of conversation. He has little information and still less curiosity. He has never been to Amalfi, never to Pompeii, never to Capri; I suspect not often to Naples. We talked to-day about the functionaries of the neighbourhood. The Judge of the Circulario of Sorrento, containing about 7,000 souls, has a salary of 20 ducats, or 3*l.* 5*s.* per calendar month, and may get about 40 ducats more in the course of the year in extra payments; so that his whole income is about 45*l.* a year. That of the Judge of the Circulario of the Piano, containing about 10,000 souls, is 25 ducats a month, making with his extra income about 60*l.* a year. The salary of a Commissario di Polizia, his inferior officer, is at least double; showing the comparative importance which the Government attaches to Justice and to Police. I treated the Constitution as existing though suspended. He denied its existence, and urged, as a proof of its abolition, the change in the oath taken by public functionaries. It was, 'I swear fidelity to the Constitutional King, Ferdinand II., and to the Statute.' It is now, 'I swear fidelity to the King Ferdinand II., and never to belong to any secret society.'

Madame de Tocqueville is not quite well. Tocqueville and Ampère drank tea with us.

We talked of the throngs of Americans in Italy and

France, and of the annoyance of many English at their being called English.

'So it is,' said Ampère, 'with us and the Belgians. A Belgian persecuted me all my journey by being taken for a Frenchman.

'My resource was always to allude to his country. "Vous autres Belges," I said, "do so and so." "Dans la Belgique on pense comme ça."'

Thursday, January 30.—We took a delightful walk, the ladies on donkeys, across the promontory. The wind is north, and it is said to have been the coldest day that has been felt this year. Yet the sides of the cliff were covered with crocuses, violets, and primroses, and we sat for half-an-hour among olives and myrtles, looking towards the Island of the Sirens, and the iron-bound coast of the Bay of Salerno.

As we were basking in the January sun, Ampère told us a characteristic anecdote of the revolution of 1830.

A legitimist, whose name he mentioned, who had signalised his zeal by a duel with General Foy, was in the garden of the Palais Royal looking on philosophically at the attack on the Château. A man near him fired several times ineffectually. 'I think,' said the legitimist, 'that I could teach you to manage your piece better.' He took it, showed his neighbour how to hold it, finished the lesson by firing and bringing down a Swiss, and then returned it.

The pupil, however, begged him to keep it. 'I am

sure,' he said, 'that you will employ it better than I.' 'Impossible,' answered the other; 'I am for Charles X.'

Friday, January 31.—We went—Tocqueville and the ladies on donkeys, and Ampère and I on foot—to the Deserto di Sta Agata, a convent supported by the French and now uninhabited.

It is situated on the summit of the mountain which ends in the promontory of Sorrento, and commands of course the two bays and Capri, separated by a narrow channel. We returned by the old Roman town of Massa, and thence by a road which winds through olive forests by the side of the mountain sinking and rising to cross the vast deep ravines which everywhere intersect the coast. The view of Sorrento from the summit of the last ridge which overlooks it, is one of the finest in this fine country.

Saturday, February 1.—Tocqueville, Ampère, and I started in a light carriage drawn, as they all are, by three little horses abreast, for Pæstum.

They took us, without stopping to bait, in four hours and a half to Salerno, about thirty miles, by Castellamare, Nocera, and La Cava.

The road after the first twelve miles is execrable as road, but beautiful in scenery. The least interesting part is that between Castellamare and Nocera; it passes through plantations of poplars, lopped and topped, serving as props of vines. Vineyards so treated may be pretty in summer, but are frightful in winter. Where they predominate, as they do in every flat country near Naples, they spread over it a cold, russet, brown colour.

On each side, however, are mountains, all the secondary eminences crowned with white convents and ruined castles. The descent from La Cava to Salerno contains about six miles of fine scenery—first running by the side of a savage gorge with a torrent roaring at the bottom, then as it reaches the mountain side over the sea, turning off towards Salerno on the left, while a mule-path on the right branches from it and runs *en corniche* along the cliffs through Vietri to Amalfi.

Salerno is a considerable town, with a fine range of houses a mile long rising from the sea. We went to the cathedral, said to have been built in the eleventh century. Before it is an open cloister, like that of St. Ambrogio at Milan, the arcades resting on columns stolen from ancient buildings without much consistency.

The outside, like most of the old Neapolitan churches, has been whitewashed and modernised. There are some remarkable mosaics covering the pulpit and apse, and the bishop's throne. Three ancient sarcophagi found, according to the sacristan, at Pæstum, are employed as tombs. The bas-reliefs on two of these relate to the history of Bacchus.

Two bishops, however, repose in them. The third, which is the base of a monument erected not a hundred years ago to an archbishop, represents the 'Rape of Proserpine.' Gregory VII., the great Pope Hildebrand, is buried here.

On a hill, almost a mountain, rising immediately above the town, is an extensive mediæval fortification.

Sunday, February 2.—We started at half-past six

for Pæstum, and got there at twenty minutes to eleven, having been detained nearly half an hour at the ferry.

The road was through a flat strip of coast between the mountains and the sea, thinly inhabited by a yellow unhealthy population, which flies in summer to the hills. Its other inhabitants are pigs, wild-looking horses, and wilder-looking buffaloes, having, as Ampère remarked, 'beaucoup de physiognomie,' and sheep guarded by dogs whom it would not be safe to encounter on foot.

The beauty of the temples is in proportion to their age. That of Ceres, with its single row of comparatively slender pillars, is merely elegant.

The Basilica is fine, and, if it did not stand close to the Temple of Neptune, would be very fine, but it looks almost poor by the side of its mighty neighbour.

The Temple of Neptune was, I suppose, inferior to many hundred Greek buildings which we have lost. Ampère says that it is inferior to the Parthenon. But it is the most striking temple that I have ever seen. Much probably is owing to its situation on a solitary plain with the sea on one side and mountains on every other. Much to the wonderfully beautiful colour, a yellowish-grey, which the stone has assumed. Much to the transparency of the air and the brightness of the sun, and the deep blue, almost black, colour of the sky on which its columns and pediments seem cut, and more than all these to its being perhaps the most ancient monument in Europe. A monument which was already venerable from its antiquity when Rome was a collection

of hovels, and Paris and London were the hunting-grounds of savages.

But after allowing for all adventitious circumstances and associations, taking it as it was 2,500 years ago, when it stood fresh from the workman's hands in the midst of a crowded city, with no merits but those of its size, its proportions, and its form, it must, even then, have been superior to anything which we are now capable of erecting.

I never saw a building which showed so much the courage, the devotion, and the sincerity of its constructors, or, to speak more intelligibly, which shows so clearly that their determination was, at any sacrifice of labour, to raise a temple which even a God might think worthy to receive his image, and which might continue to be its abode as long as any of the works of man can endure. If this was one of the works of the Sybarites, they can scarcely have been a people of careless voluptuaries.

The spot where Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were murdered, almost twenty-five years ago, lies on the old road which passes by Eboli. They had slept at Eboli, and his servant had put out, on the table near the window, the contents of his dressing-case all mounted in silver. A girl belonging to the inn saw it and spread the report, that a Milor, carrying with him an enormous treasure, was going to Pæstum ; eighteen men set out from Eboli to intercept the treasure. The Hunts had lunched as we did, in the temple, had sent on their servants before, and were returning in an open calèche, when they

were stopped about a mile from Pæstum. They surrendered their money and watches, but the robbers kept asking for 'il tesoro.' It never occurred to Hunt that what they meant was the silver contents of the dressing-case, so he repeated that he had given up everything. They threatened to shoot him if he persisted in concealing 'il tesoro,' and he lost his temper and rashly answered, 'Birboni, non osate far fuoco sopra un Inglese.' This was an imputation which they would not bear; two men instantly fired—one ball mortally wounded Hunt, the other his wife, and the robbers having successfully repelled the imputation, fled to the mountains. The Neapolitan Government would have hushed up the matter, but the English and Russian Ministers insisted on its being seriously taken up. A shepherd-boy concealed in a thicket had seen the whole affair; seventeen out of the eighteen were identified by him, tried and executed, and the eighteenth confessed on his deathbed.

The Neapolitan roads seem now to be perfectly safe.

We left Pæstum at a quarter to one, and, passing Salerno, got to La Cava at seven; having gone with the same horses fifty-two miles over bad roads, in two stages.

Sunday, February 2.—I wished to spend a long morning at La Cava, which is beautifully situated in the midst of an interesting country. But Tocqueville and Ampère wanted to write by the courier, so we returned to Sorrento to breakfast.

The best way to visit Pæstum is to go from Naples

by rail to Nocera, and then by a carriage to La Cava, sleep there, and the next day take a carriage from the Hôtel de Londres to Pæstum and back again. It is fifty-six miles, but may be done in a day with fresh horses, and the inn at La Cava is excellent, that at Salerno only tolerable.

La Cava is worth a few days' stay; the inn looks north, but has fireplaces.

Tuesday, February 4.— Ampère, Tocqueville, and I walked to a suppressed convent of Camaldoli on a mountain overlooking Meta. Thence down the mountain side into the plain, the finest walk that we have taken— four hours.

We talked of the difficulty of conjecturing the future Constitution of France.

'Every form of Government,' said Tocqueville, 'has been tried and discarded. Absolute monarchy, constitutional monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy. Perhaps the most important element in a mixed Government, aristocracy, has suffered the most.

'Wherever the French went they attacked its wealth and destroyed its privileges; and when the Sovereigns came back, the only part of our institutions which they retained were those which were opposed to the aristocracy. Even in England you assisted it with the Reform Act.'

'The Poor Law Amendment Act,' I answered, 'was a heavier blow to the aristocracy than the Reform Act. The Reform Act principally affected the aristocracy of wealth.

'It deprived mere money of its political power. The Poor Law Amendment Act dethroned the country gentlemen.

'It found the country justices each in his own circle the master of the property of the ratepayers, and of the incomes of the labourers. It left them either excluded from influence in the management of their own parishes, or forced to accept a seat in the Board of Guardians, and to debate and vote among shopkeepers and farmers.'

'Whatever,' said Tocqueville, 'be the destinies of France in other respects, one thing is certain—we must have a Poor Law. There is something not very unlike it now in the large towns.

'Probably in Paris as much is spent in charity as in London. At some periods of the year one-fourth of the population have received relief, but in the country there is nothing, and in the towns it is ill regulated.

'It is unfortunate that Thiers, who on most points has so practical a mind, should have taken so absurd a course upon this. His scheme is a large expenditure on public works, *ateliers nationaux*, over all France.'

'Is he,' said Ampère, 'likely to be converted?'

'I fear not,' said Tocqueville.

'There is one point, however, on which I have not been able to make up my mind. It is the great question as to the right to relief. Whether we should or should not say, that as a matter of law nobody shall starve. If we give this right we must of course make this relief dis-

agreeable; we must separate families, make the workhouse a prison, and our charity repulsive.

'If we refuse the right we may give to it some of the attributes of real charity, and make it a bond between the poor and the rich. Then the evil effects of a Poor Law on the industry, frugality, and providence of the labourer are much increased by the certainty, that, whatever be his conduct, neither he nor his family can starve.'

'I am not sure,' I answered, 'that a large amount of charity, unaccompanied by the right to relief, and also unaccompanied by the restrictions by which that right ought to be impeded, would not be as injurious to industry and frugality as the right itself, to be exercised only on disagreeable conditions. Everyone would hope to get his share of the eleemosynary fund. And two great benefits would be lost. One is the security which millions enjoy who never exercise their right, but have always the satisfaction of possessing it. It is like a dwarf wall between a road and a precipice, which comforts a thousand travellers, not one of whom it actually saves from falling over.

'Another is the repression of mendicity. Where there is no right to relief, it seems cruel to order the poor to refrain from begging, or the rich to refrain from giving. When a London beggar tells me that he is starving, I disbelieve him, for I know that he has only to apply to the relieving officer; but if there was no right to relief, I should have to choose between making inquiries, which I have no time for, or giving to a man who in all proba-

bility is an impostor, or refusing a man who may perish for want of assistance.'

'Even the right to relief,' said Ampère, 'is not a perfect security. I am told one hundred persons die every year in London of want.'

'I have no doubt,' I answered, 'that one hundred persons die there every year directly from want, and many thousands from diseases produced by want. They are persons whom illness, or misfortune, or misconduct, has thrown out of employment, who live, far from all the educated classes, in the horrible lanes and courts which are to be found in every great town; whom pride, or prejudice, or aversion to the restraints of a workhouse has prevented from applying for public relief, and who, after selling all their little property, have been surprised by cold and hunger in their cellars and garrets.

'Death by starvation often comes on, at last, suddenly. I saw a good deal in 1848 of a Captain Herbert, who was Poor Law Inspector at Kenmare in Ireland during the famine. Every morning corpses were found under the hedges along the roads leading to the town. They were always emaciated, the stomachs generally flat, so that the backbone could be felt through them.

'Money was found in the pockets of almost all of them. These were the bodies of persons who were travelling to Kenmare in order to emigrate, begging their way and keeping their little fund untouched for the purposes of the voyage; until they fell down from weakness, or lay down from fatigue and died in the night.'

The convent consists of a church and some neat cottages in which the monks lived separately. As we left it, I said that 'the two things which I should feel the most disagreeable in Catholicism, are its asceticism and its confession. I should detest incurring any useless privation or pain, and when in the confessional, should be always hesitating between the humiliation of disclosure and the guilt of concealment. Roman Catholics are liable to one sin more than Protestants.'

'What you call,' answered Tocqueville, 'the asceticism of the Catholics was in its origin a reaction against the sensualities of Paganism. And the passions which prompt us to enjoyment are so strong that I do not regret that some degree of abstinence is inculcated by eligion.'

'As for confession,' said Ampère, 'practically no humiliation is felt. After the longest confession both the penitent and the priest forget all that has been said, as soon as they quit the box. They meet the same evening in society without the least embarrassment.'

'After all,' continued Tocqueville, '*you* are not free from asceticism. What can be more ascetic than your Sunday? You think it your duty to give up on that day certain pleasures which in themselves you consider innocent. You do not think it wrong to go to a play on Saturday, but you think that it is meritorious to abstain from one on Sunday. You think that you please God by making to Him that little sacrifice on His peculiar day. What is this but asceticism, confined indeed to one day in the week, but still involving the principle

that there is something wrong in enjoyment, something virtuous in mortification?'

'This is quite true,' I said; 'but it is not a doctrine or a practice prescribed by the Anglican Church. There is nothing in the Articles or in the Formularies of the Anglican Church which requires an observance of Sunday different from that required by the Romish Church. Our ascetic observance of Sunday is a remnant of Puritanism; it came in with the Puritans, and unhappily has not gone out with them.'

We expected in the evening letters and papers from France, but a continuance of easterly winds has delayed the packet, and none arrived.

Tocqueville is very uncomfortable. 'I voted,' he said, 'against Louis Napoleon partly for the very reason which induced the great majority to support him; because he is, or at least is called, a Bonaparte, and partly from my deep distrust of his character. But when we had him, I was anxious that we should keep on good terms with him. He is essentially Prince—the *rôle* of Washington would have no charm for him. He has believed for twenty years that it is his destiny to be the permanent ruler of France, and his rashness is equal to his confidence. Still I think that it would have been possible, for a time at least, to avoid a rupture, and I have done all in my power to avert one. In all my letters I have urged my friends to conciliate him. But, now that the conflict has come, I earnestly wish that the Assembly may get the better. If the President succeed, if his powers, already perhaps too large for a Repre-

sentative Government, are prolonged and consolidated, he and his court will become the masters of France. The late debates have shown us, for the first time, a party calling itself the President's friends. They are endeavouring to form into a permanent party the minority of 286. That minority consisted originally of as many shades as the majority. There were those who wished merely to blame one portion of the conduct of the Ministers, there were those who did not intend even to blame, but merely to express regret. I trust that it will dissolve now that the accident which created it has passed. But if it does not, if it crystallises into a party, such a minority opposed to such a disunited majority will soon become the most powerful body in the Assembly.

'The people, too, are now in a state of mind in which, whatever be its follies or its usurpations, they will side with the Executive. They are thoroughly sick of revolutions, and would sacrifice the Constitution to avoid a contest.'

'It is lucky,' I said, 'that if your Constitution is in danger, it is not a more valuable one. If we were to lose ours, we should think our loss irreparable, but you could run up one as good as this in a few weeks.'

'The Constitution,' he answered, 'is detestable, but it gives us shelter. There is no saying what might happen in the interregnum. It is of some importance, too, to consider what is the character of the man who aspires to be our ruler. You think in England, I know, that he is essentially pacific. That he represents

the party of order, and that it is safer to have to deal with him than with the Assembly. Just at present, while he is thinking only of the means of buying friends and crushing enemies, he is quiescent, but he has notions about the part which France ought to play in the affairs of Europe which might make him a very disagreeable, perhaps a very dangerous, member of the political world.'

'You say,' I replied, 'that you have endeavoured to avert the conflict. But how could it have been averted, at least by what conduct on the part of the Assembly? All the aggression, at least until the Assembly turned and stood at bay on the 18th of January, seems to have been on the part of the President.'

'So it must seem,' answered Tocqueville, 'to anyone looking on from a distance; but almost from the beginning the whole tone and attitude of the Assembly has been unfriendly.

'Thiers' report of the affairs of Rome wounded him deeply; not so much by the censure which it cast on our negotiations with the Pope, as by the omission of all reference to his letter to Ney;[1] a letter which he thinks a glorious piece of statesmanship, and considers, certainly with perfect truth, entirely his own doing. Then the Chamber was stingy about the dotation, gave him only a part of what he asked, and gave it ungraciously.

[1] A non-official letter addressed by the President to M. Edgar Ney, expressing his admiration of the conduct of the French troops, and his warm approval of the policy which led to the Roman expedition.—Ed.

Again when a Permanent Committee was appointed during the adjournment, his friends were studiously excluded from it.

'It became well known that the *procès verbaux* of that Committee were unfavourable to him, and hints were frequently given that the time might come when some use would be made of them. Changarnier's popularity in the Assembly was apparently connected with his well-known enmity to the President. But it was still more in conversation that their dislike and jealousy showed themselves. He revenged himself by trying to tease and to irritate them.

'Baroche, his Minister, endeavoured to dismiss Yon, their Commissaire de Police; they were weak enough to support him. The creditor who arrested Mauguin was set on by the Elysée, and the Chamber was imprudent enough to assert that its members were privileged not to pay their debts.

'This declaration of want of confidence is the first open blow struck by the Assembly, as the dismissal of Changarnier was the first open blow struck by the President; but there has been a latent hostility between them for many months.'

Wednesday, February 5.—We went, the ladies on donkeys, to Meta and round by the side of the mountain.

We talked in the evening of the Constitution.

'The Committee,' said Tocqueville, 'which framed it, consisted chiefly of administrators and Republicans.

'The first wished to continue the existing system of centralisation, and, so far as this purpose required it, to

arm the Executive with all the powers of royalty. The second wished to deprive the President of all the privileges and immunities of royalty, and to make him merely the first officer of the Assembly. I tried to persuade them that these objects were inconsistent, and that if they imposed on their Executive the duty, or even gave to it the power, of universal interference, the head of that Executive would be their master; but I could scarcely obtain a hearing. The first day of our meeting, Lamennais proposed to give some little independent action to the Communes; he was opposed by Marrast—left, I believe, in a minority of three—and the next day resigned. Beaumont and I made a stand for two Chambers, and were beaten after a couple of days' debate. These were almost the only discussions that took place. Cormenin, who was President of the Committee, took on himself the duty of preparing the draft, assisted by Vivien. He brought to us every morning some part finished, and scarcely any beyond verbal alterations were made. Cormenin was our Solon.

'One part, and one part only, is good. It is the tribunal for the trial of political offences. The *Conseils généraux* of the eighty-six departments each select, by lot, a member of the grand jury, and out of this grand jury of eighty-six persons, the jury that tries the cause is also taken by lot. A respectable tribunal is thus obtained free from local prejudices.

'One objection,' continued Tocqueville, 'has been made to the Constitution which it does not fully deserve. It is said to have authorised the President to

become his own Prime Minister by declaring him responsible.

'It declares him responsible for attempts to subvert the Constitution. A responsibility which he would have incurred whether it had been expressed or not.

'Of his five immediate predecessors three were banished and one was beheaded. But the better opinion is, that by the Constitution, as it now stands, he is not responsible for the general policy of his Government. The Constitution directs a law to be framed determining the cases, other than the specified one of an attack on the prerogatives of the Assembly, in which the President and his Ministers are to incur personal responsibility. No such law has yet been passed. When passed it cannot be retro-active. He cannot, therefore, at present, incur any responsibility, except in the specified case of his interfering with the prerogatives of the Assembly. The Assembly without doubt ought to obey the Constitution, and to pass a law defining ministerial responsibility and directing its punishment. But if they extended it to the President, and declared him impeachable for general mal-administration, or for unwise administration, I think that their law in those respects would be unconstitutional and void.'

Thursday, February 6.—We went—three of us as usual on donkeys and two on foot—to the Cape of Sorrento, a singularly beautiful walk, running round the cliff.

The whole cape is covered with Roman remains ; some

of them are supposed to have been baths, others belong to a Temple of Neptune.

In the evening the papers arrived containing the list of the new French Ministry. It consists of a set of clerks, not members of the Assembly, but taken from the public offices.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, for instance, is M. Brennier, a clerk in the Foreign Office, charged with its Finance, whose business it was to audit the accounts of the French Ministers in foreign Courts—intelligent, but a man who probably never read a despatch in his life. Not one of them except Royer, who is a lawyer, has any practice in public speaking.

The Constitution gives them the right to be present in the Assembly and to speak—a right, which of course they must submit to use, and of course the exhibition will be deplorable. This is an attempt to carry into practice the theory of the separation of the executive and legislative functions.

If the people submit to it—and Tocqueville is not sure that they will not—Parliamentary Government is at an end.

Friday, February 7, 1851.—Tocqueville, Ampère, and I, with an ass carrying our baggage, walked over the mountains to Scaricatori, a little landing-place on the Bay of Salerno, about six miles from Sorrento. It took us two hours, the last two miles being a steep rough staircase which the ass would not descend. Thence we took a boat with four rowers, which carried us in two hours and a half to Amalfi, passing close under a range

of mountains from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, ending precipitously in deep water. Every rocky promontory was crowned with one of the picturesque towers erected by Charles V. as a protection against the Barbary corsairs. They were called Martello Towers because they gave the alarm by a bell struck with a hammer—martello.

Our boatmen rowed standing like the Venetians, an exercise which brings all the limbs into play, and gives them fine erect figures. Living in a warmer climate than that of Venice, they do not cramp their muscles by clothes. While we were lunching on the beach at Scaricatori a boatman stood opposite to us, leaning on the high prow of his boat, who was one of the handsomest men that I ever saw. He had no clothes except a linen shirt, open almost to the waist, and linen drawers going half way down the thigh. But though this is the 7th of February, he seemed to want no more.

There was a strong land wind, so we hugged the shore, often passing between a steep headland and an insulated rock. Wherever the ground between the mountain tops and the sea is sufficiently inclined to give a foundation for houses, it is dotted over with large villages, or rather towns, in which the houses rise like steps, tier above tier, and to which the only access is by mule-paths, or from the sea by little coves cut out by the mountain torrents into the precipice.

The most considerable of these towns is Amalfi, once containing, together with Scala, Atrani, and Ravello, which are its suburbs, separated from it only by the

sharp promontories which the mountain thrusts out into the sea, 500,000 inhabitants.

Scala now contains the ruins of 130 churches. At that time, that is to say, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the Republic of Amalfi was one of the first, perhaps the first naval power in the world. It laid down the bases of Maritime Law; it founded the order of the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem, which afterwards became the order of Malta; it preserved for Europe the Pandects; it claims to have invented the compass.

Now its squalid houses line the shore for about a mile, and run up the two deep gorges, each containing a torrent, which are divided by the mountainous promontory, on the top of which are the vast ruins of the Castle of Pontone.

We went up the second gorge which divides Scala from Atrani and Ravello, and then climbed to the plateau on which stands the Cathedral of Ravello. It contains two pulpits with fine arabesque mosaics. In this cathedral Pope Adrian IV. in the twelfth century celebrated mass in the presence of 600 Ravello nobles of whom thirty-six were knights of the order of St. John. I doubt whether there are now 600 families in all Ravello.

Near the cathedral are the remains of a castellated palace, with a cloister in two stories of Moorish pillars and arches: probably the work of a Saracen garrison, with which Roger of Sicily occupied the town in the beginning of the twelfth century.

We slept at La Luna in Amalfi, an ancient convent converted into an inn ; the cloister, the arcades of which rest on more than 100 dwarf pillars, is still perfect. We had good beds and clean rooms and tolerable food. Three tallow candles were given to us: when they burned low we asked for more, but none were in the house, and the shops being shut, none were to be bought. So we went to bed for want of light at ten. No fire-places, but the rooms, looking south over the sea, were warm.

Amalfi is a charming winter residence, but must be stifling in the summer.

Saturday, February 8.—We visited before breakfast the cathedral. Before it is a broad portico, of which the arches rest on columns of different orders and proportions, evidently taken, as are the architraves over the doors, from ancient temples. Within are some good arabesques in mosaic, and some fine columns stolen like those without.

The inhabitants are the most shameless beggars that I have ever seen even in Italy. Old men and women and children are beggars everywhere south of the Alps, but in Amalfi, tall, stout, well-dressed young men ran from their work to implore *qualche cosa.*

We walked up the Amalfi gorge, till the path terminated in a paper-mill. Every projecting plateau is covered with ruins ; some said to be Roman, which I doubt, but many belong to the eighth or ninth centuries. Half way up the mountain the house of Masaniello was pointed out to us.

I am sorry that we had not time to visit Scala. Amalfi in fact requires days: we gave it only an evening and a morning. It is beautifully situated, and is a striking exhibition of decayed power and wealth, but I did not find it so pre-eminently picturesque as I expected. Perhaps in summer when the vines and fig-trees are all green, it may be much more so than it is in winter.

We returned to Sorrento in three hours and three quarters. The safest way to visit Amalfi is to sleep at La Cava, and then go on foot or on a donkey, for there is no carriage road, along the coast path through Vietri, Maiori, and Minori, which takes about four hours and a half. It must be wonderfully beautiful.

The course which we took is the shortest and easiest in fine weather, but either rain or wind would have made it intolerable. Since I have been here however—indeed, since I left Sicily three weeks ago—we have had rain only twice, and then it ceased before noon.

This is, I suppose, the only country in Europe, calling itself civilised, in which a large and populous district has no carriage road to it or through it.

In the evening Tocqueville told us the story of Ben Ferrhat, an Arab chief, which was told to him in the chief's presence, over a bivouac fire in the desert.

The Duc d'Aumale was crossing the desert to the north of Algeria, at the head of a column consisting of one or two battalions of infantry, 500 French mounted Chasseurs d'Afrique, and 1,000 native cavalry led by Ben Ferrhat.

There was a want of water, and he went with all his

cavalry towards some wells on a plateau at some miles' distance. As they reached the foot of the plateau, about an hour after sunset, the advance guard rode back in great alarm, and reported that on the plateau they had discovered the Smala, or travelling town of Abd-el-Kader. It was known to contain at least 6,000 of his best troops.

The Duke said to retire was impossible, they should be discovered and pursued ; that the only thing to do was to attack it. This the Arab auxiliaries refused to do ; they were sent back therefore to hasten up the infantry. Ben Ferrhat alone stood by his friends. The French rode up to the camp and dashed into it in one compact body.

The Arabs, surprised in their sleep, and ignorant what might be the number of the assailants, took to flight, leaving their women behind them. Among them was a very handsome girl, the daughter of Kharoubi, Abd-el-Kader's Prime Minister.

The Duc d'Aumale having performed one really heroic act, thought that he might go a little further, and, *more heroico*, bestowed the young lady on Ben Ferrhat. Kharoubi, her father, went to Algiers, submitted to the French authorities. and then required the Governor, Marshal Bugeaud, to restore to him his daughter. It was difficult to refuse. The French had solemnly promised to respect the Arab laws, according to which a girl cannot be married without her father's consent. And his consent to her marriage with Ben Ferrhat, Kharoubi declared that he never had given, and never would give.

On the other hand, Ben Ferrhat was a chief of importance, and had just performed a great service.

After much deliberation, Bugeaud resolved to obey the law, and sent an aide-de-camp to Ben Ferrhat's camp, forty-eight hours' ride from Algiers, to require him to surrender his wife. He was much attached to her, and she was pregnant: but he submitted: brought her to Algiers, delivered her to her father, and then retired, like Achilles, to sulk in his desert camp.

Kharoubi, however, did not keep faith with his new superiors. A treasonable correspondence between him and Abd-el-Kader was detected. Bugeaud offered him his life, if he would consent to the marriage. He hesitated for a day, but considering probably that his power of refusal would terminate with his life, at length submitted.

News was sent to Ben Ferrhat, who arrived two days after it reached him, having ridden for forty-eight hours without stopping; and when Tocqueville saw him they were supposed to be a happy couple. 'He was,' said Tocqueville, 'perhaps the handsomest man I ever saw, set off by a magnificent and picturesque dress.' [1]

Sunday, February 9.—I walked before breakfast to the Cape.

[1] In 1855, in Algiers, I heard from M. de Fénélon the subsequent history of Ben Ferrhat's wife. She was fourteen at the time of her marriage in 1842, and therefore twenty-seven in 1855, an age at which an Arab female is an old woman. Ben Ferrhat is a rich man, the Ben-Aga of his tribe. As rich Mussulmans usually do, he has taken younger wives, so that the romance of the life of the first wife is over.—N. W. Senior.

Before the gate of Sorrento, as I went and as I returned, that is at nine and at ten, there was a busy market, in which pork, vegetables, fish, chestnuts, willow withes, crockery, wood, bread, old clothes, and all the abominations which Neapolitans sell in the streets, filled up the road. The wind was north-easterly, and cold; with us the sky was clouded, but Naples lay basking in the sunshine so distinct that it might be supposed to be five miles off instead of eighteen. About two, a thick cloud covered Vesuvius. It suddenly dispersed at three, leaving the mountain white with snow.

The papers brought us in the evening the meagre result of the 'interpellations' addressed to the new French Ministry on the the 25th.

'The Assembly,' said Tocqueville, 'has acted as a large heterogeneous body may be expected to act. It has made an attack and recoiled: shown its anger and perhaps its impotence. I have no fear that what may be called the liberties of France, such as they are, will be diminished. We have now enjoyed legal government for thirty-two years; and we shall retain it. But I fear that the monarchical element in our institutions will gain more strength, and that the representative body will be made weaker than has been the case with either of them since the Empire.

'As for the Assembly, the probability seems to be that until it is roused in May by the great question of the revision of the Constitution, it will sink into inactivity. It has indeed much to do if it chooses to employ itself.

There are the laws respecting mortgages to be almost remade. There is a poor-law to be invented. There are municipal institutions to be created. But I fear that after the excitement of this struggle, it will be disgusted by its ill success, be unable to act cordially with the President, or with Ministers whom it despises, and will fritter away the next two months on trifles, or in undignified disputes between the Royalist parties and the Montagne.'

'Will the revision of the Constitution,' I said, 'be a matter of earnest debate? I thought that everybody was agreed as to its necessity.'

'Everybody,' answered Tocqueville, 'is agreed as to the badness of the Constitution, and all sensible and all moderate men are anxious for its revision; not only will it be a matter vehemently debated, but I doubt whether the requisite majority, three-fourths, will be obtained. All the parties who fear that it will be altered in a manner unfavourable to themselves will oppose the revision.

'The Montagnards of course will oppose it; they know that the next Constitution will be less Republican than this is, and I am not sure what will be the conduct of either the Legitimists, the Orleanists, or the Imperialists if any of them should fear to be a loser.'

Monday, February 10.—We walked to the mountain over the Cape, and thence home by a sort of staircase cut or beaten out on the face of the precipice.

We talked of the great writers of the eighteenth

century. *Les Quatre* it was agreed were Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Buffon.

'Whom,' said Ampère to Tocqueville, 'do you put highest?'

'Voltaire,' answered Tocqueville. 'Nothing can exceed the clearness, the finesse, the gaiety, and yet the simplicity of his style. He had a right to answer, as he did, to a lady who talked to him about the beauty of his phrases, "Madame, je n'ai jamais fait une phrase de ma vie." Next, perhaps, as to style comes Buffon; sometimes indeed, a little on stilts (the reader easily believes, what we are told, that he never wrote except full dressed, and *bien poudré*), but brilliant, and flowing, and sometimes even poetical.'

'Montesquieu is a little artificial; and Rousseau, in his earlier works, indulged in long sentences, managed, it is true, with wonderful skill, but still giving to them a laboured air.

'It is on his "Confessions" that his fame will rest.'

Tuesday, February 11.—This is the third day of winter, that is, of a violent north-easterly wind, which, when you are exposed to it, renders a great coat necessary. When sheltered from it and in the sun, it is summer. We walked to the two ports of Meta. Meta seems to be a much more thriving place than Sorrento. The streets are clean, and we found no beggars. Like many other towns, however, in the Neapolitan dominions, it has the marks of decay.

We passed many houses that must once have been palaces, with escutcheons, most of them defaced, over

the doors, and fine arcaded cortiles within ; now tenanted by persons of the lower classes or just above them.

Ampère talked of the revolution of 1848.

'It quite took me in,' he said. 'I believed that power was at last in the hands of the people ; that being biassed by no class interests, they would wish to use it for the benefit of all, and that the experience acquired in sixty years of revolution had at length taught them how to employ it. I made a speech to my pupils in the Collége de France, which had the most brilliant success. When I said "We reject demagogues but welcome democracy," there was a shout that might have been heard across the river.'

'Yes,' said Tocqueville. 'You dined with me on February 24 ; the events of the morning made me forget the engagement. I came home worn out by the struggle, and overwhelmed by the result, and almost choked with feelings which I had not been able to express. I found you radiant with delight. This was too much. I poured forth on you all my wrath and indignation. I abused you for a man of letters, who knew nothing about politics, and I warned you that whatever or whoever gained by what had happened, it would not be liberty, or the friends of liberty.'

'Well,' said Ampère, 'you were quite right, and since that time I have been afraid to trust myself on politics.'

Wednesday, February 12.—The wind is still north, but its violence is over. To-day there is scarcely a ripple on the sea, and it is too warm for a great coat. It is supposed that the last three days formed the winter of

this year. Yesterday, however, was sharp enough to affect seriously M. Ampère ; he went out without a great coat, caught cold, and to-day is in bed. We rode and walked to the Marina or Port of Serano, a village between the Piano of Sorrento and Vico. It contains an eminently picturesque martello tower, a little pier running out into the sea, and some houses with arcades and flat roofs in the irregular style of an Italian village ; above them rises the mountain, its sides covered with yellow sandstone and sand dotted over with ancient olives. All these are the component parts of Stansfield's great picture in the dining-room at Bowood, though they are not arranged in the picture precisely as they are in nature. I suspect that Stansfield sketched separately the different parts of the Marina of Serano, and then united them in the manner which he thought best in a picture.

Thursday, February 13.—We walked and rode to the Camaldoli Convent, and returned by the eastern side of the mountain.

Tocqueville talked of the resemblance of the present state of affairs in France to that which existed under the Constitution of l'an III, or of 1795 before the *coup d'état* of the 18th fructidor.

'In each case,' said Tocqueville, 'the Constitution was made by a single Assembly which had succeeded to a Constitutional Monarchy, and had ruled despotically, comprehending in itself absolute legislative and absolute executive power; in each case an attempt was made to keep the powers separate—to have an executive totally

deprived of legislative authority, not possessing even a *veto*, and a legislative body confined to the business of legislation. In the Constitution of 1795, the separation was complete, for members of the legislative body were excluded from all public functions. The present Constitution allows them to be Ministers.

'At this instant, however, when not a single Minister is a member of the Assembly, the practical result of each Constitution is the same; and even when the Ministers were taken from the Assembly, the number was so small, that more than 740 members had nothing to do but to make laws. Now, this is not enough to occupy them, and even if it were, an Assembly elected by the people, and believing itself to be the supreme power, cannot resist the temptation to take part in the actual government of the country.

'The least that it requires is that the government should be carried on by Ministers in whom it has confidence. But the supreme executive power has the same pretension. Not only the power but the duty of selecting the Ministers belongs to it. Under the Constitution of 1795, therefore, as under that of 1848, the choice of Ministers became a subject of quarrel between the executive and the legislative authorities.

'The Directory was in appearance far less formidable than our President is. It was a composite body and a fluctuating one. What was more important, it was nominated, not by the people, but by the legislature. And what was more important still, the Nation was against it. The Nation, at least that part of the Nation

which possessed political power, was Royalist. Not perhaps Bourbonist, but, as it showed two years after the 18th fructidor, Monarchical. And yet the executive then trampled under foot the legislative, almost without a struggle. It did so simply because the army was on its side. The mobs of Marseilles and Paris and the army were the only democratic bodies in France.

'We had conquered Europe, under the cry of war against kings. Every soldier hoped that under democratic institutions he should become an officer, and almost every officer, for every officer was a *roturier*, dreaded that if the *ancien régime* was re-established he would lose all hope of advancement, perhaps even his commission. The army therefore sided with the democratic executive against the aristocratic or monarchical legislature. And it was irresistible; who can say that it would not be so now?

'Perhaps the best defence of a national guard is the enormous power of the army. It is seldom that a national guard can be relied on against a mob, but it is a great protection against the army, for the soldiers are not easily induced to fire on persons in uniform.'

Friday, February 14.—The winter seems to be over. Though there was a sharp frost this morning, it is warm in the sun, and there is the dazzling haze from the earth which we see only on a hot summer's day in England. It is about the temperature of our finest weather in the beginning of September.

The news of the President's demand of an additional civil list of 1,800,000 francs has just reached us. Tocque-

ville thinks it so hopeless, that it must have been made for the purpose of failing, in order to give him a further subject of complaint against the Assembly.

'As far as I can judge at this distance,' he added, 'both parties seem preparing for a decisive struggle. Each seems to be confident in its strength. There is not a man of any importance in the Assembly who has not joined the opposition. A majority so constituted can scarcely recede. On the other hand, the President thinks that the Nation is with him. If he were to attempt an 18th brumaire, I will not say that he would not succeed. His difficulties would begin with his first success.

'He has a quality fatal to permanent influence over men;—a love of inferior company, I mean intellectually. He is shy—he has little conversation, no readiness, he cannot speak; he feels, therefore, ill at ease with men of talent—this is one of the reasons why he hates popular bodies. He fears and dislikes orators. He surrounds himself, therefore, with puppets, who, as soon as he tries to use them, will break in his hands.'

Saturday, February 15.—I walked with Tocqueville to Massa and thence towards the Cape.

We talked of Talleyrand. I said that he appeared to me to have been very indiscreet—that nothing could be more indiscreet than his celebrated aphorism 'that language was given to man to disguise his thoughts.'

'I do not know,' answered Tocqueville, 'that he is to be called indiscreet, for indiscretion is the frankness of a

man who does not know that he is laying bare what ought to be kept covered.

'Talleyrand knew perfectly well that he was talking imprudently, but he yielded to the temptation of a *bon mot*, a temptation which no Frenchman resists; and perhaps he was right in doing so—for the charms of his conversation were among the means of his success. It was principally through them that he captivated Bonaparte.'

'Had Bonaparte,' I asked, 'good taste in society?'

'Better,' answered Tocqueville, 'than in most other things. His feelings were all aristocratic. He liked people of birth and refinement. He never forgot that he was *gentilhomme* himself, and though there was something brusque in his general manner, he could be delightful when he chose.'

'The Empire,' I said, 'must have been an amusing time.'

'Not very much,' answered Tocqueville, 'for civilians. They were obscured by the military reputations, and military life passed away almost too rapidly to be amusing. I have heard of whole regiments which in a few years were killed three times over. It seems absurd to say so, but one gets accustomed to being killed. A short time before I left Paris, I was talking to an old friend, Rulhières, who passed through most of the campaigns of the *grande armée*. He told me that at Friedland his men stood motionless for two hours before a Russian battery;—the only sound heard was the voice of an officer, who, whenever a man was struck, cried,

"Emportez-le, et serrez vos rangs." Nothing but twenty years of war—that is to say, the traditionary rules of conduct formed during twenty years of war—could enable men to exhibit this patient self-devotion. Our revolutionary armies were fanatically daring, but they had not this passive heroism. They would have dashed at the battery and have been blown to pieces.

'Rulhières,' he added, 'told me a characteristic story of a Russian. He was a man of high rank who had been sent to our head-quarters on a mission, and lived for some time on intimate terms with our staff, particularly with Rulhières. At the battle of Eylau Rulhières was taken prisoner. He caught the eye of his Russian friend who came to offer his services. "You can do me," he said, "an essential service. One of your Cossacks yonder has just seized my horse and cloak. I am dying of fatigue and cold. If you can get them for me, you may save my life." The Russian went to the Cossack, talked to him rather sharply, probably on the wickedness of robbing a prisoner, got possession of the horse and cloak, put on the one and mounted the other, and Rulhières never saw him again.'

Sunday, February 16.—Tocqueville, Ampère, and I spent a day at Pompeii. I think that I was more struck than the last time by the splendour and good taste of the public edifices, and by the smallness, not of the houses, for each of the considerable houses covers a large space, but of the private rooms: the largest tablinium or drawing-room, and the largest triclinium or dining-room, is about twenty feet square. It is clear

that there were no balls or routs in Pompeii, and that the dinner-parties were small. In the male public bath is the bronze framework of a window consisting of four panes, each about 24 inches by 18. The Romans, therefore, had glass windows not differing much from ours. In one house newly discovered, the statues round a fountain remain as they were found. They appeared to me in very bad taste: dogs, ducks, and dolphins of marble like the ornaments in a Dutch tradesman's garden. Probably the house belonged to a Pompeiian grocer.

Monday, February 17.—I walked with Tocqueville and Ampère to Massa and round by the deserto di Sta Agatha. During the walk and in the evening we talked of the Roman expedition.

'Of its three motives,' I said, 'the maintenance of French influence in Italy, the restoration of the Pope, and the introduction or preservation in Rome of liberal institutions, only the second has been obtained.'

'The first,' said Tocqueville, 'cannot be said to have totally failed. It is true that we have not increased our popularity; the Roman people do not know, indeed nobody knows, the efforts that we have made in their behalf; they do not sufficiently feel that, if we had not interfered, Austria certainly would, and that Radetski would not, have carried on the siege, or used the victory, in quite the same spirit as Oudinot. But still we are there. Austria has it not all her own way. We have shown that we are able and willing to take a decisive part in Italian affairs. If we had refused the Pope's application, and the Austrians had brought him back,

as they certainly would have done, they would have had a pretence to object to any interference on our part. Now as masters of Rome, we have at least a right to be heard. I am not bound, however, to defend the Roman expedition. It was no act of mine. When I entered the cabinet we were already at Civita Vecchia. All that I could do was to impress on Oudinot the necessity of so conducting the siege as to avoid injuring the property of the whole Christian world, the monuments of Rome. In this attempt we succeeded.'

'Yes,' said Ampère, 'almost the whole damage which the siege has done is the destruction of the trees and frescoes in the Borghese Gardens; and this was done not by us, but by the Republican Triumvirs out of pure spite to the prince, for it was totally useless.'

'This mode of conducting the siege,' continued Tocqueville, 'actually occasioned to us some loss of men, and much of time, and exposed us to dangers which make me tremble when I think of them. If the unhealthy season had arrived at its usual time, and found our army encamped on the banks of the Tiber, it would have been laid waste by fever. If Rome had resisted for three weeks longer, this calamity would certainly have overtaken us, and there is no saying what political ones might have followed.

'Now the mode in which we were proceeding, making no use of shells, and directing our attack only against the quarters where there was nothing valuable to injure, was so slow that the day before the town surrendered,

our engineers estimated that it would hold out for twenty or twenty-one days longer. Happily the municipality, which the 20,000 foreign refugees had kept down by the terror of imprisonment, executions, and assassinations, took courage at last, and forced them to let us in; but it was a happiness that we had no right to expect. We owe it in fact principally to Ledru Rollin and his friends. The Roman garrison speculated on the assistance of the Parisian mob. When the failure of that silly insurrection showed that there was no hope from France, they lost heart, suffered the municipality to treat, and began to make their escape during the negotiation.

'The cardinals at Gaeta during the siege were always contrasting our slow proceedings with the vigour with which the Austrians reduced Bologna. They did not perhaps, in so many words, require us to bombard Rome, but to obey them and bring the siege to an end rapidly, that is what we must have done. And if any other of the Catholic Powers, Spain, or Naples, or Austria, had taken on itself the settling of the Roman affair, the town would have been reduced in a week by destroying perhaps a third of it.

'From the time that Oudinot entered Rome in July, till we were turned out of office at the end of October, the whole object of my correspondence with Corcelle was to induce the Pope to grant liberal institutions to his people. I considered this as the most important of the three objects of the expedition: as an object affecting

not only our interests, but our honour; as an object without which the whole expedition was a lamentable failure.'

'As between you and the Pope,' I said, 'I suppose that you founded your right to make this demand on his having required your aid?'

'Certainly,' he answered. 'When a sovereign requests a friendly Power to send an army into his territories, not to resist a foreign enemy, but to put down a domestic insurrection, he contracts a tacit engagement with that Power to follow, at least to a considerable degree, its advice as to the use to be made of the victory. You occupied Sicily merely as auxiliaries, but you made the king give it a constitution.'

'And on what,' I asked, 'did you found your right as against the Roman Republic?'

'As against the Triumvirs,' he answered, 'on their being at the head of a horde of foreign ruffians driven into Rome by the disgust and indignation of all other countries—who were oppressors of the Roman people.

'As against the Roman people, on the ground that France is the first Catholic Power, that the spiritual authority of the Pope is essential to the welfare of the Catholic world, and that some degree of temporal power is necessary for the permanent exercise of his spiritual power. On these grounds what *appear* to be the domestic affairs of Rome, and *would* be its domestic affairs if the Pope was at Avignon, have always been a matter in which the rest of Europe, Protestant as well as Catholic, has thought itself justified in interfering.'

'And what,' I said, 'were the concessions which you required from the Pope?'

'They were five,' he answered.

'First. A renewed recognition of the general principle of liberty and security proclaimed by the Pope in his celebrated statute of the 17th March, 1848.

'Secondly. A new organisation of the Roman Courts of Justice.

'Thirdly. A Civil Code resembling the Code of Piedmont, or of Naples, which are in fact taken from the Code of Napoleon.

'Fourthly. Elective Municipal and National Councils. The Pope by his *motu proprio* of the 14th October, 1847, created a National Assembly called a "Consulta," which was authorised to advise, but not to legislate. We required one which should have deliberative power on matters of taxation.

'Fifthly. The secularisation of the public administration.

'Of these requisitions, the two last were of course the most material. *We* perhaps attached most importance to vesting in an elected body the powers of taxation, but as respects the feelings of the Roman people, the substitution of a lay for a clerical administration was the most urgent of all reforms. Their hatred against their ecclesiastical rulers is indescribable. It is such that the Pope can retain them only while his capital is occupied by foreign troops. The instant that we go, unless the Austrians take our place, there will be a new revolution which will sweep away every clerical functionary.'

'You did not seriously hope,' I replied, 'to obtain all these demands.'

'I believe,' he answered, 'that when we made them, many of them were hopeless,—though I thought it my duty to urge all of them as earnestly as if I expected to gain my point. But there was a time when they might at least have been promised, and perhaps ostensibly performed. That was when Pio Nono first asked our assistance. He had then quarrelled with Austria. Naples was democratic,—he was on bad terms with Piedmont, and applied only to us. Cavaignac was timid and refused; but, if we ought to have interfered at all, that was the time. When the Pope was at Gaeta surrounded by the Spanish, Neapolitan, and Bavarian ministers, when he had lost Rossi, when he had thrown himself into the hands of the cardinals, it was too late to prescribe terms to him. Corcelle could get nothing but general promises. When he asked for something specific, Cardinal Antonelli complained that he was interfering between the Pope and his subjects. With great exertion he was prevailed on to grant an amnesty; but it was subject to so many generic exceptions that it rather resembled a proscription. All who had sat in the Constituent Chamber, for example, were excepted. All who had taken advantage of any previous amnesty, even all who had assisted in the destruction of houses for purposes of defence. We could not stand this. We told the Pope plainly that no executions should take place in a town in which the French flag was flying, and we gave those who were excluded

from the amnesty the means of reaching England or America.

'Every other request was met by a passive resistance. With so weak a man as Pio Nono the influence of those immediately about him is omnipotent. The cardinals, old, ignorant, timid and selfish, detest all change, and he does not venture to differ from them.

'When urged by Corcelle, he used to answer, "That neither threats nor entreaties would lead him to violate a scruple,—that he was as much Pope at Gaeta as at Rome, and that the French might do as they liked."

'We were more than once in danger of his throwing Rome on our hands. He wanted at one time to go to Lorretto. Corcelle remarked that as our Lady of Lorretto was at that time under the protection of Austrian bayonets, such a journey would be unpopular at Rome. But he was met by a statement of the Pope's special veneration for that Virgin. What could one answer to such arguments? It was like a contest with a woman.

'He felt deeply his want of power to act for himself. He seems to have thought seriously of trying to obtain some administrators from France, and he bitterly lamented the loss of Rossi. He said to Corcelle, "C'est le seul homme d'état capable de soutenir une nouvelle politique que j'ai pu trouver, et on me l'a tué."

'His religious prejudices, too, are very sensitive. When Corcelle talked to him of legislative reforms, and suggested the institutions of France as a good model, he asked with an expression of alarm, whether we had not legalized divorce?

'It was a great misfortune to Rome, to us, and indeed to the Pope himself, that he did not execute his original intention of taking refuge in France. The scheme was, that the Duc d'Harcourt, our Minister in Rome, should arrange the means of taking him to France, and that the Bavarian Minister should carry him to Gaeta, where he was to embark. So Harcourt with all the Pope's baggage went to Civita Vecchia, the same night that the Pope went to Gaeta. Harcourt found the "Vauban" at Civita Vecchia, and came round with her to Gaeta. By that time the Pope had been two days in Gaeta, had been received with all sorts of honours and veneration, and found himself so comfortable that he refused to move farther. Harcourt ought to have foreseen this, and have taken the Pope instead of his trunks to Civita Vecchia.

'The whole influence of Naples was of course unfavourable to us, and it was exercised in the teasing, childish manner which was to be expected from her.

'When Corcelle reached Gaeta, carrying the first intelligence of our entry into Rome, and eager to make an impression on the Pope while his heart was expanded by good news, he was put into quarantine, on the pretext that the "Cerbère" which brought him came from Toulon, and that there was cholera in Paris.

'He protested; the Ministers could not venture to decide. The King was consulted; he asked for further explanations, and after a long delay Corcelle was permitted to land; but his papers and his secretary were detained on board the "Cerbère" in quarantine, and it was

only the following evening that the King was induced to connive at Corcelle's going thither by night and stealing them.'

'How did the Austrians behave?' I asked.

'Better,' he answered, 'than could have been expected. Austria was then professing to be constitutional, and affecting liberality. Esterhazy, who represented Austria at Gaeta, thoroughly approved, at least in his conversations with Corcelle, the secularisation of the Government, and the power of the Consulta in matters of taxation.

'It is remarkable that one of the grounds on which the President dismissed us was our not obtaining greater concessions from the Pope; but directly we were gone, he himself, or at least his Ministers, gave up everything. His vanity was satisfied with having insulted the Pope by his letter to Ney, and with having insulted the Chamber by turning out a Ministry without consulting it, and his interest in the affairs of Rome was then over.'

'But what,' I asked, 'could you have done if you had remained, and the Pope had continued obstinate?'

'We could have set ourselves,' answered Tocqueville, 'right with Europe, and have refused to sanction by our presence what we could not prevent.

'Our intention was, in that event, to draw up a protest stating all that we had asked on behalf of the Roman people—the grounds on which we had asked it, and the manner in which it had been refused or eluded. To present it to the Pope, to publish it in the "Moniteur," and to withdraw our troops from Rome, leaving this appeal

to Europe and to posterity. This was the threat which we found most effective with the Pope. In the full consciousness of his unassailable spiritual power he was indifferent to the manner in which we might think fit to deal with his temporal authority, provided we did not ask for his concurrence. But he dreaded being brought to the bar of public opinion. Another menace, which from time to time we threw out, though with less sincerity, for I doubt whether we should have ventured to put it in force, was a Congress on the affairs of Rome. A Congress to which, as was the case in 1831, the Protestant Powers with Catholic subjects must have been admitted.

'This alarmed him, but I suspect that he saw that it would be nearly as disagreeable to us as to himself.'

Tuesday, February 18.—Tocqueville suffered yesterday from the sun, and Ampère has not recovered his strength; so to-day we walked in the shade through the Sorrentine lanes. In the middle of the town is an Egyptian kneeling figure of black marble. Ampère read the inscription. It appears to have been made in the reign of Sethos, the father of Sesostris or Rhameses the Second, the greatest king of the great eighteenth dynasty. It belongs, therefore, to the most brilliant period of Egyptian art and power, about 900 years before the foundation of Rome.

'We wonder,' said Ampère, 'at the magnificence of Imperial Rome; at the vastness of its theatres, and temples, and palaces, and its forums, one succeeding another. But all this was merely elegant and pretty compared to Thebes at the time when that statue

was carved. Thebes covered a larger space than Rome in its greatest days. The temples and palaces of Thebes were grander in their size and in their proportions. The Coliseum itself is far less impressive than the great temple of Carnac, with its 160 columns each sixty feet high.'

Wednesday, February 19.—The wind has turned to the south-east, and is damp. We wandered along the ravines of the Piano, looking into deep winding gorges, covered, wherever there is soil enough to receive a root, with oranges and olives. We talked of the Russian army.

'It is the only continental army,' said Tocqueville, 'for which our soldiers have any respect. They do not believe that the Germans, and of course, still less the Italians or the Spaniards, would have any chance against them with equal, or nearly equal numbers; but they dread the Russians. Excepting at Austerlitz, and then the Russians were commanded by Alexander, they have never suffered a complete defeat.

'At Eylau, at Friedland, at Borodino they were beaten—that is to say, they had to quit the field of battle, but their material force was not seriously injured, and their courage and discipline were untouched.

'Lamoricière, who is an excellent judge, returned from Petersburg in 1849, full of admiration. The officers are ignorant, and not always well affected, but the men have almost all the qualities that can be wished for; they can live on almost nothing, bear any fatigue and privation, have a mixture of love and adoration for their Emperor,

glory in being Russians and soldiers, and as they are soldiers for life, are perfectly drilled and disciplined.

'He was present at a great religious ceremony at Warsaw. Before the altar was the Emperor kneeling with the appearance of fervid devotion. Round him was a staff of generals and *aides-de-camp*, whispering and joking, for the Russian higher classes have taken up infidelity since we have left it off. But beyond these were the troops gazing on the altar and on the Emperor, with apparently equal reverence.'

Thursday, February 20.—It was hot in the sun before breakfast, but towards noon clouded over, and in the evening some rain fell; the first since the day after our arrival, nearly a month ago.

We talked in the evening of the Memoirs of Louis XVIII. I said that they had deceived Lord Granville, who told me in 1832 that he thought them authentic.

'They were written,' said Tocqueville, 'by some one who had excellent information: those memoirs, and those of *un homme d'état*, and the Mémorial de Ste. Hélène are to be separated from the ordinary manufactures, such as those of Madame du Barry, Fouché, &c., &c.

'Who wrote,' I said, 'the Mémorial de Ste. Hélène?'

'An abbé de Château vieux,' said Tocqueville, 'who kept the secret, except to one or two intimate friends, during his life, but revealed it by his will. He wrote nothing else very remarkable, and was not even a Parisian, which accounts for his never having been suspected.'

From the Memoirs of Louis XVIII. we passed to the man.

'He was,' said Tocqueville, 'the only sovereign of France who has had the good sense, or the patience to govern constitutionally. He made a few mistakes at the beginning—offended the army by his *gardes du corps*, and still more by Ney's execution; but during the remainder of his reign he took his Ministers from the majority, and his policy from his Ministers, and reigned in as Parliamentary a manner as if he had been King of England.

'It has been said that the Bourbons are a worn-out race, and Louis XVI., Ferdinand I. of Naples, and Charles IV. of Spain are used as examples: but what can be more thoroughly Bourbon than Louis Philippe's family—the children of a French Bourbon by a Neapolitan Bourbon? And yet they would be a most distinguished family in private life. I cannot but believe that the French Bourbons are still destined to act a great part, and their present fortunes are preparing them for it.'

We left Sorrento on the next day for Rome.

Correspondence.

Rome, March 1, 1851.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—I impressed on Lady Holland's mind your ineffectual attempt to see her when you were last in Naples, and she hopes that next time you come you will let her know beforehand, and they will keep themselves disengaged for you.

We are splendidly lodged here, in the only set of apartments we could find in Rome, and find the hotel

pre-eminent in excellence. From our rooms we see nothing but gardens, and do not hear a single sound except our own voices. The cooking and attendance are perfect.

I could hear no English news in Naples, but I found here a letter from Lord Lansdowne, dated February 17. 'You have escaped,' he says, 'a religious storm which rages with a fury that can scarcely be said to abate. It might have been avoided altogether, had nothing been desired but an improved organisation for the spiritual objects of the R. C. priesthood, and the mode of effecting it chosen with some knowledge of the temper of the people here, the great bulk of whom are more Protestant than ever in feeling, and have had this feeling wounded at every point that was most susceptible. Still with the exception of a few contemptible instances, the whole discussion has been carried on in a far more tolerant tone than would have been the case half a century ago.'

All the world here is mad with the Carnival, therefore I have delivered no letters, and seen nobody.

Kindest regards from us all to you and Madame de Tocqueville, and tell M. Ampère that we are anxiously looking out for him.

Ever yours,
N. W. Senior.

I have just seen M. de Rayneval—very kind and very pleasing. Many inquiries after you.

Sorrento, March 31, 1851.

My dear Mr. Senior,—Ampère has of course told you that we have been, to our great regret, obliged to give up our visit to Rome. He, no doubt, has explained the reasons which have forced upon us this decision. They are all connected with the health of Madame de Tocqueville.

Some excursions which I persuaded her to take after your departure have proved to me that she could scarcely endure the fatigue of the long land journey, or to do justice to the sights of Rome. I was afraid that her health might become as disordered as it was last year, and that we might be kept for a long while away from our country, at a time when it is so esnecsary for me to return thither.

Having well weighed all these considerations, we have made up our minds and are going straight back to France by sea. Of all sorts of travelling it is the one which I dislike most, but under the circumstances it is the safest.

We probably shall start on the 4th or the 14th of April, and in either case if we meet with no accidents shall be in Paris before the 1st of May. The certainty of often seeing you there consoles us for not being able to join you, as we intended, in Rome.

As far as I know there is no news in Sorrento, and as for what is happening in the rest of the world, especially in France, I know no longer anything at all about it. When one has been absent from that country for more

than five months one must give up forming any judgment or speaking about it. The study must begin over again.

Don Gaetano continues to make little figures like those which we admired together, and Don Raffaelle continues to gape in our faces. This is all the intelligence which I can collect for you, for I think that I have caught the prevailing malady of the country, and that I am beginning to be as much without ideas as are all the inhabitants.

Remember us particularly to your ladies.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Rome, April 22, 1851.

My dear M. de Tocqueville,—Our motions have been so uncertain that I could not venture to write before, but I now can tell you that we shall be in Paris either Friday the 2nd or Saturday the 3rd of May.

Ampère will tell you all our news up to about ten days ago. We have been most rigorous sight-seers, and are so sick of seeing that we have serious thoughts of shutting ourselves up and resolving not to see another sight for six months.

There is, however, not a sight but a *hearing* for which I am anxious, and that is your Assembly. I have very often been troublesome to you about it before and venture to be so again, and to beg you if you can get me a good card of admission to do so.

We are very happy to think that we shall so soon see you and Madame de Tocqueville again.

We look back to Sorrento as the pleasantest part of our tour.

Best regards to you both from us all.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

CONVERSATIONS.

Paris, Rue de la Paix, May 3, 1851.—We left Italy on the 27th of April, and passed the 30th at Marseilles, with the Palmers, eminent machine makers. They complained bitterly of the commercial state of France. They merely execute orders: as the wants of the purchasers of machines are peculiar, each man requiring his own form, construction, and power, they cannot accumulate stock. Ever since 1841 those who ought, and used, to be their customers have been without confidence in the security of persons and property, and therefore have suspended as far as was possible all expensive operations. What is the real danger, they can seldom explain, but they keep repeating, 'Ça ne peut pas durer;' 'Quelque chose arrivera;' and these indistinct fears keep them inactive. Before 1848 they kept 1,000 workmen, now they engage only 400, and have the greatest difficulty in keeping these employed.

Rue de la Paix, May 4.—I went early in the morning to see Tocqueville, and found him sitting with Beaumont. I related my conversation with the Palmers at Marseilles.

'The Marseillais are quite right,' said Beaumont, 'in

believing that "ça ne peut pas durer;" but they are wrong in the importance they attach to a revolution. A revolution no longer interrupts the ordinary progress of society. The whole machinery of Government continues to work much in the same way, whatever be the changes in the moving power which directs it. Justice, police, revenue—in short, the whole interior administration for which Government is instituted, go on by force of the original impulse given to them under the Convention, and under the Empire; just as the human heart beats, and the human lungs play, independently of the will of their possessor. This is the most consoling result of our recent experience. If, as it seems probable, we are to pass the rest of our lives among revolutions, it is some comfort that a revolution is no longer the period of destruction, or even of disorganisation, that it once was.'

'The political horizon,' said Tocqueville, 'is darker, that is to say, obscurer, than I ever knew it to be. At Sorrento I thought that I could see a little before me. Since I am in Paris I give up all attempts at prophecy or even conjecture. One thing only is certain, that a legal solution of the questions that will have to be decided next year is impossible. The President will not consent to consider himself ineligible. Even if he were to do so, his friends would not act on that supposition. He will certainly be on the list of candidates, and the result perhaps most to be desired, or least to be deprecated, is that he should be re-elected by a majority so large as to be considered to speak the voice of the nation, and therefore to legalise its own act though

opposed to the existing law. It must be remembered that by that time the new Assembly will have been elected, and the present Assembly therefore, though technically possessed of its full powers, will have lost its moral influence, and will be unable to oppose the public will.

'But even this result, though less formidable than the simultaneous change of the holders of all executive power and of all legislative power, will be an event of which the certain mischief will be great, the possible mischief enormous. What will be the effect on men's minds of a violation of the Constitution deliberately made by the nation, at the instigation of its chief magistrate? Who will respect a Constitution which the people has set aside in one of its most important provisions? That Constitution, bad as it is, is our only bulwark. Nothing else stands between us and either anarchy or despotism. The President is formidable enough as he is. What will he be when his mere election will have been a triumph over the only restraint that keeps him in—the Constitution? It is difficult even now to protect property from systematic plunder, and authority from organised revolt. What will be the difficulty after the Executive itself for many months has been employing thousands of agents to urge the people to break the law and has succeeded? Every exit seems besieged by some frightful spectre.

'At present there is a lull; parties are preparing for the discussion as to the revision of the Constitution, which cannot come on until the 28th.'

May 8.—Mrs. Grote and I drank tea with Tocqueville.

We talked of V.'s[1] theory as to the unfitness of France for a mixed Government.

'I do not see,' said Tocqueville, 'why what *has* been, should not be again. We endured a mixed Government for thirty-three years, why should we be incapable of enduring one now?

'I admit, however, that in order to enable a Government, in which the supreme power is divided, to be permanent; to last, as yours has done, for centuries, the ruling authorities must possess an amount of patience and forbearance which never has been granted to ours, and therefore I do not expect a mixed Government in France to be permanent, that is to say to be uninterrupted. Among thousands of possibilities, that which appears to me the least improbable is, that during the greater part of the next hundred years, France will be subject to a Constitutional Monarchy, from time to time interrupted by a despotic or by a democratic revolution.'

'Of course,' I said, 'the form of mixed Government under which you are living will not last?'

'Of course,' he answered, 'it will not. A despotic monarchy, or a despotic aristocracy, may retain its power for centuries, against the will of its subjects, but an unpopular democracy sounds like a contradiction in terms, and must soon become a contradiction in fact. As soon as the people has found the means of ascertaining and expressing its will, it will select, or accept, or

[1] For this conversation see Senior's *Journals in France*.—Ed.

submit to the master whom it prefers to self-government.

'Those who imposed on us this Constitution knew that it would be unpopular; they tried to prolong its existence, first by pre-determining the mode in which it should be altered, and secondly by making that legal mode almost impracticable. Three quarters of the Assembly will not join in the vote, from which a third, perhaps nearly a half, of its members fear much more than they hope.'

'Will you then break,' I said, 'the band which you cannot untie—will you proceed to a revision on a simple majority?'

'I believe,' he answered, 'that the Government will make the attempt—and it was the fear of having to do this that prevented my friends and me from taking office. The danger of such a course is enormously increased by the new electoral law. Under a system of universal suffrage, the new Constituent Assembly could not have been said to be illegally elected. It would really have represented the whole nation. Now it will represent only a minority. Those who wish to resist its acts may proclaim them void, as the acts of a political body doubly illegal—illegally convoked and illegally nominated. The whole conduct and tone of the present administration convinces me that they have considered this risk and are resolved to encounter it. They are bolder than I am.'

Wednesday, May 14.—Before breakfast I sat for some

time with Tocqueville. We talked of the ministerial plans.

'To hope,' said Tocqueville, 'for a legal majority of the revision, is childish; though I have no doubt that an actual, and even a considerable one will be obtained. But I do not believe that that majority will sanction a revision in defiance of the law. Nor do I think that the Government will make the attempt without the sanction of the Assembly. It would be a "politique à se casser le cou, même à se faire couper le cou." If the President attempts it, he will find himself in Vincennes.'

'What then,' I asked, 'will the Government do?'

'Nothing,' he answered; 'it will drift down the current, and that current is carrying us towards a rock, towards a Rouge Assembly.

'I have always told you,' he continued, 'that there is no danger of a Rouge Assembly unless the Government create it. This Government *is* creating it. Its administration is a blister to the country. Everything is done that can irritate the friends of progress and even of liberty.

'Faucher[1] is a man of great honesty, great courage, and great knowledge—except the knowledge of men. He is active, obstinate, and injudicious. Such men are the ruin of a ministry, indeed of a party.'

'What are the faults,' I asked, 'to which you refer when you describe this as an irritating Government?'

'In this country,' he answered, 'the whole nature of

[1] M. Faucher was at this time Prime Minister.—Ed.

the internal administration depends on the impulse and direction given to it by its chiefs.

'According to the instructions of the minister, any given law is executed loosely and indulgently, or strictly, or not at all. Under Faucher all is rigour and vigour. All the strings are stretched to the utmost. National guards are disbanded. Mayors are dismissed. Journals are suspended. The hand of Government is everywhere felt, and everywhere presses heavily.'

Saturday, May 17.—I found Tocqueville with us this afternoon when I returned from the Duc de Broglie's.

He asked me what were the Duc de Broglie's views,[1] and was glad to hear that he was determined to stand by the Republic.

'The Monarchical parties,' he said, 'are contemptible; the Legitimists are hated and feared by nine-tenths of the people; the Orleanists are a set of generals without an army; the Bonapartists have an army but no leaders.'

But he does not share the Duke's expectation that on the question of revision the minority will yield.

'It might yield,' he said, 'if the majority were compact and earnest; it might yield if the majority were cordially supported by the nation. But the nation is divided; it knows that the Constitution is faulty, but it is not sure that it will be exchanged for anything better. It would see with pleasure a few points selected for amendment, but it looks forward with terror to a new Constituent

[1] See Senior's *Journals in France*, vol. ii. p. 200.—Ed.

Assembly which may avow principles which were with difficulty rejected in 1848; which may bring back *le droit au travail* and *le droit au secours.* The majority shares these fears, and though it will vote for the revision, because it would be unable to justify to its constituents a refusal to amend what it admits to be defective, a large portion of it will not be sorry that the legal majority is not obtained.'

'But why,' I said, 'not vote for a restricted revision, for the covering only of what experience has shown to be palpable blots?'

'Because,' he answered, 'even a respectable majority cannot be obtained for the purpose. The instant you come to details, each party looks to its own interests, and there is scarcely a point on which even three out of five agree. I own that I am inclined to think that one of the least objectionable parts of our Constitution is the difficulty which it throws in the way of change. The framers foresaw that the period of revision would be one of great danger, and they wisely endeavoured to postpone it, at least until the experiment of the Republic should have been made. This has not yet been done; for a Constitution which all who administer it are striving to overthrow, cannot be said to have been fairly tried. This general desire for revision is not the result of an appreciation of the merits and defects of the Constitution—it is the restlessness of a sick man who wishes to turn in his bed. All parties seem convinced that the revision will produce some form of Monarchy. Hence the violence with which it is urged on by the anti-Re-

publicans and opposed by the Montagne. I do not share this conviction. Under our system of voting by lists, a compact minority which concentrates all its votes on its own candidates, has a great chance of beating a divided majority which supports as many candidates as it contains factions. I should not be surprised at seeing Rouge representatives from many of the departments on which the anti-Republican parties now rely. So clearly do I see the dangers of the revision, that I could not bring myself to vote for it, if I saw any other less dangerous course. But danger surrounds us on every side. Great and general as the alarm is, I believe it to be less than that which is justified by our situation.

'The Constitution,' he added, 'with all its defects might be endurable, if we could only believe in its permanence. But we read History. We see that republican institutions have never lasted in France, and we infer that those which we have now must be short-lived. This reading of History is our bane. If we could forget the past, we might apply a calm impartial judgment to the present. But we are always thinking of precedents. Sometimes we draw them from our own history, sometimes from yours. Sometimes we use the precedent as an example, sometimes as a warning. But as the circumstances under which we apply it always differ materially from those under which it originally took place, it almost always misleads us.

'We indicted Louis XVI. for conspiracy against the

nation, because you had indicted Charles I. We substituted Louis Philippe for Charles X. as you had substituted Mary for James.

'Louis XVI. believed that Charles I. had lost his crown and his life by raising his standard at Edge Hill. So he tried non-resistance. Charles X. saw that his brother's submission was fatal, and had recourse to the *ordonnances* and to his army. Louis Philippe recollected the fate of Charles X. and forbad his troops to act. Thus the pendulum oscillates, and generally oscillates wrong.'

Thursday, May 22.—Before breakfast I called on Tocqueville. We talked of the prospects of Louis Napoleon.

'They have become far less favourable,' said Tocqueville, 'during the last six months, and are darkening every day.

'There are three modes only in which he can attempt to retain power. One, of course, is through the revision of the Constitution; but this is not practicable, unless the state of public feeling not only changes, but runs in a direction opposite to its present current. The Chamber will not by the legal majority *vote* the revision, and will not, in the absence of that majority, sanction the revision.

'Another is a *coup d'état.* He may summon a Constituent body in defiance both of the Constitution and of the Assembly. This too would fail; the national guards and the army would side with the Assembly. It is very doubtful whether the Assembly and the

President together could effect a *coup d'état.* Neither of them could do so in opposition to the other.

'The last means is to be re-elected, though an illegal candidate, by an overwhelming majority. If this be his plan, his whole conduct is opposed to it. For that purpose he ought to be on good terms with the Assembly: he is constantly attacking it. He ought to appear to have no selfish views: all that he does seems to be prompted by personal motives—by vanity as respects the present, by ambition as respects the future. His administration ought to be as conciliatory as the safety of the country will allow it to be. Its roughness and insolence, its arbitrary dismissal of public functionaries, its suspension of newspapers, its interference in elections, the rudeness of its subordinates—in short, its generally irritating and unscrupulous character, are making enemies every day. In my own department, La Manche, one of the most conservative in France, the Rouge candidates, though happily still in a minority, are twice as strong as they were six months ago. Either he does not know what his ministers are doing, or he does not know what the effect of such a system must be.'

'Though the revision of the Constitution,' I said, 'is impossible at present, the time for it must come. Do you think that an Upper Chamber will be one of the elements of the new one?'

'I hope,' he continued, 'that it will be. I voted for it and I shall vote for it again. A single Chamber seems to me to be a bad instrument of legislation. Still, however, as an antagonistic force, as a means of

keeping in check the enormous power which we have given to our executive, it is more efficient than a double Chamber. I think that the Assembly has resisted the encroachments of the President better than could have been done by two Houses, each employing only a portion of the supreme legislative authority.'

'I suppose,' I said, 'that you will in time return to Hereditary Monarchy.'

'It would be rash,' he answered, 'to say that we shall not, but I do not see my way to it. The Fusion does not gain ground. In fact, what is called Fusion by the Orleanists is simply going over to the Legitimist side; for what do they get for the party which they call their own? They offer to make Henri V. King; and what is he to do for them in return? To acknowledge that the Comte de Paris is his cousin and heir—which will not be more certain, nor more notorious than it was before. The Anti-Fusionists of the Orleans party hate the Fusionists more bitterly even than they do the Legitimists.'

'What are Thiers' views?' I asked.

'His conduct,' answered Tocqueville, 'is inexplicable. He is attacking the President, the Republicans, and the Legitimists with a violence which, if his power were equal to his animosity, would end in bringing on some great catastrophe. His opposition to the Fusionists may perhaps be explained, for he sees Guizot among them, and you may often predict what will be the conduct of Thiers or of Guizot, if you know what the other will do. But knowing, as he must do, that the

immediate restoration of the Orleanist branch is impossible, he must, one would think, know that his attacks on every other means of government must, if they could succeed, produce anarchy.'

May 23.—Z. paid me his promised visit.[1]

The Tocquevilles drank tea with us, the first time that either of them had ventured out in the evening.

I repeated my conversation with Z.

'I think,' said Tocqueville, 'that Z. is too confident as to the maintenance of the law of the 31st of May. It is impossible to deny that that law is inconsistent with a Constitution which professes to rest on universal suffrage. It is impossible to deny that in many places, especially in the country, it has worked exceedingly ill; that its obscurity has frequently occasioned it to be misinterpreted, and not seldom has enabled the persons entrusted with the register to admit or reject claims according to the politics of the claimant; and that it has disfranchised many hundreds of thousands on technical grounds. The pressure on the Assembly for its repeal will be great. The Montagne however, by its intemperance, is doing all it can to force the Assembly to retain its law as a point of honour. That party is probably not unwilling that so irritating a grievance should be kept alive. But the decision may not rest with the Assembly. It is true that if the President were to attempt a *coup d'état* for an obviously selfish purpose, he would fail. But I am not sure that he would fail if he were to try a popular

[1] See Senior's *Journal in France* vol. ii p. 216

coup d'état. It is not easy to resist the combined action of the mob and the executive.

'The new electoral law is eminently unfavourable to the prolongation of his power; it disfranchises his supporters, and it will prevent his re-election from being the work of the nation. It is a favourite too with his enemy the Assembly. There are strong reasons for his striving to get rid of it by force; and he is quite rash enough to make the attempt.'

Tocqueville was amused by Z.'s enumeration of the concessions made by the Legitimists, and would not admit that the Orleanists gave up nothing.

'It is true,' he said, 'that they have no legal claims to the Crown. It is true that they have few friends; and it follows that they have no immediate chance of success. I foresee no possible combination of events which during the next three or four years would enable them to mount the throne to the exclusion of Henri V. But it is not true that they have no prospects, no *avenir*. If they have fewer friends than Henri V., they have fewer enemies. They offer to the French people a form of Government which suits us far better than a Republic, and they offer it untainted by the feudal insolence of the old *régime*, or by the wars and calamities of the Empire.

'The least objectionable Monarchy would be the Monarchy of the Comte de Paris. As I said before, that is now impossible. The Protestantism of the Duchess of Orleans is alone an insurmountable objection. It opposes to her the whole influence of the clergy, and

that influence is stronger now than it has been since the death of Louis XIV.

'Nothing so much strengthened the Legitimists as the Protestantism which surrounded the Orleanists. But a few years hence, when the age of the Comte de Paris diminishes the fear of his mother's influence; when Guizot has retired from politics to history; when we are thoroughly tired of Presidents and Executive Commissions, we may think of using *la branche cadette*, as the best lever to raise us out of the mire of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

'In co-operating to bring back Henri V. the Orleanists give up this chance. It may not be great, but it is something.'

We left Paris on the next morning.

Correspondence.

Versailles, July 2, 1851.

My dear Senior,—One of my best friends, who is at the same time a very distinguished member of our Assembly, M. de Combarel, is going to pass a few days in London with Madame de Combarel. I recommend them very particularly to your kindness, and shall be grateful for any attentions which you may be inclined to confer on them. M. de Combarel is well informed as to the complicated state of our affairs, and you will be glad to discuss them with him.

Living as I do in the country[1] and absorbed by the

[1] In July 1851 M. de Tocqueville inhabited a country-house near Versailles belonging to M. Rivet, and attended the Legislative Assembly. He

labour imposed on me by the commission for the revision, I was not able to visit Lord Monteagle till the day before he left Paris, when I did not find him at home. Pray be so good as to express to him my regret and make my excuses.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Kensington, July 15, 1851.

My dear Tocqueville,—The Combarels did not present themselves. They were probably too much engaged with the *matériel* of London to hunt up the *personnel*. I hope that we may be more fortunate another time.

was a member of a commission, in which MM. de Montalembert, Jules Favre, Berryer, De Corcelle, De Broglie, Charras, Cavaignac, Odillon Barrot, and Baze were among his colleagues, directed to consider the proposal for the revision of the Constitution. He was the *rapporteur*, and his report, dated the 8th of July, 1851 (No. 2064 of the papers of that year), is a masterly production, but too long to be introduced *in extenso*. I cannot, however, resist the temptation of extracting a passage describing the Constitution of 1848.

'A single Chamber, exclusively entitled to make laws: a single man exclusively entitled to preside over the application of all laws, and the direction of all public affairs, each of them elected directly by universal suffrage: the Assembly omnipotent within the limits of the Constitution: the President required, within those limits, to obey the Assembly; but wielding, from the nature of his election, a moral force which makes his submission uneasy, and must suggest to him resistance, and possessed of all the prerogatives which belong to the executive in a country in which the central administration, everywhere active and everywhere powerful, has been created by monarchs, and for the purposes of monarchy:—these two great powers, equal as to their origin, unequal as to their rights, condemned by law to coerce one another, invited by law to mutual suspicion, mutual jealousy, and mutual contest, yet forced to live in close embrace, in an eternal *tête-à-tête*, without a third power, or even an umpire, to mediate or to restrain them—these are not conditions under which a government can be regular or strong.' -ED.

Well, your report is out, and has enchanted everybody. It has also convinced everybody, except perhaps me. You remember that when we talked over the question of the prolongation you thought the re-election of Louis Napoleon, though an illegal candidate, by a large majority—a majority speaking the voice of the people, the least objectionable solution. Perhaps his *Dijon échappée*, or perhaps his *allocution* at Poictiers, have induced you to change your mind.

I see now that you are less favourable to the *scrutin de liste*. There are few subjects on which so much may be said on each side, as on the comparative advantages and disadvantages of separate and collective voting.

We have all been spinning round in the whirlpool of the London season; but by next week it will become calmer.

Our politics are all as flat as possible. Papal aggression, or at least the bill against it, has been found out to be a humbug. Since I have been here I have read the Papal bull and Cardinal Wiseman's pastoral. They are written on the model of Chinese state papers. Nothing but puerile flatulence. It must be degrading to humanity to be governed, and directed spiritually and temporarily, by people who can seriously publish such nonsense.

Gladstone is come back foaming against Naples. Lord Aberdeen has shown me a letter of his which treats the King of Naples, and generally the Italian Governments, much worse than even my journals do. I see that on Italian matters we are becoming Carbonari, and look rather with hope than fear to the probability of

a French army crossing the Alps to drive out the King, Grand Dukes, and Pope.

Kindest regards from us all to you and Madame de Tocqueville. Let us hear when you can.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

Versailles, July 27, 1851.

My dear Senior,—I am satisfied with the general effect which my report has produced in France, and delighted by its reception in England. I care almost as much about what is said of me on your side of the Channel as I do for what is said of me on ours. So many of my opinions and feelings are English, that England is to me almost a second country intellectually.

How comes it that my reasons in favour of the revision have not convinced you? What inconsistency is there between this report and my conversations with you at Sorrento?

I then thought the unconstitutional re-election of the President very probable. I think so still. Although Louis Napoleon has effectually alienated the higher classes, and almost all our eminent political men; although his popularity among the lower classes has much diminished, and is diminishing every day; notwithstanding all this, I confess that I still think his re-election nearly inevitable, partly in consequence of the want of any competitor, and partly in consequence of our general anxiety. I believe that the Bonapartist current, if it

can be turned aside at all, can be turned aside only by meeting a revolutionary current, which will be still more dangerous; and lastly, I believe that if he were to be illegally re-elected, any amount of attack on our liberties would become possible.

So convinced was I of this six months ago, that I remember telling you that I should probably retire from public life in order to have nothing to do with a government which may try to destroy, in law or in fact, all constitutional institutions, and perhaps, exhausted as we are, might for a time succeed.

The government which I should prefer, if I thought it possible, would be a republic; but, believing its continuance impossible, I should see without regret Louis Napoleon become our permanent ruler, if I could believe that he would be supported by the higher classes, and would be able and desirous to rule constitutionally. But I told you then that I did not believe either of these things to be possible, and all that I see convinces me that I was right.

The President is as proof against all constitutional ideas as Charles X. was. He has his own idea of legitimacy, and he believes as firmly in the imperial constitution as Charles X. did in divine right. Then he separates himself more and more every day from almost all the men whose talents or experience fit them for public business, and is reduced to rely on the instincts and passions of the *peuple*[1] properly so called. His

[1] The lower classes.—Ed.

re-election, therefore, especially if illegal, may have disastrous consequences. And yet it is inevitable, unless resisted by an appeal to revolutionary passions, which I do not wish to rouse in the nation.

What is the result of this, but a desire for a revision, which may either, by changing the nature and the origin of the executive, render his re-election impossible, or by rendering it legal, may render it less dangerous?

Many persons in France, and some even in England, have reproached me for having stuck so firmly to the Constitution, and for having led the Assembly to declare its adherence. I have been accused even of having foreseen an illegal re-election, and of having urged the Assembly to resist one. This is an error, as anyone who reads carefully my report will see.

I do not foretell, I did not wish to foretell, what the Assembly will do, or ought to do, on an unconstitutional re-election. It will depend on circumstances, particularly on the number of votes. There might be a manifestation of public opinion to which it might be prudent and patriotic to yield.

What I have said, and made the Assembly say, is, that during the interval which separates us from 1852, no illegality is to be permitted; that no party, not even the Government, is to be allowed to propose an illegal candidate; that we must act, and force everyone else to act, in such a manner as to leave the nation mistress of herself, able to consult her own interests, and to follow her own opinions.

I have said all this as forcibly as I could. First,

because I thought that to say so was useful to the country. Secondly, because I thought that it was right that I should say this.

A time may come when I myself may think that the people ought to be allowed to violate the Constitution. But I will let this be done by others. My hand shall never strike the flag of law.

Then this agitation for revision has two motives—one, a sincere wish for it, in order to improve the Constitution ; the other, an intrigue for the purpose of undermining and injuring the Constitution. The former is mine ; the latter I cannot join in.

In fact our situation is more complicated, more inextricable, and less intelligible, than it has ever been. We are in one of those strange and terrible positions in which nothing is impossible, and nothing can be foreseen. What is least improbable is the re-election of the President, and also the election of a new Assembly less favourable to him than is generally expected. If this be so, unless Louis Napoleon should take advantage of the first popular impulse which will enable him to rise to absolute power, he may find himself again opposed and hampered by a hostile Assembly.

The nation, though in this strange position, unexampled in history, is perfectly calm and not unprosperous. Trade, excepting agriculture, which has not recovered, does not fall off, perhaps increases. No one ventures on large speculations, but everyone eagerly and perseveringly follows his own business, as if all that is to happen to-morrow were not uncertain. Yet

no one can see 1852 approach without terror—great, perhaps exaggerated. We have all, however, been educated by revolutions. We all know that it is our fate to live like a soldier in a campaign, whom the chance of being killed to-morrow does not prevent from caring for his dinner, his bed, and even his amusements. We are all in this position. When I see the attitude of the nation, I must admire it, and confess that, with all its follies and its weaknesses, it is a great people.

Your expectation that the habits of your people will render the Ecclesiastical Titles Act inoperative, seems to me probable. But why enact laws worse than your usages? I confess that I agree with all my heart and soul with those who, like Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone, oppose, in the spirit of liberty and of free institutions, those vain but dangerous attacks on liberty of conscience. Whither will religious freedom fly if she is driven from England? If those whose principle is freedom of inquiry and toleration become intolerant, what right have they to reproach the intolerance of Rome? Rome, if she violates the conscience of individuals, does not violate her own principles.

It is imprudent to criticise a foreign country, but I cannot but think that, a few years hence, the disturbance created by the Papal Aggression will be compared to the passions which two centuries ago produced the belief in the Popish Plot. This agitation is less violent, but no less unreasonable. Even those who now take

part in it will be as little able to account for their conduct as we are.

Ever yours,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

London, July 29, 1851.

My dear Tocqueville,—A thousand thanks for your valuable and interesting letter.

I think I must have ill explained myself in my last, for I do not think that you have perfectly understood me.

When we talked over the prospects of France last year and this year, you thought the legal revision almost impossible : you thought an illegal revision impossible. You thought it, however, probable that Louis Napoleon, though an illegal candidate, would be re-elected.

So far you have not changed your opinion. But it seems to me that you have changed it on another point.

You seemed to me then inclined to think that Louis Napoleon's illegal re-election, though a very dangerous event, would be less dangerous than any other solution of the present difficulties. And therefore you were, I think, favourable to its taking place.

Since that time the objections to his re-election seem to preponderate in your mind. His subsequent conduct may have strengthened the personal objections to him ; or further reflection may have given additional force to the constitutional objections. This seems to me to be certain, that his chances of re-election are much diminished by your report. You have put forth, in language

that never can be forgotten, arguments against it which cannot be refuted.

'If it had been possible,' you say, 'you would have preferred retaining the Republic.' I rather suppose that you prefer a republic, not to a constitutional monarchy, but to such a constitutional monarchy as, under the circumstances of the case, you are likely to have. The great misfortune of modern Europe seems to me to be the want of aristocracies; at least of good ones. Those of Belgium and Holland I believe are the best on the Continent, but though rich and well-disposed, they are not very intelligent. You might, I think, if you altered your law of succession, and allowed a man to dispose of his property as he liked, create one. For you are active and saving, and large fortunes would, I think, be permanent if once formed.

I quite agree in your vituperation of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The Government fancy themselves forced to carry it, but they are very much ashamed of it; and I have no doubt that the Attornies-General for Ireland and for England, without whose consent no prosecution under it can take place, have had instructions to make it a dead letter.

Have you seen Gladstone's two letters to Lord Aberdeen on Naples? They are very striking. One of your countrymen informs me that he has ascertained that Lord Palmerston is furious at the superiority in our Exposition of the French products. That he is, therefore, preparing a new French revolution in order to

crush your industry, and supplies the expense of a daily dinner of 200 conspirators!

Kindest regards to Madame de Tocqueville. Mrs. Senior is not yet quite recovered, but is going on well. We go to Great Malvern, Worcestershire, on the 7th.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

Kensington, November 30, 1851.

My dear Tocqueville,—I sent to you by Mrs. Grote the Sorrento and Paris journals, those in which you are most interested, for they derive their whole value from your conversation. I have had your last letter copied at the end of the Paris journal, but on trying to correct it I found the copy so hopelessly corrupt that I gave it up. I wish that you could find time to look at it and correct it. Any remarks on the journals will of course be very valuable. If you think fit to show both or either of them to Beaumont, I can have no objection.

We are all looking anxiously across the Channel. Your conversations have so much prepared me for the events which have passed since May, that I seem to be looking at a play which I have read in manuscript.

You would not, however, reveal the *dénouement*, but your fears as to the result of an alliance between the President and the mob have often occurred to me.

Palmerston is rising with us. We think that he has done nothing very monstrous for some time, unless the sending Gladstone's pamphlet about be so considered.

Kindest regards from us all to you and Madame de Tocqueville.

Ever yours,
N. W. SENIOR.

To N. W. Senior, Esq.

Paris, November 28, 1851.

I was beginning, dear friend, to complain of your silence when your letter reached me. I read it with great pleasure, and it gave me still more pleasure to talk of you with our friend, Mrs. Grote, who is as agreeable as ever, but who seems to me to be less well in health than the last time that she was in Paris.

I had already heard, and Mrs. Grote, whom I questioned on the subject, confirmed to me, that you had been offered a high place in India.[1] It was not right in you to tell me nothing about it, as you know the deep interest which I take in all that concerns you. It seems, however, that there was not much in it. I am delighted. I own that I should like you to leave England, but not to go so far, or to such a completely different climate. It would not have suited your friends, nor, perhaps, your health. What I should wish for you would be some important post in the Mediterranean, which would insure your keeping well, and enable such of your friends as, like myself, find great enjoyment in your society, to obtain it from time to time.

[1] Mr. Senior had been offered the post of Legislative Member of Council at Calcutta.—ED.

Permit me not to allude to our public affairs, in spite of the gravity of the present circumstances, or rather, on account of that very gravity. Not that there is any obstacle to the freest discussion. But our thoughts are so painful that the best way is not to express them, and even to try, if possible, not to think. There are things which cannot be contemplated calmly when they are close at hand, even though they may have been long foreseen. Our present condition is one of these things. It can end only by some great catastrophe. My clear view of the magnitude and of the proximity of the calamity is so bitterly painful that I try as much as possible to divert from it my thoughts.

Mrs. Grote has forwarded to me the two valuable volumes containing your recollections of Paris and Sorrento. Our state of perpetual though useless excitement has prevented my looking into them. But I fully intend to do so. I shall especially enjoy reading all that will recall to me Sorrento, and the busy yet peaceful months which I spent on the shores of the Bay of Naples. I often look back with tender regret to the place itself, and to the time that I spent there. That delicious and tranquil retreat, coming as it did between the revolution of 1848 and the one which is impending, was like a rest upon some Southern isle between two shipwrecks. Write to me sometimes if only to tell me how you are.

&c. &c. &c.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Kensington, November 30, 1851.

My dear Tocqueville,—I wrote nothing to you about the Indian matter, because I never thought very seriously about it. If my health were to fail, or if Masters in Chancery were abolished, I would accept it for a couple of years; but I hope that the former alternative will not take place, and I fear that the latter will not. So that I would bet 100 to 1 against my going to India.

I do not wonder at the grief with which you look at the present state of affairs in France. It fills me also with alarm and regret. I am very anxious to see the state of affairs a little nearer; and if Mrs. Grote stays till the middle of January, I think that I shall brave the cold, and be in Paris about the 2nd—I say the 2nd because I cannot venture to be there *le jour de l'an.*

To have to visit all one's friends in one day of about four hours, and carry about with one a hundred packets of useless trifles to be distributed with pretty speeches, would be worse than a Carnival or a holy week in Rome.

I hear, without believing it, that you are thinking of again quitting Paris for a time. If, however, there should be any truth in the report, I trust that we may hope for you here. Your and Madame de Tocqueville's apartments stand vacant for you, and our winter, bad as it is, is not so bad as yours.

On Friday, an agreeable American, a Mr. Walker, came to us. I mention him to you because I believe

that he intends to call on you. He was Polk's Secretary of the Treasury.

Kindest regards from us all to you and to Madame de Tocqueville.

Ever yours truly,

N. W. SENIOR.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CONVERSATIONS

OF

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

WITH

NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR

FROM 1834 TO 1859

EDITED BY M. C. M. SIMPSON

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

VOLUME II

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

Journal 1851–2.

	PAGE
The army master of France	3
Comparison with the 18th Brumaire	4
Aggressive acts of the President	5
Coup d'État planned for March 1852	6
Socialism leads to despotism	7
War necessary to maintain Louis Napoleon	8
State prisoners on December 2	9
Louis Napoleon's devotion to the Pope	10
Latent Bonapartism of the French	11
President's reception at Notre Dame	12
Frank hypocrites	12
Mischievous public men	13
Extradition of Kossuth	14
January 29, 1849	15
Sumner's account of it contradicted	15
The Second Napoleon a copy of the First	17
Relies on Russian support	17
Compulsory voting	18
Life of a cavalry officer	18
Victims of the Coup d'État	19

Letters in 1852–3.

Effect of the Orleans confiscation on the English	20
Firmness of Prussia	21
Mr. Greg's writings	21

PAGE

Communication from Schwartzenberg 22
New Reform Bill 23
Democracy or aristocracy 23
Reform Bill not wanted 24
Twenty-five thousand men at Cherbourg 24
Easier to understand Lord Derby than Lord John 26
Preparations at Cherbourg a delusion 26
Conversation with King Leopold 27
No symptoms of aristocratic re-action in England 28
England's democratic tendencies 29
Idleness of young aristocrats 30
Death of Protection 30
Revolutions leading to masquerades 32
Tory reforms 33
Imperial marriage 34
New Reform Bill a blunder 34

Journal in 1853.

Prosperity in Paris 36
Dangers incurred by overbuilding 37
Discharged workmen effect Revolutions 37
Probable monetary panic 37
Empire can be firmly established only by a successful war . . 38
Agents undermining the Empire 38
Violence and corruption of the Government 39
Growing unpopularity of Louis Napoleon 40
Consequences of his death 40
He probably will try the resource of war 41
Conquest would establish his power 41
War must produce humiliation or slavery to France . . . 42
Corruption is destroying the army and navy 42
Emperor cannot tolerate opposition 42
Will try a plébiscite 43

Letters in 1853.

Blackstone a mere lawyer 44
Feudal institutions in France and England 44
Gentleman and Gentilhomme 45
Life of seclusion 45
Interference of police with letters 46

PAGE

Mrs. Grote's conversations at St. Cyr 47
Great writers of the eighteenth century 47
Political torpor unfavourable to intellectual product . . . 48
English not fond of generalities 49
Curious archives at Tours 50
Frightful picture they present 50
Sufficient to account for the Revolution of 1789 51
La Marck's memoir of Mirabeau 51
Court would not trust Mirabeau 51
The elder Mirabeau influenced by Revolution 52
Revolution could not have been averted 53
Works of David Hume 54
Effect of intolerance of the press 54
Honesty and shortsightedness of La Fayette 55
Laws must be originated by philosophers 55
Carried into effect by practical men 55
Napoleon carried out laws 55
Too fond of centralisation 56
Country life destroyed by it 56
Royer Collard 56
Danton 57
Madame Tallien 58
Tocqueville independent of society 59
Studious and regular life 60
Influence of writers as compared with active politicians . . . 60

Journal in 1854.

Criticism of the Journals 63
The speakers generally recognised 63
Aware that they were being reported 63
The Legitimists 63
Necessity of Crimean War 64
Probable management of it 65
English view of the Fusion 66
Bourbons desire Constitutional Government 66
Socialists would prefer the Empire 67
They rejoiced in the Orleans confiscation 67
Empire might be secured by liberal institutions 67
Policy of G. 68
English new Reform Bill 69
Dangers of universal suffrage 69

PAGE

Baraguay d'Hilliers and Randon 70
Lent in the Provinces 71
Chenonceaux 72
Montalembert's speech 73
Cinq Mars 74
Appearance of prosperity 75
Petite culture in Touraine 76
Tyranny more mischievous than civil war 77
Centralisation of Louis XIV. a means of taxation 78
Under Louis Napoleon, centralisation more powerful than ever . 78
Power of the Préfet 79
Courts of Law tools of the Executive 79
Préfet's candidate must succeed 80
Empire could not sustain a defeat 81
Loss of aristocracy in France 83
Napoleon estranged Legitimists by the murder of the Duc d'Enghien . 83
Louis Philippe attempted to govern through the middle classes . 83
Temporary restoration of aristocratic power under the republic . . 83
Overthrown by the second Empire 84
Legitimists inferior to their ancestors 85
Dulness of modern society and books 85
Effects of competition 86

Letters in 1854–5.

Tocqueville attends the Academy 87
Proposed visit to Germany 88
Return to France 89
English adulation of Louis Napoleon 92
Mismanagement of Crimean War 93
Continental disparagement of England 93
Necessity for a conscription in England 94
Disastrous effects of the war for English aristocracy 95
Peace premature 95

Journals in 1855.

Effects of the Emperor going to the Crimea 96
Prince Napoleon 97
Discontent in England 98
Disparagement of England 99
Austria alone profited by Crimean War 101

PAGE
Despotism of Louis Napoleon consolidated by it 102
Centralisation in Algeria 103
Criticism of Mr. Senior's Article 104
Places Louis Napoleon too high 104
English alliances not dependent on the Empire 105
Louis Napoleon will covet the Rhine 105
Childish admiration of Emperor by British public 106
Real friends of England are the friends of her institutions . . 106

Extracts from Mr. Senior's Article.

Description of political parties 107
Imperialists 107
Legitimists 107
Orleanists 108
Orleanist-Fusionists form the bulk of the Royalists . . . 108
Legitimists unfit for public life 110
Republican party not to be despised 111
Parliamentarians 111
Desire only free institutions 112
No public opinion expressed in the Provinces 113
Power of Centralisation 113
Increased under Louis Philippe 113
Power of the Préfet 114
Foreign policy of Louis Napoleon 116
Of former French Sovereigns 116
Invasion of Rome prepared in 1847 117
Eastern question, a legacy from Louis Philippe 118
Fault as an administrator 118
Mismanagement of the war 119
His Ministers mere clerks 119
Free institutions may secure his throne 120
English Alliance 121
Russian influence 121
Revolutions followed by despotism 122
Lessons taught by history 123

Letters in 1855–6.

Tocqueville burns his letter 124
Conversation of May 28 125
Amusing letters from the Army 126

PAGE

Enjoyment of home 127
Fall of Sebastopol 128
Cost of the war 128
Russia dangerous to Europe 129
How to restrain her 129
Progress in the East 130
No public excitement in France 131

Journal in 1856.

The 'Ancien Régime' 132
Master of Paris, Master of France 133
Opposition to Suez Canal 134
Mischievous effect of English Opposition 136
Expenditure under the Empire 137
Effect of Opposition to the Suez Canal 138
Tripartite Treaty 138
'Friponnerie' of the Government 140
Tripartite Treaty 141
Suez Canal 141
French floating batteries 143
Fortifications of Malta 144
Emperor's orders to Canrobert 145
A campaign must be managed on the spot 146

Letters in 1856–7.

The 'Ancien Régime' 147
King 'Bomba' 149
American Rebellion 149
Lord Aberdeen on the Crimean War 150
Eccentricities of English public men 150
Remedy for rise in house-rent 151
The rise produced by excessive public works 152
Dulness of Paris 153
Mr. Senior's Journal in Egypt 155
Chinese war 155

Journal in 1857.

Flatness of society in Paris 157
Dexterity of Louis Napoleon 158
Is maintained by the fear of the 'Rouges' 158

PAGE

Duc de Nemours' letter 159
Tocqueville disapproves of contingent promises 159
Empire rests on the army and the people 159
Slavery of the Press 160
Public speaking in France 160
English and French speakers 161
American speakers 162
Length of speeches 162
French public men 164
Lamartine 165
Falloux 167
Foreign French 169
Narvaez and Kossuth 170
French conversers 171
Montalembert 172
Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle 173
Tu and vous 173
Feeling respecting heretics 174
Prejudices of the Ancien Régime 175
French poetry 176
Fashion in Literature 176
Montalembert's changes of opinion 177
Increasing population of Paris 178
Its dangerous character 178
No right to relief 178
Sudden influx of workmen 178
Soldiers likely to side with the people 179
Lamoricière's heroism 179
June 1848 181
French army 182
National characteristics 183
Change in French only apparent 184
Martin's History of France 185
He is a centraliser and an absolutist 185
Secret police 186

Letters in 1857–8.

Reception in England 187
Indian Mutiny 188
Financial question 190
Unpopularity of England 191
Law of Public Safety 192

Journal in 1858.

	PAGE
Talleyrand as a writer	193
English ignorance of French affairs	194
Change of feeling respecting Louis Napoleon	195
'Loi de sureté publique'	195
Manner in which it has been carried out	196
Deportation a slow death	197
Influence of 'hommes de lettres'	198
French army	198
Russian army	199
French navy	200
Napoleon indifferent to the navy	201
Mr. Senior's Athens journal	202
Otho and Louis Napoleon	202
Qualities which obtain influence	203
Character of Louis Napoleon	203
Tocqueville's comments on the above conversation	206
Tocqueville on Novels	206
Intellectual and moral inferiority of the age	207
Education of French women	208
'Messe d'une heure'	208
Influence of Madame Récamier	209
Duchesse de Dino	210

Letters in 1858–9.

Failing health	211
Mr. Senior's visit to Sir John Boileau	213
Promise of Lord Stanley	214
Character of Guizot	215
Spectacle afforded by English Politics	215
Tocqueville at Cannes	216
Louis Napoleon's loss of popularity	217
Death of Alexis de Tocqueville.	218
Grief it occasioned in England	219

Journal at Tocqueville in 1861.

Madame de Tocqueville's house at Valognes	220
Château de Tocqueville	221
Beaumont on Italian affairs	222

PAGE

Piedmontese unpopular with the lower classes 224
Popular with the higher classes in Naples 224
Influence of Orsini 225
Subjection of the French 226
Effect of Universal Suffrage 226
Causes which may overthrow Louis Napoleon 227
Popularity of a war with England 228
Condition of the Roman people 229
Different sorts of courage in different nations 231
Destructiveness of war not found out at first 232
Effect of service on conscript 233
Expenditure of Louis Napoleon 233
Forebodings of the Empress 234
Prince Napoleon 235
Ampère on Roman affairs 235
Inquisition 235
Infidelity 236
Mortara affair 236
Torpor of Roman Government 237
Interference with marriages 238
Ampère expects Piedmont to take possession of Rome . . . 240
Does not think that Naples will submit to Piedmont . . . 241
Wishes of Naples only negative 241
Ampère's reading 242
Execution of three generations 243
Familiarity with death in 1793 243
Sanson 244
Public executioners 244
The 'Chambre noire' 245
Violation of correspondence 246
Toleration of Ennui 246
Prisoners of State 247
M. and Madame de La Fayette 248
Mirabeau and La Fayette 249
Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette 249
Evils of Democratic despotism 250
Ignorance and indolence of 'La Jeune France' 250
Algeria a God-send 250
Family life in France 251
Moral effect of Primogeniture 252
Descent of Titles 252
Shipwreck off Gatteville 253
Ampère reads 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' 254

PAGE

The modern Nouveau Riche 254
Society under the Republic 255
Madame Récamier 256
Chateaubriand and Madame Mohl 256
Ballanche 258
Extensiveness of French literature 258
French and English poetry 259
The 'Misanthrope' 260
Tocqueville's political career 261
Under Louis Philippe in 1835 261
Independence 262
In 1839 and 1840 262
Opposition to Guizot 263
Inaction of Louis Philippe 263
Tocqueville would not submit to be a minister without power . . 264
Mistaken independence of party 264
Could not court popularity 265
Reform came too late 266
Faults in the Constitution 266
Defence of the Constitution 267
Tocqueville wished for a double election of the President . . . 270
Centralisation useful to a usurper 271
England in the American War 271
Defence of England 271
Politics of a farmer 273
Wages in Normandy 274
Evils of Universal Suffrage 274
Influence of the clergy 275
Prince Napoleon 275
Constitutional monarchy preferable to a republic 276
Republic preferable to a despotism 276
Probable gross faults of a republic 277
Evils of socialist opinions 277
Mischievous effects of strikes 278
Mistaken tolerance of them in England 278
Tocqueville's tomb 280

APPENDIX.

Mr. Senior's report c^e M. de Montalembert's speech in 1854 . . 281

TOCQUEVILLE DURING THE EMPIRE

From December 23, 1851

to

April 20, 1858.

CONVERSATIONS.

PARIS, 1851–2.

[THE *coup d'état* took place on the 2nd, and Mr. Senior reached Paris on the 21st of December.—ED.]

Paris, December 23, 1851.—I dined with Mrs. Grote, and drank tea with the Tocquevilles.

[1] 'This,' said Tocqueville, 'is a new phase in our history. Every previous revolution has been made by a political party. This is the first time that the army has seized France, bound and gagged her, and laid her at the feet of its ruler.'

'Was not the 18th fructidor,' I said, 'almost a parallel case? Then, as now, there was a quarrel between the executive and the legislature. The Directory, like Louis Napoleon, dismissed the ministers, in whom the legislature had confidence, and appointed its own tools in their places, denounced the legislature to the country, and flattered and corrupted the army. The legislature tried the usual tactics of parliamentary opposition, censured the Government, and refused the supplies. The Directory prepared a *coup d'état*. The

[1] I was not able to resist retaining this conversation in the *Journals in France*.—ED.

legislature tried to obtain a military force, and failed ; they planned an impeachment of the Directory, and found the existing law insufficient. They brought forward a new law defining the responsibility of the executive, and the night after they had begun to discuss it, their halls were occupied by a military force, and the members of the opposition were seized in the room in which they had met to denounce the treason of the Directory.'

'So far,' he answered, 'the two events resemble one another. Each was a military attack on the legislature by the executive. But the Directors were the representatives of a party. The Councils and the greater part of the aristocracy, and the *bourgeoisie*, were Bonapartists ; the lower orders were Republican, the army was merely an instrument ; it conquered, not for itself, but for the Republican party.

'The 18th brumaire was nearer to this—for that ended, as this has begun, in a military tyranny. But the 18th brumaire was almost as much a civil as a military revolution. A majority in the Councils was with Bonaparte. Louis Napoleon had not a real friend in the Assembly. All the educated classes supported the 18th brumaire ; all the educated classes repudiate the 2nd of December. Bonaparte's Consular Chair was sustained by all the *élite* of France. This man cannot obtain a decent supporter. Montalembert, Baroche, and Fould—an Ultramontane, a country lawyer, and a Jewish banker—are his most respectable associates. For a real parallel you must go back 1,800 years.'

I said that some persons, for whose judgment I had the highest respect, seemed to treat it as a contest between two conspirators, the Assembly and the President, and to think the difference between his conduct and theirs to be that he struck first.

'This,' said Tocqueville, 'I utterly deny. He, indeed, began to conspire from November 10, 1848. His direct instructions to Oudinot, and his letter to Ney, only a few months after his election, showed his determination not to submit to Parliamentary Government. Then followed his dismissal of Ministry after Ministry, until he had degraded the office to a clerkship. Then came the semi-regal progress, then the reviews of Satory, the encouragement of treasonable cries, the selection for all the high appointments in the army of Paris of men whose infamous characters fitted them to be tools. Then he publicly insulted the Assembly at Dijon, and at last, in October, we knew that his plans were laid. It was then only that we began to think what were our means of defence, but that was no more a conspiracy than it is a conspiracy in travellers to look for their pistols when they see a band of robbers advancing.

'M. Baze's proposition was absurd only because it was impracticable. It was a precaution against immediate danger, but if it had been voted, it could not have been executed. The army had already been so corrupted, that it would have disregarded the orders of the Assembly. I have often talked over our situation with Lamoricière and my other military friends. We

saw what was coming as clearly as we now look back to it; but we had no means of preventing it.'

'But was not your intended law of responsibility,' I said, 'an attack on your part?'

'That law,' he said, 'was not ours. It was sent up to us by the *Conseil d'État* which had been two years and a half employed on it, and ought to have sent it to us much sooner. We thought it dangerous—that is to say, we thought that, though quite right in itself, it would irritate the President, and that in our defenceless state it was unwise to do so. The *bureau*, therefore, to which it was referred refused to declare it urgent: a proof that it would not have passed with the clauses which, though reasonable, the President thought fit to disapprove. Our conspiracy was that of the lambs against the wolf.

'Though I have said,' he continued, 'that he has been conspiring ever since his election, I do not believe that he intended to strike so soon. His plan was to wait till next March when the fears of May 1852 would be most intense. Two circumstances forced him on more rapidly. One was the candidature of the Prince de Joinville. He thought him the only dangerous competitor. The other was an agitation set on foot by the Legitimists in the *Conseils généraux* for the repeal of the law of May 31. That law was his moral weapon against the Assembly, and he feared that if he delayed, it might be abolished without him.'

'And how long,' I asked, 'will this tyranny last?'

'It will last,' he answered, 'until it is unpopular with

the mass of the people. At present the disapprobation is confined to the educated classes. We cannot bear to be deprived of the power of speaking or of writing. We cannot bear that the fate of France should depend on the selfishness, or the vanity, or the fears, or the caprice of one man, a foreigner by race and by education, and of a set of military ruffians and of infamous civilians, fit only to have formed the staff and the privy council of Catiline. We cannot bear that the people which carried the torch of Liberty through Europe should now be employed in quenching all its lights. But these are not the feelings of the multitude. Their insane fear of Socialism throws them headlong into the arms of despotism. As in Prussia, as in Hungary, as in Austria, as in Italy, so in France, the democrats have served the cause of the absolutists. May 1852 was a spectre constantly swelling as it drew nearer. But now that the weakness of the Red party has been proved, now that 10,000 of those who are supposed to be its most active members are to be sent to die of hunger and marsh fever in Cayenne, the people will regret the price at which their visionary enemy has been put down. Thirty-seven years of liberty have made a free press and free parliamentary discussion necessaries to us. If Louis Napoleon refuses them, he will be execrated as a tyrant. If he grants them, they must destroy him. We always criticise our rulers severely, often unjustly. It is impossible that so rash and wrong-headed a man surrounded, and always wishing to be surrounded, by men whose infamous character is their recommendation to him,

should not commit blunders and follies without end. They will be exposed, perhaps exaggerated by the press, and from the tribune. As soon as he is discredited the army will turn against him. It sympathises with the people from which it has recently been separated and to which it is soon to return. It will never support an unpopular despot. I have no fears therefore for the ultimate destinies of my country. It seems to me that the Revolution of the 2nd of December is more dangerous to the rest of Europe than it is to us. That it ought to alarm England much more than France. *We* shall get rid of Louis Napoleon in a few years, perhaps in a few months, but there is no saying how much mischief he may do in those years, or even in those months, to his neighbours.'

'Surely,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'he will wish to remain at peace with England.'

'I am not sure at all of that,' said Tocqueville. 'He cannot sit down a mere quiet administrator. He must do something to distract public attention; he must give us a substitute for the political excitement which has amused us during the last forty years. Great social improvements are uncertain, difficult, and slow; but glory may be obtained in a week. A war with England, at its beginning, is always popular. How many thousand volunteers would he have for a "pointe" on London?

'The best that can happen to you is to be excluded from the councils of the great family of despots. Besides, what is to be done to amuse these 400,000 bayonets, *his* masters as well as ours? Crosses, promo-

tions, honours, gratuities, are already showered on the army of Paris. It has already received a thing unheard of in our history—the honours and recompenses of a campaign for the butchery on the Boulevards. Will not the other armies demand their share of work and reward? As long as the civil war in the Provinces lasts they may be employed there. But it will soon be over. What is then to be done with them? Are they to be marched on Switzerland, or on Piedmont, or on Belgium? And will England quietly look on?'

Our conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the Abbé Gioberti, and of Sieur Capponi, a Sicilian.

Paris, December 31, 1851.—I dined with the Tocquevilles and met Mrs. Grote, Rivet, and Corcelle.

'The gayest time,' said Tocqueville, 'that I ever passed was in the Quai d'Orsay. The *élite* of France in education, in birth, and in talents, particularly in the talents of society, was collected within the walls of that barrack.

'A long struggle was over, in which our part had not been timidly played; we had done our duty, we had gone through some perils, and we had some to encounter, and we were all in the high spirits which excitement and dangers shared with others, when not too formidable, create. From the courtyard in which we had been penned for a couple of hours, where the Duc de Broglie and I tore our chicken with our hands and teeth, we were transferred to a long sort of gallery, or garret, running along through the higher part of the building, a spare dormitory for the soldiers when the better rooms are filled. Those

who chose to take the trouble went below, hired palliasses from the soldiers, and carried them up for themselves. I was too idle and lay on the floor in my cloak. Instead of sleeping we spent the night in shooting from palliasse to palliasse anecdotes, repartees, jokes, and pleasantries. "C'était un feu roulant, une pluie de bons mots." Things amused us in that state of excitement which sound flat when repeated.

'I remember Kerrel, a man of great humour, exciting shouts of laughter by exclaiming, with great solemnity, as he looked round on the floor, strewed with mattresses and statesmen, and lighted by a couple of tallow candles, "Voilà donc où en est réduit ce fameux parti de l'ordre." Those who were kept *au secret*, deprived of mutual support, were in a very different state of mind; some were depressed, others were enraged. Bédeau was left alone for twenty-four hours; at last a man came and offered him some sugar. He flew at his throat and the poor turnkey ran off, fancying his prisoner was mad.'

We talked of Louis Napoleon's devotion to the Pope.

'It is of recent date,' said Corcelle. 'In January and February 1849 he was inclined to interfere in support of the Roman Republic against the Austrians. And when in April he resolved to move on Rome, it was not out of any love for the Pope. In fact, the Pope did not then wish for us. He told Corcelle that he hoped to be restored by General Zucchi, who commanded a body of Roman troops in the neighbourhood of Bologna. No one at that time believed the Republican party in Rome to be capable of a serious defence. Probably they would

not have made one if they had not admitted Garibaldi and his band two days before we appeared before their gates.'

I mentioned to Tocqueville Beaumont's opinion that France will again become a republic.

'I will not venture,' he answered, 'to affirm, with respect to any form whatever of government, that we shall never adopt it; but I own that I see no prospect of a French republic within any assignable period. We are, indeed, less opposed to a republic now than we were in 1848. We have found that it does not imply war, or bankruptcy, or tyranny; but we still feel that it is not the government that suits us. This was apparent from the beginning. Louis Napoleon had the merit, or the luck, to discover, what few suspected, the latent Bonapartism of the nation. The 10th of December showed that the memory of the Emperor, vague and indefinite, but therefore the more imposing, still dwelt like an heroic legend in the imaginations of the peasantry. When Louis Napoleon's violence and folly have destroyed the charm with which he has worked, all eyes will turn, not towards a republic, but to Henri V.'

'Was much money,' I asked, 'spent at his election?'

'Very little,' answered Tocqueville. 'The ex-Duke of Brunswick lent him 300,000 francs on a promise of assistance as soon as he should be able to afford it; and I suppose that we shall have to perform the promise, and to interfere to restore him to his duchy; but that was all that was spent. In fact he had no money of his own, and scarcely anyone, except the Duke, thought

well enough of his prospects to lend him any. He used to sit in the Assembly silent and alone, pitied by some members and neglected by all. Silence, indeed, was necessary to his success.'

Paris, January 2nd, 1852.—I dined with Mrs. Grote and drank tea with the Tocquevilles.

'What is your report,' they asked, 'of the President's reception in Notre Dame. We hear that it was cold.'

'So,' I answered, 'it seemed to me.'

'I am told,' said Tocqueville, 'that it was still colder on his road. He does not shine in public exhibitions. He does not belong to the highest class of hypocrites, who cheat by frankness and cordiality.'

'Such,' I said, 'as Iago. It is a class of villains of which the specimens are not common.'

'They are common enough with us,' said Tocqueville. 'We call them *faux bonshommes*. H. was an instance. He had passed a longish life with the character of a frank, open-hearted soldier. When he became Minister, the facts which he stated from the tribune appeared often strange, but coming from so honest a man we accepted them. One falsehood, however, after another was exposed, and at last we discovered that H. himself, with all his military bluntness and sincerity, was a most intrepid, unscrupulous liar.

'What is the explanation,' he continued, 'of Kossuth's reception in England? I can understand enthusiasm for a democrat in America, but what claim had he to the sympathy of aristocratic England?'

'Our aristocracy,' I answered, 'expressed no sym-

pathy, and as to the mayors, and corporations, and public meetings, they looked upon him merely as an oppressed man, the champion of an oppressed country.'

'I think,' said Tocqueville, 'that he has been the most mischievous man in Europe.'

'More so,' I said, 'than Mazzini? More so than Lamartine?'

At this instant Corcelle came in.

'We are adjusting,' said Tocqueville, 'the palm of mischievousness.'

'I am all for Lamartine,' answered Corcelle; 'without him the others would have been powerless.'

'But,' I said, 'if Lamartine had never existed, would not the revolution of 1848 still have occurred?'

'It would have certainly occurred' said Tocqueville; 'that is to say, the oligarchy of Louis Philippe would have come to an end, probably to a violent one, but it would have been something to have delayed it; and it cannot be denied that Lamartine's eloquence and courage saved us from great dangers during the Provisional Government. Kossuth's influence was purely mischievous. But for him, Austria might now be a constitutional empire, with Hungary for its most powerful member, a barrier against Russia instead of her slave.'

'I must put in a word,' said Corcelle,[1] 'for Lord Palmerston. If Lamartine produced Kossuth, Lord Palmerston produced Lamartine and Mazzini and Charles Albert—in short, all the incendiaries whose folly

[1] It must be remembered that M. de Corcelle is an ardent Roman Catholic.—ED.

and wickedness have ended in producing Louis Napoleon.'

'Notwithstanding,' I said, 'your disapprobation of Kossuth, you joined us in preventing his extradition.'

'We did,' answered Tocqueville. 'It was owing to the influence of Lord Normanby over the President. It was a fine *succès de tribune.* It gave your Government and ours an occasion to boast of their courage and of their generosity, but a more dangerous experiment was never made. You reckoned on the prudence and forbearance of Austria and Russia. Luckily, Nicholas and Nesselrode are prudent men, and luckily the Turks sent to St. Petersburg Fuad Effendi, an excellent diplomatist, a much better than Lamoricière or Lord Bloomfield. He refused to see either of them, disclaimed their advice or assistance, and addressed himself solely to the justice and generosity of the Emperor. He admitted that Russia was powerful enough to seize the refugees, but implored him not to set such an example, and—he committed nothing to paper. He left nothing, and took away nothing which could wound the pride of Nicholas; and thus he succeeded.

'Two days after, came a long remonstrance from Lord Palmerston, which Lord Bloomfield was desired to read to Nesselrode, and leave with him. A man of the world, seeing that the thing was done, would have withheld an irritating document. But Bloomfield went with it to Nesselrode. Nesselrode would have nothing to say to it. "Mon Dieu!" he said, "we have given up all our demands; ~~why~~ tease ~~us~~ by trying to prove that we

ought not to have made them?" Bloomfield said that his orders were precise. "Lisez donc," cried Nesselrode, "mais il sera très-ennuyeux." Before he had got half through Nesselrode interrupted him. "I have heard all this," he said, "from Lamoricière, only in half the number of words. Cannot you consider it as read?" Bloomfield, however, was inexorable.'

I recurred to a subject on which I had talked to both of them before—the tumult of January 29, 1849.

'George Sumner,' I said, 'assures me that it was a plot, concocted by Faucher and the President, to force the Assembly to fix a day for its dissolution, instead of continuing to sit until it should have completed the Constitution by framing the organic laws which, even on December 2 last, were incomplete. He affirms that it was the model which was followed on December 2; that during the night the Palais Bourbon was surrounded by troops; that the members were allowed to enter, but were informed, not publicly, but one by one, that they were not to be allowed to separate until they had fixed, or agreed to fix, the day of their dissolution; and that under the pressure of military intimidation, the majority, which was opposed to such a dissolution, gave way and consented to the vote, which was actually carried two days after.'

'No such proposition was made to me,' said Tocqueville, 'nor, as far as I know, to anybody else; but I own that I never understood January 29. It is certain that the Palais Bourbon, or at least its avenues, were taken possession of during the night; that there was a

vast display of military force, and also of democratic force; that the two bodies remained *en face* for some time, and that the crowd dispersed under the influence of a cold rain.'

'I too,' said Corcelle, 'disbelieve Sumner's story. The question as to the time of dissolution depended on only a few votes, and though it is true that it was voted two days after, I never heard that the military demonstration of January 29 accelerated the vote. The explanation which has been made to me is one which I mentioned the other day, namely, that the President complained to Changarnier, who at that time commanded the army of Paris, that due weight seemed not to be given to his 6,000,000 votes, and that the Assembly appeared inclined to consider him a subordinate power, instead of the *Chef d'État*, to whom, not to the Assembly, the nation had confided its destinies. In short, that the President indicated an intention to make a *coup d'etat*, and that the troops were assembled by Changarnier for the purpose of resisting it, if attempted, and at all events of intimidating the President by showing him how quickly a force could be collected for the defence of the Assembly.'

Sunday, January 4.—I dined with the Tocquevilles alone. The only guest, Mrs. Grote, who was to have accompanied me, being unwell.

'So enormous,' said Tocqueville, 'are the advantages of Louis Napoleon's situation, that he may defy any ordinary enemy. He has, however, a most formidable one in himself. He is essentially a copyist. He can

originate nothing ; his opinions, his theories, his maxims, even his plots, all are borrowed, and from the most dangerous of models—from a man who, though he possessed genius and industry such as are not seen coupled, or indeed single, once in a thousand years, yet ruined himself by the extravagance of his attempts. It would be well for him if he would utterly forget all his uncle's history. He might then trust to his own sense, and to that of his advisers. It is true that neither the one nor the other would be a good guide, but either would probably lead him into fewer dangers than a blind imitation of what was done fifty years ago by a man very unlike himself, and in a state of society both in France and in the rest of Europe, very unlike that which now exists.'

Lanjuinais and Madame B., a relation of the family, came in.

Lanjuinais had been dining with Kissileff the Russian Minister. Louis Napoleon builds on Russian support, in consequence of the marriage of his cousin, the Prince de Lichtenstein, to the Emperor's daughter. He calls it an *alliance de famille*, and his organs the 'Constitutionnel' and the 'Patrie' announced a fortnight ago that the Emperor had sent to him the Order of St. Andrew, which is given only to members of the Imperial family, and an autograph letter of congratulation on the *coup d'état*.

Kissileff says that all this is false, that neither Order nor letter has been sent, but he has been trying in vain to get a newspaper to insert a denial. It will be denied, he is told, when the proper moment comes.

'It is charming,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'to see the Emperor of Russia, like ourselves, forced to see his name usurped without redress.'

Madame B. had just seen a friend who left his country-house, and came to Paris without voting, and told those who consulted him that, in the difficulties of the case, he thought abstaining was the safest course. Immediately after the poll was over the Prefect sent to arrest him for *malveillance*, and he congratulated himself upon being out of the way.

One of Edward de Tocqueville's sons came in soon after; his brother, who is about seventeen, does duty as a private, has no servant, and cleans his own horse; and is delighted with his new life. That of our young cavalry officers is somewhat different. He did not hear of the *coup d'état* till a week after it had happened.

'Our regiments,' said Lanjuinais, 'are a kind of convents. The young men who enter them are as dead to the world, as indifferent to the events which interest the society which they have left, as if they were monks. This is what makes them such fit tools for a despot.'

Thursday, January 8, 1852.—From Sir Henry Ellis's I went to Tocqueville's.

[1] 'In this darkness,' he said, 'when no one dares to print, and few to speak, though we know generally that atrocious acts of tyranny are perpetrated everyday, it is difficult to ascertain precise facts, so I will give you one. A young man named Hypolite Magin, a gentleman

[1] This conversation was also retained in the *Journals in France*.—Ed.

by birth and education, the author of a tragedy eminently successful called "Spartacus," was arrested on the 2nd of December. His friends were told not to be alarmed, that no harm was intended to him, but rather a kindness; that as his liberal opinions were known, he was shut up to prevent his compromising himself by some rash expression. He was sent to Fort Bicêtre, where the casemates, miserable damp vaults, have been used as a prison, into which about 3,000 political prisoners have been crammed. His friends became uneasy, not only at the sufferings which he must undergo in five weeks of such an imprisonment in such weather as this, but lest his health should be permanently injured. At length they found that he was there no longer: and how do you suppose that his imprisonment has ended? He is at this instant at sea in a convict ship on his way to Cayenne—untried, indeed unaccused—to die of fever, if he escape the horrors of the passage. Who can say how many similar cases there may be in this wholesale transportation? How many of those who are missing and are supposed to have died at the barricades, or on the Boulevards, may be among the transports, reserved for a more lingering death!'

A proclamation to-day from the Prefect de Police orders all persons to erase from their houses the words 'Liberté,' 'Égalité,' and 'Fraternité,' on pain of being proceeded against *administrativement.*

'There are,' said Tocqueville, 'now three forms of procedure: *judiciairement*, *militairement*, and *administrativement.* Under the first a man is tried before a court

of law, and, if his crime be grave, is sentenced to one or two years' imprisonment. Under the second he is tried before a drumhead court-martial, and shot. Under the third, without any trial at all, he is transported to Cayenne or Algiers.'

I left Paris next day.

Correspondence.

Kensington, January 5, 1852.

My dear Tocqueville,—A private messenger has just offered himself to me, a Mr. Esmeade, who will return in about a fortnight.

The debate on Tuesday night on the Palmerston question was very satisfactory to the Government. Lord John's speech was very well received — Lord Palmerston's very ill; and though the constitution of the present Ministry is so decidedly unhealthy that it is dangerous to predict any length of life to it, yet it looks healthier than people expected. It may last out the Session.

The feeling with respect to Louis Napoleon is stronger, and it tends more to unanimity every day. The Orleans confiscation has, I think, almost too much weight given to it. After his other crimes the mere robbery of a single family, ruffian-like as it is, is a slight addition.

I breakfasted with V. yesterday. He assures me that it is false that a demand of twenty millions, or any other pecuniary demand whatever, has been made in Belgium. Nor has anything been said as to the

demolition of any fortresses, except those which were agreed to be dismantled in 1832, and which are unimportant.

The feeling of the people in Belgium is excellent.

Mr. Banfield, who has just returned from the Prussian provinces, says the same with respect to them—and Bunsen assures me that his Government will perish rather than give up a foot of ground. I feel better hopes of the preservation of peace.

Thiers and Duvergier de Hauranne are much *fêtés*, as will be the case with all the exiles.

I have been reading Fiquelmont. He is deeply steeped in all the *bêtises* of the commercial, or rather the anti-commercial school; and holds that the benefit of commerce consists not, as might have been supposed, in the things which are imported, but in those which are exported.

These follies, however, are not worth reading; but his constitutional theories—his belief, for instance, that Parliamentary Government is the curse of Europe—are curious.

The last number of the 'Edinburgh Review' contains an article on Reform well worth reading. It is by Greg. He wrote an admirable article in, I think, the April number, on Alton Locke and the English Socialists, and has also written a book, which I began to-day, on the Creed of Christendom. I have long been anxious to get somebody to do what I have not time to do, to look impartially into the evidences of Christianity, and report the result. This book does it.

Lord Normanby does not return to Paris, as you probably know. No explanation is given, but it is supposed to be in compliance with the President's wishes.

I have just sent to the press for the 'Edinburgh Review,' an article on Tronson du Coudray[1] and the 18th fructidor, which you will see in the April number. The greater part of it was written this time last year at Sorrento.

Gladstone has published a new Neapolitan pamphlet, which I will try to send you. It is said to demolish King Ferdinand.

Kindest regards to Madame de Tocqueville. We hope that you will come to us as soon as it is safe.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

P.S. and very private.—I have seen a communication from Schwartzenberg to Russia and Prussia, of the 19th December, the doctrine of which is that Louis Napoleon has done a great service by putting down parliamentaryism. That in many respects he is less dangerous than the Orleans, or elder branch, because they have parliamentary leanings. That no alteration of the existing parties must be permitted—and that an attempt to assume an hereditary crown should be discouraged—but that while it shows no aggressive propensities the policy of the Continent ought to be to countenance him,

[1] Republished in the *Biographical Sketches*. Longmans: 1863.—ED.

and *isoler* l'Angleterre, as a *foyer* of constitutional, that is to say, anarchical, principles.

Bunsen tells me that in October his King was privately asked whether he was ready to destroy the Prussian Constitution—and that he peremptorily refused.

Look at an article on the personal character of Louis Napoleon in the 'Times' of Monday. It is by R——, much built out of my conversation and Z.'s letters.

I have begged Mr. Esmeade to call on you—you will like him. He is a nephew of Sir John Moore.

[1] Kensington, March 19, 1852.

My dear Tocqueville,—I was very glad to see your hand again—though there is little in French affairs on which liberals can write with pleasure.

Ours are become very interesting. Lord John's declaration, at the meeting the other day in Chesham Place, that he shall introduce a larger reform, and surround himself with more advanced adherents, and Lord Derby's, on Monday, that he is opposed to all democratic innovation, appear to me to have changed the position of parties. The question at issue is no longer Free-trade or Protection. Protection is abandoned. It is dead, never to revive. Instead of it we are to fight for Democracy, or Aristocracy. I own that my sympathies are with Aristocracy: I prefer it to either Monarchy or Democracy. I know that it is incident to an aristocratic government that the highest places shall be filled by

[1] The letter to which this is an answer is not to be found.—Ed.

persons chosen not for their fitness but for their birth and connections, but I am ready to submit to this inconvenience for the sake of its freedom and stability. I had rather have Malmesbury at the Foreign Office, and Lord Derby first Lord of the Treasury, than Nesselrode or Metternich, appointed by a monarch, or Cobden or Bright, whom I suppose we should have under a republic. But above all, I am for the winning horse. If Democracy is to prevail I shall join its ranks, in the hope of making its victory less mischievous.

I wish, however, that the contest had not been forced on. We were very well, before Lord John brought in his Reform Bill, which nobody called for, and I am not at all sure that we shall be as well after it has passed.

As to the immediate prospects of the Ministry, the next three weeks may change much, but it seems probable that they will be forced to dissolve in April, or the beginning of May, that the new Parliament will meet in July, and that they will be turned out about the end of August. And that this time next year we shall be discussing Lord John's new Reform Bill.

I doubt whether our fears of invasion are exaggerated. At this instant, without doubt, Louis Napoleon is thinking of nothing but the Empire; and is kind to Belgium, and pacific to Switzerland in the hope of our recognition.

But I heard yesterday from Lord Hardinge that 25,000 men are at Cherbourg, and that 25,000 more are going there—and that a large sum is devoted to the navy.

We know that he governs *en conspirateur*, and this is likely to extend to his foreign as well as his civil relations.

I see a great deal of Thiers, who is very agreeable and very *triste*. 'L'exil,' he says, 'est très-dur.' Rémusat seems to bear it more patiently. We hear that we are to have Cousin.

What are your studies in the Bibliothèque Royale? I have begun to read Bastide, and intend to make the publication of my lectures on Political Economy my principal literary pursuit. I delivered the last on Monday.

I shall pass the first fifteen days of April in Brussels, with my old friend Count Arrivabene, 7 Boulevard du Régent.

. . . . . .

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

March 25, 1852.

I send you, my dear Senior, an introduction to Lamoricière. This letter will be short: you know that I do not write at any length by the post.

It will contain nothing but thanks for your long and interesting letter brought by Rivet, who returned delighted with the English in general, and with you in particular.

I see that the disturbed state of politics occasioned by Sir Robert Peel's policy, is passing away, and that your political world is again dividing itself into the two

great sects, one of which tries to narrow, the other to extend, the area of political power—one of which tries to lift you into aristocracy, the other to depress you into democracy.

The political game will be simpler. I can understand better the conservative policy of Lord Derby than the democratic one of Lord John Russell. As the friends of free-trade are more numerous than those of democracy, I think that it would have been easier to attack the Government on its commercial than on its political illiberality.

Then in this great nation, called Europe, similar currents of opinions and feelings prevail, different as may be the institutions and characters of its different populations. We see over the whole continent so general and so irresistible a reaction against democracy, and even against liberty, that I cannot believe that it will stop short on our side of the Channel; and if the Whigs become Radical, I shall not be surprised at the permanence in England of a Tory Government allied to foreign despots.

But I ought not to talk on such matters, for I live at the bottom of a well, seeing nothing, and regretting that it is not sufficiently closed above to prevent my hearing anything. Your visions of 25,000 troops at Cherbourg, to be followed by 25,000 more, are mere phantoms. There is nothing of the kind, and there will be nothing. I speak with knowledge, for I come from Cherbourg. I have been attending an extraordinary meeting of our *Conseil général* on the subject of a projected railway.

My reception touched and delighted me. I was unanimously, and certainly freely, elected president.

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A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Friday evening, April 17, 1852.

My dear Tocqueville,—My letter is not likely to be a very amusing one, for I begin it on the dullest occasion and in the dullest of towns, namely at Ostend, while waiting for the packet-boat which is to take me to London.

A thousand thanks for your letter to Lamoricière. He was very kind to me, and I hope hereafter, in Paris or in London, to improve the acquaintance.

I saw no other French in Brussels. The most interesting conversation that I had was with the King.

I found him convinced that the decree annexing Belgium to France had been drawn up, and that it was the interference of Nicholas, and his expression of a determination not to suffer the existing temporal limits to be altered, that had occasioned it to be withdrawn. I am happy, however, to think, as you also appear to think, that your great man is now intent on peaceful triumphs.

He would scarcely have created such a mass of speculative activity in France if he intended suddenly to check it by war. I hope that by the time Masters in Chancery are abolished, I shall find France intersected by a network of railroads and run from Paris to Marseilles in a day.

I venture to differ from you as to the probable progress

of reaction in England. I see no symptom of it; on the contrary, democracy seems to me to continue its triumphant march without a check. The Protectionists are in power, they take for their leader in the House of Commons a man without birth or connection, merely because he is a good speaker. This could not have been done even ten years ago. They bow to the popular will as to free-trade, and acknowledge that, even if they have a majority in the Houses of Lords and Commons, they will not venture to re-impose a Corn-law if the people do not ask for it. Never was such a homage paid to the world 'without doors.'

Then Lord John says that he objects to the Ballot, because those who have no votes have a right to know how those who have votes use them.

The example of the Continent will not affect us, or if it do affect us, will rather strengthen our democracy. We are not accustomed to copy, and shall treat the reaction in France, Austria, and Prussia rather as a warning than as a model.

I suspect that Lord John, who, though not, I think, a very wise statesman, is a clever tactician, takes the same view that I do, and has selected Reform for his platform, believing it to be a strong one.

We were delighted with Rivet, and hope that he will soon come again. Lamoricière tells me that he is going to take the waters of *Aix-la-Chapelle*, but, if his exile continues, will probably come to England next year.

Kindest regards to Madame de Tocqueville.

Ever yours,

N. W. Senior.

Kensington, April 30, 1852.

My dear Tocqueville,—A thousand thanks for your letter.[1] I saw M. de Lamoricière three times, and had a glimpse of Madame de L. who seemed very pleasing. I was delighted with his spirit and intelligence, but understand the criticism that he is *soldatesque.*

I had a long and very interesting conversation with the King, and saw much of my excellent friends Arrivabene and Quetelet. But after all Brussels is not Paris. I was more than ever struck by the ugliness of the country and the provincialness of the society.

I returned on April 18, sprained my ancle on the 19th, and have been on my back ever since. I have spent the time in looking through Fonfrède, who is a remarkable writer, and makes some remarkable prophecies, in finishing Grote's ninth and tenth volumes, in reading Kenrick's 'Ancient Egypt,' which is worth studying, and in reading through Horace, whom I find that I understand much better after my Roman experience.

I differ from you as to the chances of reaction in this country. I believe that we are still travelling the road which you have so well mapped out, which leads to democracy. Our extreme *gauche,* which we call the Manchester School, employs its whole efforts in that direction. It has great energy, activity, and combination. The duties of Parliament and of Government have become so onerous, and the facing our democratic con-

[1] This letter is not to be found.—Ed.

stituencies is so disagreeable, and an idle life of society, literature, art, and travelling has become so pleasant, that our younger aristocracy seem to be giving up politics, and hence you hear the universal complaint that there are no young men of promise in public life.

The House of Commons is full of middle-aged lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, and country-gentlemen, who take to politics late in life, without the early special training which fitted for it the last generation.

I fear that the time may come when to be in the House of Commons may be thought a bore, a somewhat vulgar spouting club, like the Marylebone Vestry, or the City of London Common Council.

I do not know whether Lord Derby has gained much in the last four months, but Lord John has certainly lost. His Reform Bill was a very crude *gâchis*, without principle, and I think very mischievous. I ventured to say nearly as much to Lord Lansdowne, who sat by my sofa for an hour on Sunday, and he did not take up its defence. Then his opposition to the present Ministry has been factious, and to punish him, he was left the other day in a minority of fifty per cent. People begin now to speculate on the possibility of Lord Derby's reconstructing his minority on rather a larger basis, and maintaining himself for three or four years; which, in these times, is a good old age for a Minister. One admirable result of these changes is the death of Protection. Those who defended it in opposition are found to abandon it now they are in power. So it has not a friend left.

Pray send me word, by yourself or by Mrs. Grote, when you leave Paris. My vacation begins on May 8, but I shall not move unless I recover the use of my legs, nor then I think, if I find that you will be absent.

Kindest regards to Madame de Tocqueville.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

Paris, November 13, 1852.

I am unlucky, my dear Senior, about your letters of introduction. You know how much I have wished and tried to make the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Ashburton, but without success. I should also, I am sure, have had great pleasure in meeting Mr. Greg.

This time I was prevented by ill health.

. . . . . .

Two or three months ago, I wrote to you from the country a letter which was addressed to Kensington. Did you receive it? and if so, why have you not answered it?

I wrote upon politics, but especially I asked you about yourselves, your occupations and projects, some questions to which I was very anxious to have answers. At any rate, do now what you ought to have done then—write to me.

I do not now write about politics, because we do not talk, or at least write about them in France any more than in Naples; besides, such subjects are not suitable to an invalid.

I will only tell you, as important and authentic pieces

of information, that the new court ladies have taken to trains and little pages, and that the new courtiers hunt the stag with their master in the Forest of Fontainebleau in dresses of the time of Louis XIV. and cocked hats.

Good-bye! Heaven preserve you from the mistakes which lead to revolutions, and from the revolutions which lead to masquerades. A thousand kind regards.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

London, December 4, 1852.

My dear Tocqueville,—Your letter of November 13 is, I think, the first that I have received from you since March.

That which you addressed to me at Kensington, two months ago, did not reach me. I have written to you one or two; I do not know with what success.

I grieve to hear of rheumatism and pleurisy. You say nothing of Madame de Tocqueville, whence I hope that I may infer that she, at least, is well.

We have all been flourishing. We passed the vacation in Wales and Ireland, and brought back a curious journal,[1] which I hope to send or bring to you.

I do not think that I shall venture to Paris at Christmas, though Ellice and Thiers are trying to persuade me. I have too vivid a recollection of the fog, cold, and dirt of last year; but I fully resolve to be with you at Easter—that is, about March 24.

The present Government, with all its want of principle

[1] Published in 1868.—ED.

and truth, and with all its want of experience, is doing much better than I expected.

The law reforms are far bolder than any that *my* friends ever proposed, and the budget, which was brought forward last night, contains more that is good, and less that is bad, than was hoped or feared.

Its worst portion is the abolition of half the malt tax, which leaves all the expense of collection undiminished, besides being a removal of a tax on a luxury which I do not wish to see cheaper. It is probable, however, that the doubling of the house tax will be rejected, in which case Disraeli will probably retain the malt tax, and the budget will sink into a commonplace one.

The removal of certain burdens on navigation and the change in the income tax are thought good, and generally the Government has gained by the budget. I am now inclined to think that it may last for some months longer—perhaps for some years.

In the meantime we are in a state of great prosperity: high wages, great accumulation of capital, low prices of consumable articles, and high prices of stocks and land.

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Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

February 27, 1853.

My dear Tocqueville,—I profit by Sir H. Ellis's visit to write, not venturing to trust the post.

We are grieved to hear that both you and Madame de Tocqueville have been suffering. *We* have borne

this disagreeable winter better than perhaps we had a right to expect; but still we have suffered.

Mrs. Grote tells me that you rather complain that the English newspapers approve of the marriage;[1] a marriage which you all disapprove.

The fact is that we like the marriage precisely because you dislike it. We are above all things desirous that the present tyranny should end as quickly as possible. It can end only by the general alienation of the French people from the tyrant; and every fault that he commits delights us, because it is a step towards his fall. To say the truth, I wonder that you do not take the same view, and rejoice over his follies as leading to his destruction.

Our new Government is going on well as yet. As the Opposition has turned law reformers, we expect law reform to go on as rapidly as is consistent with the slowly-innovating temper of the English. Large measures respecting charities, education, secondary punishments, and the transfer of land are in preparation, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is at work on the difficult—I suspect the insoluble—problem of an equitable income tax. I foresee, however, a rock ahead.

This is reform of the constituencies. Lord John Russell, very sillily, promised two years ago a new Reform Bill.

Still more sillily he introduced one last year, and was deservedly turned out for it.

Still more sillily the present Government has accepted his responsibility, and is pledged to bring in a measure of reform next year.

[1] That of the Emperor.—Ed.

I have been trying to persuade them to pave the way by a Commission of Inquiry, being certain that the facts on which we ought to agitate are imperfectly known. But Lord John is unfavourable, and the other Ministers do not venture to control the leader of the House of Commons. There will, therefore, be no previous inquiry; at least only the indirect one which the Government can make for itself. The measure will be concocted in secrecy, will be found open to unforeseen objections; it will be thrown out in the House, and will excite no enthusiasm in the country. If the Government dissolve, the new Parliament will probably be still more opposed to it than the present Parliament will be; and the Government, being beaten again, will resign.

Such is my prophecy.

Prenez en acte, and we will talk it over in May 1854.

I hope to be in Paris either for the Easter or for the Whitsun vacation—that is, either about the 24th of March or the 5th of May next—and I trust to find you and Madame de Tocqueville, if not quite flourishing, at least quite convalescent.

Ever yours,

N. W. Senior.

Conversations.

Paris, May 9, 1853.—I drank tea with the Tocquevilles. Neither of them is well.

In February they were caught, on their journey from

Tocqueville to Paris, by the bitter weather of the beginning of that month. It produced rheumatism and then pleurisy with him, and inflammation of the bowels with her; and both are still suffering from the effects either of the disorder or of the remedies.

In the summer Paris will be too hot and Tocqueville too damp. So they have taken a small house at St. Cyr, about a mile from Tours, where they hope for a tolerable climate, easy access to Paris, and the use of the fine library of the cathedral. He entered eagerly on the Eastern question, and agreed on all points with Faucher; admitted the folly and rashness of the French, but deplored the over-caution which had led us to refuse interference, at least effectual interference, and to allow Turkey to sink into virtual subservience to Russia.

Paris, Tuesday, May 17.—Tocqueville and I stood on my balcony, and looked along the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde, swarming with equipages, and on the well-dressed crowds in the gardens below. From the height in which we were placed all those apparently small objects, in incessant movement, looked like a gigantic ant-hill disturbed.

'I never,' said Tocqueville, 'have known Paris so animated or apparently so prosperous. Much is to be attributed to the saving of the four previous years. The parsimony of the Parisians ended in 1850; but the parsimony of the provinces, always great, and in unsettled times carried to actual avarice, lasted during the whole of the Republic. Commercial persons tell me that the arrival of capital which comes up for investment from

the provinces deranges all their calculations. It is like the sudden burst of vegetation which you have seen during the last week. We have passed suddenly from winter to summer.

'I own,' he continued, 'that it fills me with alarm. Among the innumerable schemes that are afloat, some must be ill-founded, some must be swelled beyond their proper dimensions, and some may be mere swindles. The city of Paris and the Government are spending 150,000,000*l.* in building in Paris. This is almost as much as the fortifications cost. It has always been said, and I believe with truth, that the revolutionary army of 1848 was mainly recruited from the 40,000 additional workmen whom the fortifications attracted from the country, and left without employment when they were finished. When this enormous extra-expenditure is over, when the Louvre, and the new rue de Rivoli, and the Halles, and the street that is to run from the Hôtel de Ville to the northern boundary of Paris, are completed—that is to say, when a city has been built out of public money in two or three years—what will become of the mass of discharged workmen?

'What will become of those on the railways if they are suddenly stopped, as yours were in 1846? What will be the shock if the Crédit Foncier or the Crédit Mobilier fail, after having borrowed each its milliard? Everything seems to me to be preparing for one of your panics, and the Government has so identified itself with the state of prosperity and state of credit of the country that a panic must produce a revolution. The Govern-

ment claims the merit of all that is good, and of course is held responsible for all that is bad. If we were to have a bad harvest, it would be laid to the charge of the Emperor.

'Of course,' he continued, 'I do not desire the perpetuation of the present tyranny. Its duration as a dynasty I believe to be absolutely impossible, except in one improbable contingency—a successful war.

'But though, I repeat, I do not desire or expect the permanence of the Empire, I do not wish for its immediate destruction, before we are prepared with a substitute. The agents which are undermining it are sufficiently powerful and sufficiently active to occasion its fall quite as soon as we ought to wish for that fall.'

'And what,' I said, 'are those agents?'

'The principal agents,' he answered, 'are violence in the provinces and corruption in Paris. Since the first outbreak there has not been much violence in Paris. You must have observed that freedom of speech is universal. In every private society, and even in every *café*, hatred or contempt of the Government are the main topics of conversation. We are too numerous to be attacked. But in the provinces you will find perfect silence. Anyone who whispers a word against the Emperor may be imprisoned, or perhaps transported. The prefects are empowered by one of the decrees made immediately after the *coup d'état* to dissolve any Conseil communal in which there is the least appearance of disaffection, and to nominate three persons to administer the commune. In many cases this has been done, and

I could point out to you several communes governed by the prefect's nominees who cannot read. In time, of course, tyranny will produce corruption; but it has not yet prevailed extensively in the country, and the cause which now tends to depopularise him *there* is arbitrary violence exercised against those whom his agents suppose to be their enemies.

'On the other hand, what is ruining him in Paris is not violence, but corruption.

'The French are not like the Americans; they have no sympathy with smartness. Nothing so much excites their disgust as *friponnerie*. The main cause that overthrew Louis Philippe was the belief that he and his were *fripons*—that the representatives bought the electors, that the Minister bought the representatives, and that the King bought the Minister.

'Now, no corruption that ever prevailed in the worst periods of Louis XV., nothing that was done by La Pompadour or the Du Barry resembles what is going on now. Duchâtel, whose organs are not over-acute, tells me that he shudders at what is forced on his notice. The perfect absence of publicity, the silence of the press and of the tribune, and even of the bar—for no speeches, except on the most trivial subjects, are allowed to be reported—give full room for conversational exaggeration. Bad as things are, they are made still worse. Now this we cannot bear. It hurts our strongest passion—our vanity. We feel that we are *exploités* by Persigny, Fould, and Abbattucci, and a swarm of other adventurers. The injury might be tolerated, but not the disgrace.

'Every Government in France has a tendency to become unpopular as it continues. If you were to go down into the street, and inquire into the politics of the first hundred persons whom you met, you would find some Socialists, some Republicans, some Orleanists, &c., but you would find no Louis Napoleonists. Not a voice would utter his name without some expression of contempt or detestation, but principally of contempt.

'If then things take their course—if no accident, such as a fever or a pistol-shot, cut him off—public indignation will spread from Paris to the country, his unpopularity will extend from the people to the army, and then the first street riot will be enough to overthrow him.'

'And what power,' I said, 'will start up in his place?'

'I trust,' answered Tocqueville, 'that the reins will be seized by the Senate. Those who have accepted seats in it excuse themselves by saying, "A time may come when we shall be wanted." Probably the Corps Législatif will join them; and it seems to me clear that the course which such bodies will take must be the proclamation of Henri V.'

'But what,' I said, 'would be the consequences of the pistol-shot or the fever?'

'The immediate consequence,' answered Tocqueville, 'would be the installation of his successor. Jérôme would go to the Tuileries as easily as Charles X. did, but it would precipitate the end. We might bear Louis Napoleon for four or five years, or Jérôme for four or five months.'

'It has been thought possible,' I said, 'that in the

event of the Jérôme dynasty being overset by a military revolution, it might be followed by a military usurpation ; that Nero might be succeeded by Galba.'

'That,' said Tocqueville, 'is one of the few things which I hold to be impossible. Nero may be followed by another attempt at a Republic, but if any individual is to succeed him it must be a prince. *Mere* personal distinction, at least such as is within the bounds of real possibility, will not give the sceptre of France. It will be seized by no one who cannot pretend to an hereditary claim.

'What I fear,' continued Tocqueville, 'is that when this man feels the ground crumbling under him, he will try the resource of war. It will be a most dangerous experiment. Defeat, or even the alternation of success and failure, which is the ordinary course of war, would be fatal to him ; but brilliant success might, as I have said before, establish him. It would be playing double or quits. He is by nature a gambler. His self-confidence, his reliance, not only on himself, but on his fortune, exceeds even that of his uncle. He believes himself to have a great military genius. He certainly planned war a year ago. I do not believe that he has abandoned it now, though the general feeling of the country forces him to suspend it. That feeling, however, he might overcome ; he might so contrive as to appear to be forced into hostilities ; and such is the intoxicating effect of military glory, that the Government which would give us *that* would be pardoned, whatever were its defects or its crimes.

'It is your business, and that of Belgium, to put yourselves into such a state of defence as to force him to make his spring on Italy. There he can do you little harm. But to us Frenchmen the consequences of war *must* be calamitous. If we fail, they are national loss and humiliation. If we succeed, they are slavery.'

'Of course,' I said, 'the corruption that infects the civil service must in time extend to the army, and make it less fit for service.'

'Of course it must,' answered Tocqueville. 'It will extend still sooner to the navy. The *matériel* of a force is more easily injured by jobbing than the *personnel*. And in the navy the *matériel* is the principal.

'Our naval strength has never been in proportion to our naval expenditure, and is likely to be less and less so every year, at least during every year of the *règne des fripons*.'

Tuesday, May 24.—I breakfasted with Sir Henry Ellis and then went to Tocqueville's.

I found there an elderly man, who did not remain long.

When he went, Tocqueville said, 'That is one of our provincial prefects. He has been describing to us the state of public feeling in the South. Contempt for the present Government, he tells us, is spreading there from its headquarters, Paris.

'If the Corps Législatif is dissolved, he expects the Opposition to obtain a majority in the new House.

'This,' continued Tocqueville, 'is a state of things with which Louis Napoleon is not fit to cope. Opposition makes him furious, particularly Parliamentary oppo-

sition. His first impulse will be to go a step further in imitation of his uncle, and abolish the Corps Législatif, as Napoleon did the Tribunat.

'But nearly half a century of Parliamentary life has made the French of 1853 as different from those of 1803 as the nephew is from his uncle.

'He will scarcely risk another *coup d'état*; and the only legal mode of abolishing, or even modifying, the Corps Législatif is by a plébiscite submitted by ballot to universal suffrage.

'Will he venture on this? And if he do venture, will he succeed? If he fail, will he not sink into a constitutional sovereign, controlled by an Assembly far more unmanageable than we deputies were, as the Ministers are excluded from it?'

'Will he not rather,' I said, 'sink into an exile?'

'That is my hope,' said Tocqueville, 'but I do not expect it quite so soon as Thiers does.'

Correspondence.

St. Cyr, July 2, 1853.

I am not going to talk to you, my dear Senior, about the Emperor, or the Empress, or any of the august members of the Imperial Family; nor of the Ministers, nor of any other public functionaries, because I am a well-disposed subject who does not wish that the perusal of his letters should give pain to his Government. I shall write to you upon an historical problem, and discuss with you events which happened five hundred years ago. There could not be a more innocent subject.

I have followed your advice, and I have read, or rather re-read, Blackstone. I studied him twenty years ago. Each time he has made upon me the same impression. Now, as then, I have ventured to consider him (if one may say so without blasphemy) an inferior writer, without liberality of mind or depth of judgment; in short, a commentator and a lawyer, not what *we* understand by the words *jurisconsulte* and *publiciste.* He has, too, in a degree which is sometimes amusing, a mania for admiring all that was done in ancient times, and for attributing to them all that is good in his own. I am inclined to think that, if he had had to write, not on the institutions, but on the products of England, he would have discovered that beer was first made from grapes, and that the hop is a fruit of the vine—rather a degenerate product, it is true, of the wisdom of our ancestors, but as such worthy of respect. It is impossible to imagine an excess more opposite to that of his contemporaries in France, for whom it was enough that a thing was old for it to be bad. But enough of Blackstone; he must make way for what I really want to say to you.

In comparing the feudal institutions in England in the period immediately after the conquest with those of France, you find between them, not only an analogy, but a perfect resemblance, much greater than Blackstone seems to think, or, at any rate, chooses to say. In reality, the system in the two countries is identical. In France, and over the whole Continent, this system produced a caste; in England, an aristocracy. How is it that the word

gentleman, which in our language denotes a mere superiority of blood, with you is now used to express a certain social position, and amount of education, independent of birth; so that in two countries the same word, though the sound remains the same, has entirely changed its meaning? When did this revolution take place? How, and through what transitions? Have no books ever treated of this subject in England? Have none of your great writers, philosophers, politicians, or historians, ever noticed this characteristic and pregnant fact, tried to account for it, and to explain it?

If I had the honour of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Macaulay, I should venture to write to ask him these questions. In the excellent history which he is now publishing he alludes to this fact, but he does not try to explain it. And yet, as I have said before, there is none more pregnant, nor containing within it so good an explanation of the difference between the history of England and that of the other feudal nations in Europe. If you should meet Mr. Macaulay, I beg you to ask him, with much respect, to solve these questions for me. But tell me what you yourself think, and if any other eminent writers have treated this subject.

You must think me, my dear friend, very tiresome with all these questions and dissertations; but of what else can I speak? I pass here the life of a Benedictine monk, seeing absolutely no one, and writing whenever I am not walking. I expect this cloistered life to do a great deal of good both to my mind and body. Do not think that in my convent I forget my friends. My wife

and I constantly talk of them, and especially of you and of our dear Mrs. Grote. I am reading your MSS.,[1] which interest and amuse me extremely. They are my relaxation. I have promised Beaumont to send them to him as soon as I have finished them.

St. Cyr, December 8, 1853.

I must absolutely write to you to-day, my dear Senior. I have long been wishing to do so, but have been deterred by the annoyance I feel at not being able to discuss with you a thousand subjects as interesting to you as they are to me, but which one cannot mention in a letter; for letters are now less secret than ever, and to insist upon writing politics to our friends is equivalent to their not hearing from us at all. But I may, at any rate, without making the police uneasy, assure you of the great pleasure with which we heard that you intended paying us a little visit next month.

There is an excellent hotel at Tours, where you will find good apartments; for the rest, I hope that you will make our house your inn. We are near enough to Tours for me to walk there and back, and we regulate our clocks by the striking of theirs; so you see that it is difficult to be nearer.

I think that it is a capital idea of yours to visit French Africa. The country is curious in itself, also on account of the contrasts afforded by the different populations which spread over the land without ever mixing.

[1] Mr. Senior's Journals.—Ed.

You will find them materials for some of those excellent and interesting articles which you write so well. When you come I shall be able to give you some useful information, for I have devoted much attention to Algiers. I have here a long report which I drew up for the Chamber in 1846, which may give you some valuable ideas, though things have considerably changed since that time.

Kind remembrances, &c.,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[The following are some more of Mrs. Grote's interesting notes. She preceded Mr. Senior at St. Cyr.—ED.]

The notes relating to St. Cyr are memoranda of various conversations which I enjoyed during a stay of some ten days or so at Tours, in February 1854, with Monsieur Alexis de Tocqueville. I occupied an apartment in the hotel at Tours, and on almost every day passed some hours in the company of this interesting friend, who at this time lived at St. Cyr, in a commodious country-house having its garden, &c., which he rented. I drove out to dine there frequently, and M. de Tocqueville walked over on the intervening days and stayed an hour or two at the hotel with me talking incessantly.—H. G.

St. Cyr, February 13, 1854.—The French allow no author to have a claim to the highest rank unless he joins the perfection of style with the instructiveness of his matter. Only four first-rate writers in the eighteenth century

—*grands écrivains, comme grands penseurs originaux;* these being Montesquieu, Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, and Buffon. Helvetius not *en première ligne*, because his *forme* was not up to the mark. Alexis himself is often hung up for days together, having the thoughts, yet not hitting off the 'phrases' in a way to satisfy his critical ear as to style.

Thinks that when a man is capable of originating a *belle pensée*, he ought to be also capable of clothing that thought in felicitous language.

Thinks that a torpid state of political life is unfavourable to intellectual product in general.

I instanced the case of Louis XIV. as contradicting this. Not admitted by Tocqueville. The civil wars of Louis XIV.'s reign had engendered considerable activity in the minds of the educated class. This activity generated speculation and scientific inquiry in all the departments of human thoughts. Abstract ideas became the field on which thinkers occupied themselves. No *practical* outlet under despotism, but a certain social fermentation nevertheless existing, and the want of making itself a vent impelled intellectual life and writings. I instanced Louis XV. 'At least,' I said, 'the torpor of political life was become yet more a habit.' 'Yes,' said Alexis, 'but then there was the principle of discontent very widely diffused, which was the germ of the revolution of 1789. This restless, disaffected state of the national mind gave birth to some new forms of intellectual product, tending to rather more distinct practical results, which filtered down among the middle classes, and became the objects of

their desires and projects.' Rousseau and Voltaire eminently serviceable in leading the public sentiment towards the middle of the eighteenth century.

English writers and statesmen having always enjoyed the power of applying their minds to actual circumstances, and of appealing through a free press and free speech also to the public of their day, have never addressed themselves, as French philosophers did, to the cultivation of abstract speculations and general theories. Here and there a writer has been thrown, by his individual tastes and turn of thought, upon the study of political philosophy ; but the Englishman, taken as a public writer, commonly addresses himself to practical legislation rather than to recondite studies or logical analysis and investigation of the relations between mankind and their regulations under authorised powers. Since Lord Bacon there have been few, excepting in our later times Mill, Bentham, and his disciples, who have explored the metaphysics of jurisprudence and moral science in England. Hume dealt in the philosophic treatment of political subjects, but did not work them up into anything like a coherent system. English are not fond of generalities, but get on by their instincts, bit by bit, as need arises.

Alexis thinks that the writers of the period antecedent to the revolution of 1789 were quite as much *thrown up by* the condition of public sentiment as they were the exciters of it. Nothing *comprehensive*, in matters of social arrangement, can be effected under a state of things like that of England ; so easy there for a peculiar grievance to get heard, so easy for a local or class interest

to obtain redress against any form of injustice, that legislation *must* be 'patching.' Next to impossible to reorganise a community without a revolution.

Alexis has been at work for about a year in *rummaging* amid archives, partly in those of the capital, partly in those of the Touraine. In this last town a complete collection is contained of the records of the old 'Intendance,' under which several provinces were governed. Nothing short of a continuous and laborious poring over the details of Government furnished by these invaluable *paperasses* could possibly enable a student of the past century to frame to himself any clear conception of the working of the social relations and authorities in old France. There exists no such tableau. The manners of the higher classes and their daily life and habits are well portrayed in heaps of memoirs, and even pretty well understood by our contemporaries. But the whole structure of society, in its relations with the authorised agents of supreme power, including the pressure of those secondary obligations arising out of *coutumes du pays*, is so little understood as to be scarcely available to a general comprehension of the old French world before 1789.

Alexis says that the reason why the great upheaving of that period has never been to this day sufficiently appreciated, never sufficiently explained, is because the actual living hideousness of the social details and relations of that period, seen from the points of view of a penetrating contemporary looker-on, has never yet been depicted in true colours and with minute particulars. After having dived into the social history of that century, as I have

stated, his conviction is that it was impossible that the revolution of 1789 should *not* burst out. Cause and effect were never more irrevocably associated than in this terrible case. Nothing but the compulsory idleness and obscurity into which Alexis has been thrown since December 1851 would have put even him upon the researches in question. Few perhaps could have addressed themselves to the task with such remarkable powers of interpretation, and with such talents for exploring the connection between thought and action as he is endowed with. Also he is singularly exempt from aristocratical prejudices, and quite capable of sympathising with popular feeling, though naturally not partial to democracy.

February 15.—De Tocqueville came down in close carriage and sat an hour and a half by fireside. Weather horrible. Talked of La Marck's book on Mirabeau;[1] said that the line Mirabeau pursued was perfectly well known to Frenchmen prior to the appearance of La Marck's book; but that the actual details were of course a new revelation, and highly valued accordingly. Asked what we thought of it in England. I told him the leading impression made by the book was the clear perception of the impossibility of effecting any good or coming to terms in any manner of way of the revolutionary leaders with such a Court. That we also had long suspected Mirabeau of being what he was now proved to have been —a man who, imbued though he was with the spirit of revolutionary action and the conviction of the rightfulness of demanding prodigious changes, yet who would

[1] See *Royal and Republican France*, by H. Reeve Esq. vol. i.—Ed.

willingly have directed the monarch in a method of warding off the terrible consequences of the storm, and who would, if the Court had confided to his hands the task of conciliating the popular feelings, have perhaps preserved the forms of monarchy while affording the requisite concessions to the national demands. But the Court was so steeped in the old sentiment of divine right, and moreover so distrustful of Mirabeau's honour and sagacity (the more so as he was insatiable in his pecuniary requisitions), that they would never place their cause frankly in his hands, nor indeed in anyone else's who was capable of discerning their best interests. Lafayette was regarded as an enemy almost (and was 'jaloused' by Mirabeau as being so popular) on account of his popular sympathies. De Tocqueville said that so diffused was the spirit of revolution at the period preceding the convocation of the États-généraux, that the elder Mirabeau, who was a very clever and original-minded man, though strongly tinctured with the old feudal prejudices, nevertheless let the fact be seen in the clearest manner in his own writings. He wrote many tracts on public topics, and De Tocqueville says that the tone in which Mirabeau (*père*) handles these proves that he was perfectly cognisant of the universal spread of revolutionary opinions, and even in some degree influenced by them in his own person. Mirabeau (the son) was so aware of the absolute necessity of proclaiming himself emancipated from the old feudalities, that, among other extravagances of his conduct, he started as a shopkeeper at Marseilles for some time,

by way of fraternizing with the *bourgeoisie; affichéing* his liberalism. De Tocqueville quoted Napoleon as saying in one of his conversations at St. Helena that he had been a spectator *from a window* of the scene at the Tuileries, on the famous August 10, 1792, and that it was his conviction (Napoleon's) that, even at that stage, the revolution might have been averted—at least, the furious character of it might have been turned aside—by judicious modes of negociation on the part of the King's advisers. De Tocqueville does not concur in Napoleon's opinion. 'Cahiers,' published 1789, contain the whole body of instructions supplied to their respective delegates by the *trois états* (*clergé, noblesse, et Tiers État*), on assembling in convocation. Of this entire and voluminous collection (which is deposited in the archives of France) three volumes of extracts are to be bought which were a kind of *rédigé* of the larger body of documents. In these three volumes De Tocqueville mentioned, one may trace the course of the public sentiment with perfect clearness. Each class demanded a large instalment of constitutional securities; the nobles perhaps demanded the largest amount of all the three. Nothing could be more thoroughgoing than the requisitions which the body of the *noblesse* charged their delegates to enforce in the Assembly of the États-généraux—'égalisations des charges (taxation), responsabilité des ministres, indépendance des tribunaux, liberté de la personne, garantie de la propriété contre la couronne,' a balance-sheet annually of the public expenses and public revenue, and, in fact, all the salient privileges necessary

in order to enfranchise a community weary of despotism. The clergy asked for what they wanted with equal resolution, and the *bourgeoisie* likewise; but what the nobles were instructed to demand was the boldest of all. We talked of the letters of the writers of the eighteenth century, and of the correspondence of various eminent men and women with David Hume, which Mr. Hill Burton has published in a supplementary volume in addition to those comprised in his life of David Hume, and which I have with me. I said that the works of Hume being freely printed and circulated caused great pleasure to the French men of letters, mingled with envy at the facility enjoyed by the Englishman of publishing anything he chose; the French writers being debarred, owing to the importunity of the clergy with Louis XV., from publishing freely their works in France, and only managing to get themselves printed by employing printers at the Hague, Amsterdam, and other towns beyond the limits of the kingdom. To my surprise, De Tocqueville replied that this disability, so far from proving disadvantageous to the *esprits forts* of the period, and the encyclopædic school, was a source of gain to them in every respect. Every book or tract which bore the stamp of being printed at the Hague or elsewhere, *out of France*, was speedily caught up and devoured. It was a passport to success. Everyone knowing that, since it was printed there, it must be of a nature to give offence to the ruling powers, and especially to the priesthood, and as such, all who were imbued with the new opinions were sure to run after books bearing this

certificate of merit. De Tocqueville said that the *savans* of 1760–1789 would not have printed in France, had they been free to do so, at the period immediately preceding the accession of Louis XVI.

Talked of Lafayette: said he was as great as pure, good intentions and noble instincts could make a man; but that he was *d'un esprit médiocre*, and utterly at a loss how to turn affairs to profit at critical junctures—never knew what was coming, no political foresight. Mistake in putting Louis Philippe on the throne *sans garantie* in 1830; misled by his own disinterested character to think better of public men than he ought to have done. Great personal integrity shown by Lafayette during the Empire, and under the Restoration: not to be cajoled by any monarch.

February 16.—The current fallacy of Napoleon having made the important alterations in the laws of France. All the eminent new enactments originated in the Constituent Assembly, only that they set to work in such sledgehammer fashion, that the carrying out their work became extremely troublesome and difficult. Too abstract in their notions to estimate difficulties of detail in changing the framework of jurisprudence. De Tocqueville said philosophers must always originate laws, but men used to active practical life ought to undertake to direct the transition from old to new arrangements. The Constituent Assembly did prodigious things in the way of clearing the ground of past abominations. Napoleon had the talent of making their work take effect; understood administrative science, but rendered

the centralising principle far too predominant, in the view to consolidate his own power afterwards. France has felt this, to her cost, ever since.

Habit formerly (i.e. 300 years back) as prevalent in France as it is in England of gentlemen of moderate fortune residing wholly or by far the greater part of the year on their estates. They ceased to do so from the time when the sovereign took from them all local authority, from the fifteenth century or so. The French country-houses were excessively thickly dotted over the land even up to the year 1600; quantities pulled down after that period. Country life becoming flat after the gentlemen ceased to be of importance in their political relations with their districts, they gave up rural habits and took to living in the provincial towns.

De Tocqueville had many conversations with M. Royer Collard respecting the events of 1789. Difficult to get much out of men of our period relative to their own early manhood. His own father (now 82) much less capable of communicating details of former *régime* than might have been supposed. Because, says De Tocqueville, youths of eighteen to twenty hardly ever possess the faculty or the inclination to note social peculiarities. They accept what they find going, and scarcely give a thought to the contemplation of what is familiar to them and of every day's experience. Royer Collard was a man of superior mind: had a great deal to relate. De Tocqueville used to pump him whenever an opportunity occurred. Knew Danton well, used to discuss political affairs with him. When revolution was fairly launched,

saw him occasionally. Danton was venal to the last degree; received money from the Court over and over again; 'agitated,' and was again sopped by the agents of Marie Antoinette. When matters grew formidable (in 1791) Royer Collard was himself induced to become an agent or go-between of the Court for buying up Danton. He sought an opportunity, and after some prefatory conversations Royer Collard led Danton to the point. 'No,' said Danton, 'I cannot listen to any such suggestions now. Times are altered. It is too late. 'Nous le détrônerons et puis nous le tuerons,' added he in an emphatic tone. Royer Collard of course gave up the hope of succeeding.

Danton's passion for a young girl, whom he married, became his ruin. While he was honeymooning it by some river's margin, Robespierre got the upper hand in the Assembly, and caused him to be seized—*mis en jugement*—and soon afterwards guillotined. The woman did not know, it is affirmed, that it was Danton who set the massacres of 1792 agoing; she thought him a good-hearted man. He set all his personal enemies free out of their prisons prior to the commencement of the massacres; wishing to be able to boast of having spared his enemies, as a proof that he was actuated by no ignoble vengance, but only by a patriotic impulse. He was a low, mean-souled fanatic, who had no clear conception of what he was aiming at, but who delighted in the horrid excitement prevailing around him. It was Tallien who had the chief share in the deposition of Robespierre and the transactions of the 9th thermi-

dor. Madame Tallien was then in prison, and going to be executed in a few days (she was not yet married to Tallien then). She wrote, by stealth of course, a few emphatic words, with a toothpick and soot wetted, to Tallien which nerved him to the conflict, and she was saved. Talleyrand told De Tocqueville she was beyond everything captivating, beautiful, and interesting. She afterwards became the mistress of Barras, and finally married the Prince de Chimay.

De Tocqueville has been at Voré, Helvetius' château in La Perche—a fine place, and Helvetius lived *en seigneur* there. A grand-daughter of Helvetius married M. de Rochambeau, uncle, by mother's side, of Alexis: so that the great-grandchildren are De Tocqueville's first cousins.

In the 'Souvenirs' of M. Berryer (*père*) he describes the scene of the 9th thermidor, in which he was actively concerned in the interest of the Convention, and saw Robespierre borne past him with his shattered jaw along the Quai Pelletier. Also went to the terrace of the Tuileries gardens to assure himself that Robespierre was really executed the next day; heard the execrations and shouts which attended his last moments, but did not stay to witness them. Release of the Duchess of St. Aignan, under sentence of death, by his father.

February 18.—A. de Tocqueville came to see me, and we walked out for half-an-hour. He said he had now spent over eight months in a seclusion such as he had never experienced in his whole life. That, partly his own debilitated health, partly the impaired state of his

wife's general powers (nervous system inclusive), partly the extreme aversion he felt for public affairs and the topics of the day connected with politics; all these considerations had determined him upon withdrawing himself from society for a certain space, and *that* to a considerable distance from all his friends and relations. A physician, also of widely extended fame (Dr. Brittonneau), happening to reside close to where they have lodged themselves, formed an additional link in the chain of motives for settling themselves at Tours. M. de Tocqueville had some misgivings at first as to whether, after passing twenty years in active public life, and in the frequent society of men who occupied the most distinguished position in the political world, as well as of others not less eminent in that of letters; whether, he said, the monotony and stillness of his new mode of life would not be too much for his spirits and render his mind indolent and depressed. 'But,' said he, 'I have been agreeably reassured. I have come to regard society as a thing which I can perfectly well do without. I desire nothing better than to occupy myself, as I have been doing, with the composition of a work which I am in hopes will travel over somewhat other than beaten ground. I have found many materials for my purpose in this spot, and the pursuit has got hold of me to a degree which renders intellectual labour a source of pleasure; and I prosecute it steadily, unless when my health is out of order; which, happily, does not occur so frequently since the last three or four months. My wife's company serves to encourage me in my work, and

to cheer me in every respect, since an entire sympathy subsists between us, as you know; we seem to require no addition, and our lives revolve in the most inflexible routine possible. I rise at half-past five, and work seriously till half-past nine; then dress for *déjeûner* at ten. I commonly walk half-an-hour afterwards, and then set to on some other study—usually of late in the German language—till two P.M., when I go out again and walk for two hours, if weather allows. In the evenings I read to amuse myself, often reading aloud to Madame de Tocqueville, and go to bed at ten P.M. regularly every night.'

'Sometimes,' said De Tocqueville, 'I reflect on the difference which may be discerned between the amount of what a man can effect by even the most strenuous and well-directed efforts, whether as a public servant or as a leading man in political life, and what a writer of impressive books has it in his power to effect. It is true that a man of talent and courage may acquire a creditable position, may exercise great influence over other individuals engaged in the same career, and may enjoy a certain measure of triumphant success in cases where he can put out his strength. At the same time it strikes me that the best of these exaggerates immensely the amount of good which he has been able to effect. I look back upon prodigiously vivid passages in various public men's lives, in this century, with a melancholy reflection of how little influence their magnificent efforts have really exercised over the march of human affairs. A man is apt to believe he has done great things when

his hearers and contemporaries are strongly affected, either by a powerful speech, or an animated address, or an act of opportune courage, or the like. But, if we investigate the positive amount of what the individual has effected in the way of bettering or advancing the general interests of mankind, by personal exertion on the public stage, I regret to say I can find hardly an instance of more than a transient, though beneficial, flash of excitement produced on the public mind. I do not here speak of men invested with great power—princes, prime ministers, popes, generals and the like. Of course *they* produce lasting traces of their *power*, whether it be for good or evil ; and, indeed, *individuals* have on their side considerable power to work *mischief*, though not often to work good. I begin to think that a man not invested with a considerable amount of political *power* can do but little good by slaving at the oar of independent political action. Now, on the contrary, what a vast effect a *writer* can produce, when he possesses the requisite knowledge and endowments! In his cabinet, his thoughts collected, his ideas well arranged, he may hope to imprint indelible traces on the line of human progress. What orator, what brilliant patriot at the tribune, could ever effect the extensive fermentation in a whole nation's sentiments achieved by Voltaire and Jean Jacques?

'I have certainly seen reason to change some of my views on social facts, as well as some reasonings founded on imperfect observation. But the *fond* of my opinions can never undergo a change—certain irrevocable maxims

and propositions *must* constitute the basis of thinking minds. How such changes can come about as I have lived to see in some men's states of opinion is to me incomprehensible. Lafayette was foolish enough to give his support to certain conspiracies—certainly to that of Béfort's, in Alsace. What folly! to seek to upset a despotism by the agency of the *soldiery*, in the nineteenth century!'

H. GROTE.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MR. SENIOR.

St. Cyr, Tuesday, February 21, 1854.[1]—On the 20th I left Paris for Le Trésorier, a country-house in the village of St. Cyr, near Tours, which the Tocquevilles have been inhabiting for some months. It stands in a large enclosure of about fifteen acres, of which about ten are orchard and vineyard, and the remainder are occupied by the house, stables, and a large garden. The house has a great deal of accommodation, and they pay for it, imperfectly furnished, 3,000 francs a year, and keep up the garden, which costs about 500 francs more, being one man at one and a-half francs a day.

This is considered dear; but the sheltered position of the house, looking south, and protected by a hill to the north-east, induced the Tocquevilles to pay for it about 1,000 francs more than its market value.

[1] My conversations with M. de Tocqueville during this visit were written out after my return from Paris and sent to him. He returned them with the remarks which I have inserted.—N. W. SENIOR.

I will throw together the conversations of February 22 and 23. They began by my giving to him a general account of the opinions of my friends in Paris.

'I believe,' said Tocqueville, 'that I should have found out many of your interlocutors without your naming them. I am sure that I should Thiers, Duvergier, Broglie, and Rivet; perhaps Faucher—certainly Cousin. I translate into French what you make them say, and hear them speak. I recognise Dumon and Lavergne, but I should not have discovered them. The conversation of neither of them has the marked, peculiar flavour that distinguishes that of the others. You must recollect, however, that some of your friends knew, and most of the others must have suspected, that you were taking notes. Thiers speaks evidently for the purpose of being reported. To be sure that shows what are the opinions that men wish to be supposed to entertain, and they often betray what they think that they conceal. Still it must be admitted that you had not always the natural man.' 'I am sorry,' he added, 'that you have not penetrated more into the salons of the Legitimists. You have never got further than a Fusionist. The Legitimists are not the Russians that Thiers describes them. Still less do they desire to see Henri V. restored by foreign intervention. They and their cause have suffered too bitterly for having committed that crime, or that fault, for them to be capable of repeating it. They are anti-national so far as not to rejoice in any victories obtained by France under this man's guidance. But I cannot believe that they would

rejoice in her defeat. They have been so injured in their fortunes and their influence, have been so long an oppressed caste—excluded from power, and even from sympathy—that they have acquired the faults of slaves—have become timid and frivolous, or bitter.

'They have ceased to be anxious about anything but to be let alone. But they are a large, a rich, and comparatively well-educated body. Your picture is incomplete without them, *et il sera toujours très-difficile de gouverner sans eux.*[1]

I quite agree,' he continued, 'with Thiers as to the necessity of this war. Your interests may be more immediate and greater, but ours are very great. When I say ours, I mean those of France as a country that is resolved to enjoy constitutional government. I am not sure that if Russia were to become mistress of the Continent she would not allow France to continue a quasi-independent despotism under her protectorate. But she will never willingly allow us to lie powerful and free.

'I sympathise, too, with Thiers's fears as to the result. I do not believe that Napoleon himself, with all his energy, and all his diligence, and all his intelligence, would have thought it possible to conduct a great war to which his Minister of War was opposed. A man who has no heart in his business will neglect it, or do it imperfectly. His first step would have been to dismiss St.-Arnaud. Then, look at the other two on

[1] Le portrait va plus loin que ma pensée.—*A. de Tocqueville.*
The picture expresses more than my idea.

whose skill and energy we have to depend. One is Ducos, Minister of Marine, a man of mere commonplace talents and character. The other is Binneau, Minister of Finance, somewhat inferior to Ducos. Binneau ought to provide resources. He ought to check the preposterous waste of the Court. He has not intelligence enough to do the one, or courage enough to attempt the other. The real Prime Minister is without doubt Louis Napoleon himself. But he is not a man of business. He does not understand details. He may order certain things to be done, but he will not be able to ascertain whether the proper means have been taken. He does not know indeed what these means are. He does not trust those who do. A war which would have tasked all the powers of Napoleon, and of Napoleon's Ministers and generals, is to be carried on without any master-mind to direct it, or any good instruments to execute it. I fear some great disaster.

'Such a disaster might throw,' he continued, 'this man from the eminence on which he is balanced, not rooted. It might produce a popular outbreak, of which the anarchical party might take advantage. Or, what is perhaps more to be feared, it might frighten Louis Napoleon into a change of policy. He is quite capable of turning short round—giving up everything—key of the Grotto, protectorate of the orthodox, even the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus—to Nicholas, and asking to be repaid by the Rhine.

'I cannot escape from the *cauchemar* that a couple of years hence France and England may be at war.

Nicholas's expectations have been deceived, but his plan was not unskilfully laid. He had a fair right to conjecture that you would think the dangers of this alliance such as to be even greater than those of allowing him to obtain his protectorate.

'In deciding otherwise, you have taken the brave and the magnanimous course. I hope that it may prove the successful one.

'I am sorry,' continued Tocqueville, 'to see the language of your newspapers as to the fusion. I did not choose to take part in it. I hate to have anything to do with pretenders. But as a mere measure of precaution it is a wise one. It decides what shall be the conduct of the Royalist party in the event—not an improbable one—of France being suddenly left without a ruler.

'Your unmeasured praise of Louis Napoleon and your unmeasured abuse of the Bourbons are, to a certain degree, the interference in our politics which you professedly disclaim. I admit the anti-English prejudices of the Bourbons, and I admit that they are not likely to be abated by your alliance with a Bonaparte. But the opinions of a constitutional sovereign do not, like those of a despot, decide the conduct of his country. The country is anxious for peace, and, above all, peace with you—for more than peace, for mutual good-feeling. The Bourbons cannot return except with a constitution. It has become the tradition of the family, it is their title to the throne. There is not a *vieille marquise* in the Faubourg St.-Germain who believes in divine right.

'The higher classes in France are Bourbonists because they are Constitutionalists, because they believe that constitutional monarchy is the government best suited to France, and that the Bourbons offer us the fairest chance of it.

'Among the middle classes there is without doubt much inclination for the social equality of a Republic. But they are alarmed at its instability; they have never known one live for more than a year or two, or die except in convulsions.

'As for the lower classes, the country people think little about politics, the sensible portion of the artizans care about nothing but cheap and regular work; the others are Socialists, and, next to the government of a Rouge Assembly, wish for that of a Rouge despot.'

'In London,' I said, 'a few weeks ago I came across a French Socialist, not indeed of the lower orders—for he was a Professor of Mathematics—but participating in their feelings. "I prefer," he said, "a Bonaparte to a Bourbon—a Bonaparte must rely on the people, one can always get something out of him." "What have you got," I asked, "from this man?" "A great deal," he answered. "We got the Orleans confiscation—that was a great step. *Il portait attente à la propriété.* Then he represents the power and majesty of the people. He is like the people, above all law. *Les Bourbons nous chicanaient.*"'

'That was the true faith of a Rouge,' said Tocqueville 'If this man,' he added, 'had any self-control, if he would allow us a very moderate degree of liberty, he

might enjoy a reign—probably found a dynasty. He had everything in his favour ; the prestige of his name, the acquiescence of Europe, the dread of the Socialists, and the contempt felt for the Republicans. We were tired of Louis Philippe. We remembered the *branche aînée* only to dislike it, and the Assembly only to despise it. We never shall be loyal subjects, but we might have been discontented ones, with as much moderation as is in our nature.'

'What is the *nuance*,' I said, 'of G——?'

'G——,' answered Tocqueville, 'is an honest man, uncorrupt and public-spirited ; he is a clear, logical, but bitter speaker; his words fall from the tribune like drops of gall. He has great perspicacity, but rather a narrow range. His vision is neither distant nor comprehensive. He wears a pair of blinkers, which allow him to see only what he looks straight at—and that is the English Constitution. For what is to the right and to the left he has no eyes, and unhappily what is to the right and to the left is France.

'Then he has a strong will, perfect self-reliance, and the most restless activity. All these qualities give him great influence. He led the *centre gauche* into most of its errors. H—— used to say, "If you want to know what I shall do, ask G——."

'Among the secondary causes of February 1848 he stands prominent. He planned the banquets. Such demonstrations are safe in England. He inferred, according to his usual mode of reasoning, that they would not be dangerous in France. He forgot that in

England there is an aristocracy that leads, and even controls, the people.

'I am alarmed,' he continued, 'by your Reform Bill. Your new six-pound franchise must, I suppose, double the constituencies; it is a further step to universal suffrage, the most fatal and the least remediable of institutions.[1]

'While you preserve your aristocracy, you will preserve your freedom; if that goes, you will fall into the worst of tyrannies, that of a despot, appointed and controlled, so far as he is controlled at all, by a mob.'[2]

Madame de Tocqueville asked me if I had seen the Empress.

'No,' I said, 'but Mrs. Senior has, and thinks her beautiful.'

'She is much more so,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'than her portraits. Her face in perfect repose gets long, and there is a little drooping about the corners of the mouth. This has a bad effect when she is serious,

[1] Cela va plus loin que ma pensée. Je crois que le vote universel peut se concilier avec d'autres institutions, qui diminuerait le danger.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

This goes farther than my idea. I think that universal suffrage may be combined with other institutions, which would diminish the danger.

[2] Cela aussi va plus loin que ma pensée. Je crois très-désirable le maintien des institutions aristocratiques en Angleterre. Mais je suis loin de dire que leur abolition mènerait nécessairement au despotisme, surtout si elles s'affaiblissaient peu à peu et n'étaient pas renversées par une révolution.—*A. de Tocqueville.*

This also goes farther than my idea. I think the maintenance in England of aristocratic institutions very desirable. But I am far from saying that their abolition would necessarily lead to despotism, especially if their power were diminished gradually and without the shock of a revolution.

as everyone is when sitting for a picture, but disappears as soon as she speaks. I remember dining in company with her at the President's— I sat next to him—she was nearly opposite, and close to her a lady who was much admired. I said to the President, looking towards Mademoiselle de Montigo, "Really I think that she is far the prettier of the two." He gazed at her for an instant, and said, "I quite agree with you ; she is charming." It may be a *bon ménage*.'

'To come back,' I said, 'to our Eastern question. What is Baraguay d'Hilliers?'

'A *brouillon*,' said Tocqueville. 'He is the most impracticable man in France. His vanity, his ill-temper, and his jealousy make him quarrel with everybody with whom he comes in contact. In the interest of our alliance you should get him recalled.'

'What sort of man,' I asked, 'shall I find General Randon?'

'Very intelligent,' said Tocqueville. 'He was to have had the command of the Roman army when Oudinot gave it up ; but, just as he was going, it was discovered that he was a Protestant. He was not so accommodating as one of our generals during the Restoration. He also was a Protestant. The Duc d'Angoulême one day said to him, "Vous êtes protestant, général?" The poor man answered in some alarm, for he knew the Duke's ultra-Catholicism, "Tout ce que vous voulez, monseigneur."'

To N. W. Senior, Esq.

St. Cyr, March 18, 1854.

Your letter was a real joy to us, my dear Senior. As you consent to be ill lodged, we offer to you with all our hearts the bachelor's room which you saw. You will find there only a bed, without curtains, and some very shabby furniture. But you will find hosts who will be charmed to have you and your MSS. I beg you not to forget the latter.

My wife, as housekeeper, desires me to give you an important piece of advice. In the provinces, especially during Lent, it is difficult to get good meat on Fridays and Saturdays, and though you are a great sinner, she has no wish to force you to do penance, especially against your will, as that would take away all the merit. She advises you, therefore, to arrange to spend with us Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and to avoid Friday and Saturday, and especially the whole of the Holy Week.

Now you are provided with the necessary instructions. Choose your own day, and give us twenty-four hours' warning.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

St. Cyr, March 31, 1854.

My dear Senior,—As you are willing to encounter hard meat and river fish, I have no objection to your new plan. I see in it even this advantage, that you will be

able to tell us *de visu* what went on in the Corps Législatif, which will greatly interest us.

The condemnation of Montalembert seems to me to be certain; but I am no less curious to know how that honourable assembly will contrive to condemn a private letter which appeared in a foreign country, and which was probably published without the authorisation and against the will of the writer.

It is a servile trick, which I should like to see played.

Do not hesitate to postpone your visit if the sitting of the Corps Législatif should not take place on Monday.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

CONVERSATIONS.

I passed the 3rd and 4th of April in the Corps Législatif listening to the debate on the demand by the Government of permission to prosecute M. de Montalembert, a member of the Corps Législatif, for the publication of a letter to M. Dupin, which it treated as libellous. As it was supposed that M. de Montalembert's speech would be suppressed, I wrote as much of it as I could carry in my recollection; the only other vehicle—notes—not being allowed to be taken.[1] On the evening of the 5th of April I left Paris for St. Cyr.

St. Cyr, Thursday, April 6, 1854.—I drove with Tocqueville to Chenonceaux, a château of the sixteenth century, about sixteen miles from Tours, on the Cher. I say *on*

[1] See Appendix.

the Cher, for such is literally its position. It is a habitable bridge, stretching across the water.

The two first arches, which spring from the right bank of the river, and the piers which form their abutments, are about one hundred feet wide, and support a considerable house. The others support merely a gallery, called by our guide the ballroom of Catherine de Médicis, ending in a small theatre. The view from the windows of the river flowing through wooded meadows is beautiful and peculiar. Every window looks on the river; many rooms, as is the case with the gallery, look both up and down it. It must be a charming summer residence. The rooms still retain the furniture which was put into them by Diane de Poictiers and Catherine de Médicis; very curious and very uncomfortable; high narrow chairs, short sofas, many-footed tables, and diminutive mirrors. The sculptured pilasters, scrolls, bas-reliefs and tracery of the outside are not of fine workmanship, but are graceful and picturesque. The associations are interesting, beginning with Francis I. and ending with Rousseau, who spent there the autumn of 1746, as the guest of Madame Dupin, and wrote a comedy for its little theatre. The present proprietor, the Marquis de Villeneuve, is Madame Dupin's grandson.

In the evening we read my report of the debate on Montalembert.

'It is difficult,' said Tocqueville, 'to wish that so great a speech had been suppressed. But I am inclined to think that Montalembert's wiser course was to remain

silent. What good will his speech do? It will not be published. Yours is probably the only report of it. So far as the public hears anything of it, the versions coming through an unfavourable medium will be misrepresentations. In a letter which I received from Paris this morning it is called virulent. It was of great importance that the minority against granting the consent should be large, and I have no doubt that this speech diminished it by twenty or thirty. It must have wounded many, frightened many, and afforded a pretext to many. Perhaps, however, it was not in human nature for such a speaker as Montalembert to resist the last opportunity of uttering bold truths in a French Assembly.'

Friday, April 7.—We drove to-day along the Loire to Langrais, about twelve miles below Tours.

Here is a castle of the thirteenth century, consisting of two centre and two corner towers, and a curtain between them, terminating in a rocky promontory. Nothing can be more perfect than the masonry, or more elegant than the few ornaments. The outside is covered with marks of bullets, which appear to have rattled against it with little effect.

On our return we visited the castles of Cinq Mars and Luynes. Langrais, Cinq Mars, and Luynes were all the property of Effiat, Marquis of Cinq Mars, who with De Thou conspired against Richelieu in the latter part of Louis XIII.'s reign, and was beheaded. The towers of Cinq Mars were, in the words of his sentence, 'rasées à la hauteur de l'infamie,' and remain now cut down to half

their original height. Luynes stands finely, crowning a knoll overlooking the Loire. It is square, with twelve towers, two on each side and four in the corners, and a vast ditch, and must have been strong. Nearly a mile from it are the remains of a Roman aqueduct, of which about thirty piers and six perfect arches remain. It is of stone, except the arches, which have a mixture of brick. The peasants, by digging under the foundations, are rapidly destroying it. An old man told us that he had seen six or seven piers tumble. A little nearer to Tours is the Pile de Cinq Mars, a solid, nearly square tower of Roman brickwork more than ninety feet high, and about twelve feet by fourteen feet thick. On one side there appear to have been inscriptions or bas-reliefs. Ampère believes it to have been a Roman tomb ; but the antiquaries are divided and perplexed. Being absolutely solid, it could not have been built for any use.

I am struck during my walks and drives by the appearance of prosperity. The country about Tours is dotted with country-houses, quite as numerous as in any part of England. In St. Cyr alone there must be between twenty and thirty, and the houses of the peasants are far better than the best cottages of English labourers. Everyone seems to have attached to it a considerable piece of land, from ten acres to two, cultivated in vines, vegetables and fruit. These and green crops are nearly the only produce ; there is very little grain. All the persons whom I met appeared to be healthy and well-clad. The soil and climate are good, and the proximity

to Tours insures a market; but physical advantages are not enough to insure prosperity. The neighbourhood of Cork enjoys a good climate, soil, and market, but the inhabitants are not prosperous.

After some discussion Tocqueville agreed with me in attributing the comfort of the Tourainese to the slowness with which population increases. In the commune of Tocqueville the births are only three to a marriage, but both Monsieur and Madame de Tocqueville think that the number of children here is still less. I scarcely meet any.

Marriages are late, and very seldom take place until a house and a bit of ground and some capital have been inherited or accumulated. Touraine is the best specimen of the *petite culture* that I have seen. The want of wood makes it objectionable as a summer residence.

We are now suffering from heat. After eight in the morning it is too hot to walk along the naked glaring roads, yet this is only the first week in April.

Saturday, April 8.—The sun has been so scorching during our two last drives that we have given ouselves a holiday to-day, and only dawdled about Tours.

We went first to the cathedral, which I never see without increased pleasure. Though nearly four hundred years passed from its commencement in the twelfth century to its completion in the fifteenth, the whole interior is as harmonious as if it had been finished by the artist who began it. I know nothing in Gothic architecture superior to the grandeur, richness, and yet lightness of the choir and eastern apse. Thence we

went to St. Julien's, a fine old church of the thirteenth century, desecrated in the Revolution, but now under restoration.

Thence to the Hôtel Gouin, a specimen of the purely domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, covered with elegant tracery and scroll-work in white marble. We ended with Plessis-les-Tours, Louis XI.'s castle, which stands on a flat, somewhat marshy, tongue of land stretching between the Loire and the Cher. All that remains is a small portion of one of the inner courts, probably a guard-room, and a cellar pointed out to us as the prison in which Louis XI. kept Cardinal de la Balue for several years. The cellar itself is not bad for a prison of those days, but he is said to have passed his first year or two in a grated vault under the staircase, in which he could neither stand up nor lie at full length.

'It is remarkable,' said Tocqueville, 'that the glorious reigns in French history, such as those of Louis Onze, Louis Quatorze, and Napoleon ended in the utmost misery and exhaustion, while the periods at which we are accustomed to look as those of disturbance and insecurity were those of comparative prosperity and progress. It seems as if tyranny were worse than civil war.'

'And yet,' I said, 'the amount of revenue which these despots managed to squeeze out of France was never large. The taxation under Napoleon was much less than under Louis Philippe.'

'Yes,' said Tocqueville, 'but it was the want of power

to tax avowedly that led them into indirect modes of raising money, which were far more mischievous; just as our servants put us to more expense by their jobs than they would do if they simply robbed us to twice the amount of their indirect gains.

'Louis XIV. destroyed all the municipal franchises of France, and paved the way for this centralized tyranny, not from any dislike of municipal elections, but merely in order to be able himself to sell the places which the citizens had been accustomed to grant.'

Sunday, April 9.—Another sultry day. I waited till the sun was low, and then sauntered by the side of the river with Tocqueville.

'The worst faults of this Government,' said Tocqueville, 'are those which do not alarm the public.

'It is depriving us of the local franchises and local self-government which we have extorted from the central power in a struggle of forty years. The Restoration and the Government of July were as absolute centralizers as Napoleon himself. The local power which they were forced to surrender they made over to the narrow pays légal, the privileged ten-pounders, who were then attempting to govern France. The Republic gave the name of Conseils-généraux to the people, and thus dethroned the notaires who had governed those assemblies when they represented only the *bourgeoisie*. The Republic made the maires elective. The Republic placed education in the hands of local authorities. Under its influence, the communes, the cantons, and the departments were becoming real administrative bodies. They are now

mere geographical divisions. The préfet appoints the maires. The préfet appoints in every canton a commissaire de police—seldom a respectable man, as the office is not honourable. The gardes champêtres, who are our local police, are put under his control. The recteur, who was a sort of local Minister of Education in every department, is suppressed. His powers are transferred to the préfet. The préfet appoints, promotes, and dismisses all the masters of the *écoles primaires*. He has the power to convert the commune into a mere unorganised aggregation of individuals, by dismissing every communal functionary, and placing its concerns in the hands of his own nominees. There are many hundreds of communes that have been thus treated, and whose masters now are uneducated peasants. The préfet can dissolve the Conseil-général of his department and, although he cannot directly name its successors, he does so virtually.

'No candidate for an elective office can succeed unless he is supported by the Government. The préfet can destroy the prosperity of every commune that displeases him. He can dismiss its functionaries, close its schools, obstruct its improvements, and withhold the assistance in money which the Government habitually gives to forward the public purposes of a commune.

'The Courts of Law, both criminal and civil, are the tools of the Executive. The Government appoints the judges, the préfet provides the jury, and *la haute police* acts without either.

'All power of combination, even of mutual communi-

cation, except from mouth to mouth, is gone. The newspapers are suppressed or intimidated, the printers are the slaves of the préfet, as they lose their privilege if they offend ; the secrecy of the post is habitually and avowedly violated ; there are spies to watch and report conversation.

'Every individual stands defenceless and insulated in the face of this unscrupulous Executive with its thousands of armed hands and its thousands of watching eyes. The only opposition that is ventured is the abstaining from voting. Whatever be the office, whatever be the man, the candidate of the préfet comes in ; but if he is a man who would have been universally rejected in a state of freedom, the bolder electors show their indignation by their absence. I do not believe that, even with peace, and with the prosperity which usually accompanies peace, such a Government could long keep down such a country as France. Whether its existence would be prolonged by a successful war I will not decide. Perhaps it might be.

'That it cannot carry on a war only moderately successful, or a war which from its difficulties and its distance may be generally believed to be ill managed, still less a war stained by some real disaster, seems to me certain—if anything in the future of France can be called certain.

'The vast democratic sea on which the Empire floats is governed by currents and agitated by groundswells, which the Government discovers only by their effects. It knows nothing of the passions which in-

fluence these great, apparently slumbering, masses; indeed it takes care, by stifling their expression, to prevent their being known. Universal suffrage is a detestable element of government, but it is a powerful revolutionary instrument.'

'But,' I said, 'the people will not have an opportunity of using that instrument. All the great elective bodies have some years before them.'

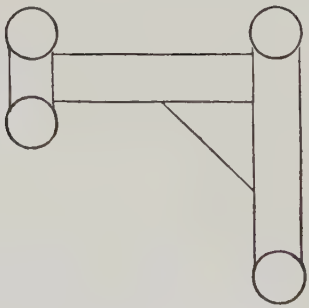
'That is true,' said Tocqueville, 'and therefore their rage will break out in a more direct, and perhaps more formidable, form. Depend on it, this Government can exist, even for a time, only on the condition of brilliant, successful war, or prosperous peace. It is bound to be rapidly and clearly victorious. If it fail in this, it will sink—or perhaps, in its terrors and its struggles, it will catch at the other alternative, peace.

'The French public is too ignorant to care much about Russian aggrandisement. So far as it fancies that the strength of Russia is the weakness of England, it is pleased with it. I am not sure that the most dishonourable peace with Nicholas would not give to Louis Napoleon an immediate popularity. I am sure that it would, if it were accompanied by any baits to the national vanity and cupidity; by the offer of Savoy for instance, or the Balearic Islands. And if you were to quarrel with us for accepting them, it would be easy to turn against you our old feelings of jealousy and hatred.'

We saw vast columns of smoke on the other side of the river. Those whom we questioned believed them to

arise from an intentional fire. Such fires are symptoms of popular discontent. They preceded the revolution of 1830. They have become frequent of late in this country.

Monday, April 10.—Tocqueville and I drove this morning to Azy-le-Rideau, another Francis I. château, on an island formed by the Indre. It is less beautifully situated than Chenonceaux; the river Indre is smaller and more sluggish than the Cher; the site of the castle is in a hollow, and the trees round it approach too near, and are the tall and closely planted poles which the French seem to admire. But the architecture, both in its outlines and in its details, is charming. It is of white stone, in this form, with two curtains and



four towers. The whole outside and the ceilings and cornices within are covered with delicate arabesques.

Like Chenonceaux, it escaped the revolution, and is now, with its furniture of the sixteenth century, the residence of the Marquis de Biancourt, descended from its ancient proprietors.

As we sauntered over the gardens, our conversation turned on the old aristocracy of France.

'The loss of our aristocracy,' said Tocqueville, 'is a misfortune from which we have not even begun to recover. The Legitimists are their territorial successors; they are the successors in their manners, in their loyalty, and in their prejudices of *caste*; but they are not their successors in cultivation, or intelligence, or energy, or, therefore, in influence. Between them and the *bourgeoisie* is a chasm, which shows no tendency to close. Nothing but a common interest and a common pursuit will bring them together.

'If the murder of the Duc d'Enghien had not made them recoil in terror and disgust from Napoleon, they might have perhaps been welded into one mass with his new aristocracy of services, talents, and wealth. They were ready to adhere to him during the Consulate. During the Restoration they were always at war with the *bourgeoisie*, and therefore with the constitution, on which the power of their enemies depended. When the result of that war was the defeat and expulsion of their leader, Charles X., their hostility extended from the *bourgeoisie* and the constitution up to the Crown. Louis Philippe tried to govern by means of the middle classes alone. Perhaps it was inevitable that he should make the attempt. It certainly was inevitable that he should fail. The higher classes, and the lower classes, all equally offended, combined to overthrow him. Under the Republic they again took, to a certain extent, their place in the State. They led the country people, who

came to the assistance of the Assembly in June 1848. The Republic was wise enough to impose no oaths. It did not require those who were willing to serve it to begin by openly disavowing their traditionary opinions and principles. The Legitimists took their places in the Conseils-généraux. They joined with the *bourgeoisie* in local administration, the only means by which men of different classes can coalesce.

'The socialist tendencies which are imputed to this Second Empire, the oath which it most imprudently imposes, its pretensions to form a dynasty, and its assertion of the principle most abhorrent to them, elective monarchy, have thrown them back into disaffection. And I believe their disaffection to be one of our great dangers—a danger certainly increased by the Fusion. The principal object of the Fusion is to influence the army. The great terror of the army is division in itself. It will accept anything, give up anything, dare anything, to avoid civil war. Rather than be divided between the two branches, it would have adhered to the Empire. Now it can throw off the Bonapartes without occasioning a disputed succession.'

'When you say,' I asked, 'that the Legitimists are not the successors of the old aristocracy in cultivation, intelligence, or energy, do you mean to ascribe to them positive or relative inferiority in these qualities?'

'In energy,' answered Tocqueville, 'their deficiency is positive. They are ready to suffer for their cause, they are not ready to exert themselves for it. In intelligence and cultivation they are superior to any other class in

France ; but they are inferior to the English aristocracy, and they are inferior, as I said before, to their ancestors of the eighteenth century. There existed in the highest Parisian society towards the end of that century a comprehensiveness of curiosity and inquiry, a freedom of opinion, an independence, and soundness of judgment, never seen before or since. Its pursuits, its pleasures, its admirations, its vanities, were all intellectual. Look at the success of Hume. His manners were awkward ; he was a heavy, though an instructive, converser ; he spoke bad French ; he would pass now for an intelligent bore. But such was the worship then paid to talents and knowledge—especially to knowledge, and talents employed on the destruction of prejudices—that Hume was, for years, the lion of all the salons of Paris. The fashionable beauties quarrelled for the fat philosopher. Nor was their admiration or affection put on, or even transitory. He retained some of them as intimate friends for life. If the brilliant talkers and writers of that time were to return to life, I do not believe that gas, or steam, or chloroform, or the electric telegraph, would so much astonish them as the dulness of modern society, and the mediocrity of modern books.'

In the evening we discussed the new scheme of throwing open the service of India and of the Government offices to public competition.

'We have followed,' said Tocqueville, 'that system to a great extent for many years. Our object was twofold. One was to depress the aristocracy of wealth, birth, and connexions. In this we have succeeded.

The École Polytechnique, and the other schools in which the vacancies are given to those who pass the best examinations, are filled by youths belonging to the middle classes, who, undistracted by society, or amusement, or by any literary or scientific pursuits, except those immediately bearing on their examinations, beat their better-born competitors, who will not degrade themselves into the mere slaves of success in the *concours*. Our other object was to obtain the best public servants. In that we have failed. We have brought knowledge and ability to an average; diminished the number of incompetent *employés*, and reduced, almost to nothing, the number of distinguished ones. Continued application to a small number of subjects, and those always the same, not selected by the student, but imposed on him by the inflexible rule of the establishment, without reference to his tastes or to his powers, is as bad for the mind as the constant exercise of one set of muscles would be for the body.

'We have a name for those who have been thus educated. They are called "polytechnisés." If you follow our example, you will increase your second-rates, and extinguish your first-rates; and what is perhaps a more important result, whether you consider it a good or an evil, you will make a large stride in the direction in which you have lately made so many—the removing the government and the administration of England from the hands of the higher classes into those of the middle and lower ones.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Sunday, May 14, 1854.

My dear Tocqueville,—I write to you *in meditatione fugæ.* We start for England in an hour's time. The last news that I heard of you was the day before yesterday from Cousin. He read me your letter, which sounded to me like that of a man in not very bad health or hopes. I trust that the attack of which Madame de Tocqueville wrote to us has quite passed off.

Thiers, who asked very anxiously after you to-day, is earnest that you should be present at the election on the 18th. The Academy, he said, is very jealous. *Vous serez très-mal vu,* if you do not come.

You are at last going seriously to work in the war. By the end of the year you will have, military and naval, 700,000 men in arms.

I wish that they were nearer to the enemy.

Pray remember us most kindly to Madame de Tocqueville, and let us know where you go as soon as you are decided.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

St. Cyr, May 21, 1854.

I followed the advice which you were commissioned to give me, my dear Senior. I have just been to Paris, but as I stayed there only twenty-four hours I have not brought back any distinct impressions.

I saw only Academicians who talked about the Academy, and —— who knew nothing of politics.

It is true that such is now the case with everyone. Politics, which used to be transacted in open day, have now become a secret process into which none can penetrate except the two or three alchemists who are engaged in its preparation.

You heard of course that after your little visit, which we enjoyed so much, I became very unwell, and my mind was only less affected than my body. I spent a month very much out of spirits and very much tired of myself. During the last eight or ten days I have felt much better. My visit to our friends the Beaumonts did me a great deal of good, and I owe a grudge to the Academy for forcing me to shorten it.

I still intend to visit Germany, but the plan depends on the state of my health. When it is bad I am inclined to give up the journey, when I am better I take it up again and look forward to it with pleasure. On the whole I think that I shall go. But it is impossible for me to settle my route beforehand. Even if I were stronger it would be difficult, for such an expedition must always be uncertain.

I am not going to Germany to see any place in particular, but intend to go hither and thither wherever I can find certain documents and people.

I received yesterday a letter from our friend Ampère. He is still in Rome, still more and more enchanted with the place, and using every argument to induce us to spend there with him the winter of 1856. His descriptions are so attractive that we may very likely be persuaded, especially if we had any chance of meeting

you there, for you are one of the people whose society always increases the happiness of life. However, we have plenty of time for talking over this plan.

Adieu, dear Senior.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Wildbad, September 19, 1854.

You gave me great pleasure, my dear Senior, by making me acquainted with Sir George and Lady Theresa Lewis.

I must really thank you sincerely for it, for the time passed with them has been the most agreeable part of our journey.

You have no doubt heard of the mischance which has put a stop to our peregrinations: my wife was seized two months ago at Bonn by a violent attack of rheumatism. The waters of Wildbad were recommended to her, and she has been taking them for more than twenty-five days without experiencing any relief. We are promised that the effects will be felt afterwards; but these fine promises only half reassure us, and we shall set out again on our travels in very bad spirits.

Our original intention was to spend the autumn in the North of Germany, but in Madame de Tocqueville's condition it is evident that there is nothing else to be done but to return home as fast as we can.

We are somewhat consoled by the arrival of our common friend Ampère. He was returning from Italy, through Germany, and, hearing of our misfortune, he has come to look after us in these wild mountains of the

Black Forest amidst which Wildbad is situated. He has been with us a week, and I hope that he will accompany us home.

Our intention is to spend a month or six weeks with my father near Compiègne. Towards the first week in November we shall establish ourselves in Paris for the winter. We hope to see you there at the end of this year or the beginning of next.

Ampère, my wife, and I constantly talk of you. If you could overhear us I think you would not be very much dissatisfied. They insist upon being very particularly remembered to you, and as for me I beg you to believe in my most sincere attachment.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Compiègne, January 22, 1855.

It was a long time since I had seen your handwriting, my dear Senior, and I was beginning to complain of you; your letter therefore was a double pleasure.

I see that you have resumed your intention of visiting Algiers, and I am anxious that you should carry it into effect.

I hope that we shall be in Paris when you pass through. We put off our departure from day to day; not that we are kept by the charms of our present abode; the house is too small for us and scantily furnished, but I find it such a favourable retreat for study, that I have great difficulty in tearing myself away from it.

I hear, as you do, with great satisfaction of the mutual

good feeling of our armies in the Crimea. It far exceeds my expectations.

But I am not equally pleased with your management of the war. The English ought to know that what has passed and is passing there has sensibly diminished their moral force in Europe. It is an unpleasant truth, but I ought not to conceal it from you. I see proofs of it every day, and I have been struck by it peculiarly in a late visit to Paris, where I saw persons of every rank and of every shade of political opinion. The heroic courage of your soldiers was everywhere and unreservedly praised, but I found also a general belief that the importance of England as a military Power had been greatly exaggerated ; that she is utterly devoid of military talent, which is shown as much in administration as in fighting; and that even in the most pressing circumstances she cannot raise a large army.

Since I was a child I never heard such language. You are believed to be absolutely dependent on us; and in the midst of our intimacy I see rising a friendly contempt for you, which if our Governments quarrel, will make a war with you much easier than it has been since the fall of Napoleon.

I grieve at all this, not only as endangering the English alliance, which, as you well know, I cherish, but as injuring the cause of liberty.

I can pardon you for discrediting it by your adulation of our despotism, but I wish that you would not serve despotism more efficaciously by your own faults, and by the comparisons which they suggest.

It seems also difficult to say what may not be the results of your long intimacy with such a Government as ours, and of the contact of the two armies. I doubt whether they will be useful to your aristocracy.

Remember me to Lord Lansdowne and to the Lewises, who added such pleasure to our German tour.

Compiègne, February 15, 1855.

I conclude that this frightful weather is still keeping you in London, my dear Senior. I am comforted by the fact that I myself shall not reach Paris before the 28th.

I do not wish to act the part of the pedagogue in the fable who preaches to people when his sermon can no longer be of any possible use, but I cannot help telling you that it is a great imprudence on your part to allow yourself to be caught in this way by the winter in England. What you now suffer from is only a trifling malady, but it may become a real illness if you persist in preferring pleasure to health. Pray think of this in the future and do not tempt the devil.

I have not read the article to which you refer.[1]

I can perfectly understand the reserve which was imposed upon you, and which you were forced to impose on yourself.

I confess that I saw with great grief the sudden change in the expressions of the majority of the English, a year ago, respecting our Government. It was then ill consoli-

[1] An article in the *North British Review*, see p. 107.—Ed.

dated, and in want of the splendid alliance which you offered to it. It was unnecessary that you should praise it, in order to keep it your friend. By doing so you sacrificed honourable opinions and tastes without a motive.

Now things are changed. After you have lost your only army, and our master has made an alliance with Austria, which suits his feelings much better than yours did, he does not depend on you ; you, to a certain extent, depend on him. Such being now the case, I can understand the English thinking it their duty to their country to say nothing that can offend the master of France. I can understand even their praising him ; I reproach them only for having done so too soon, before it was necessary.

I agree with you that England ought to be satisfied with being the greatest maritime Power, and ought not to aim at being also one of the greatest military Powers.

But the feelings which I described to you as prevalent in France and in Germany, arose not from your want of an army of 500,000 men. They were excited by these two facts.

First, by what was supposed (perhaps falsely) to be the bad military administration of your only army. Secondly, and much more, by your apparent inability to raise another army.

According to continental notions, a nation which cannot raise as many troops as its wants require, loses our respect. It ceases, according to our notions, to be great or even to be patriotic. And I must confess that, con-

sidering how difficult it is to procure soldiers by voluntary enlistment, and how easily every nation can obtain them by other means, I do not see how you will be able to hold your high rank, unless your people will consent to something resembling a conscription.

Dangerous as it is to speak of a foreign country, I venture to say that England is mistaken if she thinks that she can continue separated from the rest of the world, and preserve all her peculiar institutions uninfluenced by those which prevail over the whole of the Continent.

In the period in which we live, and, still more, in the period which is approaching, no European nation can long remain absolutely dissimilar to all the others. I believe that a law existing over the whole Continent must in time influence the laws of Great Britain, notwithstanding the sea, and notwithstanding the habits and institutions. which, still more than the sea, have separated you from us, up to the present time.

My prophecies may not be accomplished in our time ; but I should not be sorry to deposit this letter with a notary, to be opened, and their truth or falsehood proved, fifty years hence.

Compiègne, February 23, 1855.

. . . My object in my last letter was not by any means, as you seem to think, to accuse *your aristocracy* of having mismanaged the Crimean war. It has certainly been mismanaged, but who has been in fault ?

Indeed I know not, and if I did I should think at the

same time that it would not be becoming in a foreigner to set himself up as a judge of the blunders of any other Government than his own.

I thought that I had expressed myself clearly. At any rate what I wanted to say, if I did not say it, is, that the present events created in my opinion a new and great danger for your aristocracy, and that it will suffer severely from the rebound, if it does not make enormous efforts to show itself capable of repairing the past; and that it would be wrong to suppose that by fighting bravely on the field of battle it could retain the direction of the Government.

I did not intend to say more than this.

I will now add that if it persuades itself that it will easily get out of the difficulty by making peace, I think that it will find itself mistaken.

Peace, after what has happened, may be a good thing for England in general, and useful to us, but I doubt whether it will be a gain for your aristocracy. I think that if Chatham could return to life he would agree with me, and would say that under the circumstances the remedy would not be peace but a more successful war.

Kind regards, &c.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

CONVERSATIONS.

Paris, Hôtel Bedford.—Friday, March 2, 1855.—We slept on the 27th at Calais, on the 28th at Amiens, and reached this place last night.

Tocqueville called on us this morning. We talked of the probability of Louis Napoleon's going to the Crimea.

I said, 'that the report made by Lord John Russell, who talked the matter over with him, was, that he certainly had once intended to go, and had not given it up.'

'I do not value,' said Tocqueville, 'Lord John's inferences from anything that he heard or saw in his audiences. All Louis Napoleon's words and looks are, whether intentionally or not, misleading. Now that his having direct issue seems out of the question, and that the deeper and deeper discredit into which the heir presumptive is falling, seems to put *him* out of the question too, we are looking to this journey with great alarm. We feel that, for the present, his life is necessary to us, and we feel that it would be exposed to many hazards. He ought to incur some military risks, if he is present at a battle or an assault, and his courage and his fatalism will lead him to many which he ought to avoid. But it is disease rather than bullets that we fear. He will have to travel hard, and to be exposed, under exciting circumstances, to a climate which is not a safe one even to the strong.'

'But,' I said, 'he will not be exposed to it long. I have heard thirty, or at most forty, days proposed as the length of his absence.'

'Who can say that?' answered Tocqueville. 'If he goes there, he must stay there until Sebastopol falls. It will not do for him to leave Paris in order merely to look at the works, pat the generals on the back, compliment

the army, and leave it in the trenches. Unless his journey produces some great success—in short, unless it gives us Sebastopol—it will be considered a failure; and a failure he cannot afford. I repeat that he must stay there till Sebastopol falls. But that may be months. And what may months bring forth in such a country as France? In such a city as Paris? In such times as these? Then he cannot safely leave his cousin—Jérôme Plon swears that he will not go, and I do not see how he can be taken by force.'

'I do not understand,' I said, Jérôme's conduct. It seemed as if he had the ball at his feet. The *rôle* of an heir is the easiest in the world. He has only to behave decently in order to be popular.'

'Jérôme's chances,' answered Tocqueville, 'of the popularity which is to be obtained by decent behaviour were over long before he became an heir. His talents are considerable, but he has no principles, and no good sense. He is Corsican to the bone. I watched him among his Montagnards in the Constituent.

'Nothing could be more perverse than his votes, nor more offensive than his speeches. He is unfit to conciliate the sensible portion of society, and naturally throws himself into the arms of those who are waiting to receive him—the violent, the rapacious, and the anarchical: this gives him at least some adherents.'

'What do you hear,' I asked, 'of his conduct in the East?'

'I hear,' said Tocqueville, 'that he showed want, not so much of courage, as of temper and of subordination.

He would not obey orders; he would not even transmit them, so that Canrobert was forced to communicate directly with the officers of Napoleon's division, and at last required him to take sick leave, or to submit to a court-martial.'

'I thought,' I said, 'that he was really ill.'

'That is not the general opinion,' said Tocqueville. 'He showed himself at a ball directly after his return, with no outward symptoms of ill health.'

The conversation turned on English politics.

'So many of my friendships,' said Tocqueville, 'and so many of my sympathies, are English, that what is passing *in* your country, and *respecting* your country, gives me great pain, and greater anxiety. To us, whom unhappily experience has rendered sensitive of approaching storms, your last six months have a frightfully revolutionary appearance.

'There is with you, as there was with us in 1847, a general *malaise* in the midst of general prosperity. Your people seem, as was the case with ours, to have become tired of their public men, and to be losing faith in their institutions. What else do these complaints of what is called "the system" mean? When you complain that the Government patronage is bartered for political support, that the dunces of a family are selected for the public service, and selected expressly because they could not get on in an open profession; that as their places are a sort of property, they are promoted only by seniority, and never dismissed for any, except for some moral, delinquency; that therefore the seniors in all your depart-

ments are old men, whose original dulness has been cherished by a life without the stimulus of hope or fear, you describe a vessel which seems to have become too crazy to endure anything but the calmest sea and the most favourable winds. You have tried its sea-worthiness in one department, your military organisation, and you find that it literally falls to pieces. You are incapable of managing a line of operations extending only seven miles from its base. The next storm may attack your Colonial Administration. Will that stand any better? Altogether your machinery seems throughout out of gear. If you set to work actively and fearlessly, without reference to private interests, or to private expectations, or to private feelings, to repair, remove and replace, you may escape our misfortunes; but I see no proofs that you are sufficiently bold, or indeed that you are sufficiently alarmed. Then as to what is passing here. A year ago we probably overrated your military power. I believe that now we most mischievously underrate it. A year ago nothing alarmed us more than a whisper of the chance of a war with England. We talk of one now with great composure. We believe that it would not be difficult to throw 100,000 men upon your shores, and we believe that half that number would walk over England or Ireland. You are mistaken if you think that these opinions will die away of themselves, or will be eradicated by anything but some decisive military success. I do not agree with those who think that it is your interest that Russia should submit while Sebastopol stands. You might save money

and men by a speedy peace, but you would not regain your reputation. If you are caught by a peace before you have an opportunity of doing so, I advise you to let it be on your part an armed peace. Prepare yourselves for a new struggle with a new enemy, and let your preparations be, not only as effective as you can make them, but also as notorious.' [1]

[1] Note inserted by M. de Tocqueville in my Journal, after reading the preceding conversation.

'J'ai entendu universellement louer sans restriction le courage héroïque de vos soldats, mais en même temps j'ai trouvé répandu cette croyance, qu'on s'était trompé de l'importance de l'Angleterre dans le monde, comme puissance militaire proprement dite, qui consiste autant à *administrer* la guerre qu'à combattre, et surtout qu'il lui était impossible, ce qu'on ne croyait pas jusque là, d'élever de grandes armées, même dans les cas les plus pressants. Je n'avais rien entendu de pareil depuis mon enfance. On vous croit absolument dans notre dépendance, et du sein de la grande intimité qui règne entre les deux peuples, je vois naître des idées qui, le jour où nos deux gouvernements cesseront d'être d'accord, nous précipiteront dans la guerre contre vous, beaucoup plus facilement que cela n'eut pu avoir lieu depuis la chute du premier Empire. Cela m'afflige, et pour l'avenir de l'Alliance anglaise (dont vous savez que j'ai toujours été un grand partisan), et non moins aussi, je l'avoue, pour la cause de vos institutions libres. Ce qui se passe n'est pas de nature à la relever dans notre esprit. Je vous pardonnerais de déconsidérer vos principes par les louanges dont vous accablez le gouvernement absolu qui règne en France, mais je voudrais du moins que vous ne le fissiez pas d'une manière encore plus efficace par vos propres fautes, et par la comparaison qu'elles suggèrent. Il me semble, du reste, bien difficile de dire ce qui résultera pour vous-même du contact intime et prolongé avec notre gouvernement, et surtout de l'action commune et du mélange des deux armées. J'en doute, je vous l'avouerai, que l'aristocratie anglaise s'en trouve bien, et quoique A. B. ait entonné l'autre jour une véritable hymne en l'honneur de celle-ci, je ne crois pas que ce qui se passe soit de nature à rendre ces chances plus grandes dans l'avenir.'—*A. de Tocqueville.*

'I heard universal and unqualified praise of the heroic courage of your soldiers, but at the same time I found spread abroad the persuasion that the importance of England had been overrated as a military Power properly so called—a Power which consists in administering as much as in

Paris, Saturday, March 3.—Tocqueville called on us soon after breakfast.

We talked of the loss and gain of Europe by the war. We agreed that Russia and England have both lost by it. Russia probably the most in power, England in reputation. That Prussia, though commercially a gainer, is humiliated and irritated by the superiority claimed by Austria and conceded to her.

'You cannot,' said Tocqueville, 'estimate the opinions of Germany without going there. There is a general feeling among the smaller Powers of internal insecurity and external weakness, and Austria is looked up to as the supporter of order against the revolutionists, and of Germany against Russia. Austria alone has profited by

fighting; and above all, that it was impossible (and this had never before been believed), for her to raise large armies, even under the most pressing circumstances. I never heard anything like it since my childhood. You are supposed to be entirely dependent upon us, and from the midst of the great intimacy which subsists between the two countries, I see springing up ideas which, on the day when our two Governments cease to be of one mind, will precipitate our country into a war against you, much more easily than has been possible since the fall of the first Empire. This grieves me, both on account of the duration of the English Alliance (of which you know that I have always been a great partisan), and no less, I own, for the sake of your free institutions. Passing events are not calculated to raise them in our estimation. I forgive you for discrediting your principles by the praise which you lavish on the absolute government which reigns in France, but I would have you at least not to do so in a still more efficacious manner by your own blunders and by the comparisons which they suggest. It seems to me, however, very difficult to predict the result to yourselves of the long and intimate contact with our Government, and, above all, of the united action and amalgamation of the two armies. I own that I doubt its having a good effect on the future of the English aristocracy, and although A.B. struck up the other day a real hymn in its praise, I do not think that present events are of a nature to increase its chance in the future.'

the general calamities. Without actually drawing the sword she has possession of the Principalities, she has thrust down Prussia into the second rank, she has emancipated herself from Russia, she has become the ally of France and of England, and even of her old enemy Piedmont, she is safe in Italy. Poland and Hungary are still her difficulties, and very great ones, but as her general strength increases, she can better deal with them.'

'Has not France,' I said, 'been also a gainer, by becoming head of the coalition against Russia?'

'Whatever we have gained,' answered Tocqueville, 'has been dearly purchased, so far as it has consolidated this despotism. For a whole year we have felt that the life, and even the reign, of Louis Napoleon was necessary to us. They will continue necessary to us during the remainder of the war. We are acquiring habits of obedience, almost of resignation. His popularity has not increased. He and his court are as much shunned by the educated classes as they were three years ago; we still repeat "que ça ne peut pas durer," but we repeat it with less conviction.'

We passed the spring in Algeria, and returned to Paris the latter part of May.

Paris, May 26, 1855.—After breakfast I went to the Institut.

M. Passy read to us a long paper on the Art of Government. He spoke so low and so monotonously that no one attended. I sat next to Tocqueville, and, as it was not decent to talk, we conversed a little in writing.

He had been reading my Algiers Journal, and thus commented upon it:—

'Il y a tout un côté, particulièrement curieux, de l'Algérie, qui vous a échappé, parce que vous n'avez pu ou voulu vous imposer l'ennui de causer souvent avec les colons, et que ce côté-là ne se voit pas en parlant avec les gouvernants; c'est l'abus de la centralisation. L'Afrique peut être considérée comme le tableau le plus complet et le plus extraordinaire des vices de ce système.

'Je suis convaincu que seul, sans les Arabes, le soleil, le désert, et la fièvre, il suffirait pour nous empêcher de coloniser. Tout ce que la centralisation laisse entrevoir de défauts, de ridicules et absurdités, d'oppression, de paperasseries en France, est grossi en Afrique au centuple. C'est comme un pou vu dans un microscope.'

'J'ai causé,' I answered, 'avec Violar et avec mon hôte aux eaux ferrugineuses. Mais ils ne se sont pas plaints de la centralisation.'

'Ils ne se sont pas plaints,' he answered, 'du mot que, peut-être, ils ne connaissaient pas. Mais si vous les aviez fait entrer dans les détails de l'administration publique, ou même de leurs affaires privées, vous auriez vu que le colon est plus gêné dans tous ses mouvements, et plus *gouverné, pour son plus grand bien*, que vous ne l'avez été quand il s'est agi de votre passeport.

'Violar faisait allusion à cela quand il vous a dit que les chemins manquaient parce que le Gouvernement ne voulait pas laisser les gouvernés s'en mêler.' [1]

[1] 'One whole side, and that a very curious one, of Algeria, has escaped you, because you could not, or would not, inflict on yourself the bore of

Monday, May 28.—Tocqueville called on me.

I asked him for criticisms on my article on the State of the Continent in the 'North British Review' of February 1855.[1]

'Of course,' I said, 'it must be full of blunders. No one who writes on the politics of a foreign country can avoid them. I want your help to correct a few of them.'

'Since you ask me,' he answered, 'for a candid criticism, I will give you one. I accuse you rather of misappreciation than of misstatement. First with respect to Louis Napoleon. After having described accurately, in the beginning of your paper, his unscrupulous, systematic oppression, you end by saying that, after all, you place him high among our sovereigns.'

'You must recollect,' I answered, 'that the article

talking frequently with the colonists, and this side cannot be seen in conversing with officials—it is the abuse of centralisation. Africa may be considered as the most complete and most extraordinary picture of the vices of this system. I am convinced that it alone, without the Arabs, the sun, the desert and the fever, would be enough to prevent us from colonising. All the defects of centralisation, its oppressions, its faults, its absurdities, its endless documents, which are dimly perceived in France, become one hundred times bigger in Africa. It is like a louse in a microscope.'

'I conversed,' I answered, 'with Violar and with my landlord at the mineral waters, and they did not complain of centralisation.' 'They did not complain,' he answered, 'of the word, which perhaps is unknown to them. But if you had made them enter into the details of the public administration, or even of their own private affairs, you would have seen that the colonist is more confined in all his movements, and more *governed, for his good*, than you were with regard to your passport.

'This is what Violar meant when he told you that roads were wanting, because the Government would not permit its subjects to interfere in making them.'

[1] See p. 107.

was written for the "Edinburgh Review," the organ of our Government, edited by Lord Clarendon's brother-in-law—and that the editor thought its criticisms of Louis Napoleon so severe, that after having printed it, he was afraid to publish it. I went quite as far as I prudently could. I accused him, as you admit, of unscrupulous oppression, of ignorance of the feelings of the people, of being an idle administrator, of being unacquainted with business himself, and not employing those who understand it, of being impatient of contradiction, of refusing advice and punishing censure—in short, I have praised nothing but his foreign policy—and I have mentioned two errors in that.'

'But I have a graver accusation to bring against you,' replied Tocqueville. 'You couple as events mutually dependent the continuance of the Imperial Government and the continuance of the Anglo-Gallic Alliance. I believe this opinion not only to be untrue, but to be the reverse of the truth. I believe the Empire and the Alliance to be not merely, not mutually dependent, but to be incompatible, except upon terms which you are resolved never to grant. The Empire is essentially warlike—and war in the mind of a Bonaparte, and of the friends of a Bonaparte, means the Rhine. This war is merely a stepping stone. It is carried on for purposes in which the mass of the people of France take no interest. Up to the present time its burthens have been little felt, as it has been supported by loans, and the limits of the legal conscription have not been exceeded. But when the necessity comes for increased

taxation and anticipated conscriptions, Louis Napoleon must have recourse to the real passions of the French *bourgeoisie* and peasantry—the love of conquest, *et la haine de l'Anglais.* Don't fancy that such feelings are dead, they are scarcely asleep. They might be roused in a week, in a day, and they *will* be roused as soon as he thinks that they are wanted.

'What do you suppose was the effect in France of Louis Napoleon's triumph in England?

'Those who know England attributed it to the ignorance and childishness of the multitude. Those who thought that the shouts of the mob had any real meaning either hung down their heads in shame at the felf-degradation of a great nation, or attributed them to fear. The latter was the general feeling. "Il faut," said all our lower classes, "que ces gens-là aient grande peur de nous."

'You accuse, in the second place, all the Royalist parties of dislike of England.

'Do you suppose that you are more popular with the others? That the Republicans love your aristocracy, or the Imperialists your freedom? The real friends of England are the friends of her institutions. They are the body, small perhaps numerically, and now beaten down, of those who adore Constitutional Liberty. They have maintained the mutual good feeling between France and England against the passions of the Republicans and the prejudices of the Legitimists. I trust, as you trust, that this good feeling is to continue, but it is on precisely opposite grounds. My hopes are founded, not

on the permanence, but on the want of permanence, of the Empire. I do not believe that a great nation will be long led by its tail instead of by its head. My only fear is, that the overthrow of this tyranny may not take place early enough to save us from war with England, which I believe to be the inevitable consequence of its duration.'

We left Paris soon after this conversation.

[The following are a few extracts from the article in the 'North British Review.'—ED.]

'The principal parties into which the educated society of Paris is divided, are the

Imperialists,
Royalists,
Republicans,
and Parliamentarians.

'The Royalists may be again subdivided into Orleanists, Legitimists, and Fusionists; and the Fusionists into Orleanist-Fusionists, and Legitimist-Fusionists.

'The Imperialists do not require to be described. They form a small party in the salons of Paris, and much the largest party in the provinces.

'Those who are Royalists without being Fusionists are also comparatively insignificant in numbers. There are a very few Legitimists who pay to the elder branch the unreasoning worship of superstition; who adore Henri V. not as a means but as an end; who pray for his reign, not for their own interests, not for the interests of France, but for his own sake; who believe that he

derives his title from God, and that when the proper time comes God will restore him; and that to subject his claims to the smallest compromise—to admit, for instance, as the Fusionists do, that Louis Philippe was really a king, and that the reign of Henri V. did not begin the instant that Charles X. expired—would be a sinful contempt of Divine right, which might deprive his cause of Divine assistance.

'There are also a very few Orleanists who, with a strange confusion of ideas, do not perceive that a title founded solely on a revolution was destroyed by a revolution; that if the will of the people was sufficient to exclude the descendants of Charles X., it also could exclude the descendants of Louis Philippe; and that the hereditary claims of the Comte de Paris cannot be urged except on the condition of admitting the preferable claims of the Comte de Chambord.

'The bulk, then, of the Royalists are Fusionists; but though all the Fusionists agree in believing that the only government that can be permanent in France is a monarchy, and that the only monarchy that can be permanent is one depending on hereditary succession; though they agree in believing that neither of the Bourbon branches is strong enough to seize the throne, and that each of them is strong enough to exclude the other, yet between the Orleanist-Fusionists and the Legitimist-Fusionists the separation is as marked and the mutual hatred as bitter, as those which divide the most hostile parties in England.

'The Orleanist-Fusionists are generally *roturiers.*

They feel towards the *noblesse* the hatred which has accumulated during twelve centuries of past oppression and the resentment excited by present insolence. Of all the noble families of France the most noble is that of Bourbon. The head of that house has always called himself *le premier gentilhomme de France.* The Bourbons therefore suffer, and in an exaggerated degree, the odium which weighs down the caste to which they belong. It was this odium, this detestation of privilege and precedence and exclusiveness, or, as it is sometimes called, this love of equality, which raised the barricades of 1830. It was to flatter these feelings that Louis Philippe sent his sons to the public schools and to the National Guard, and tried to establish his Government on the narrow foundation of the *bourgeoisie.* Louis Philippe and one or two of the members of his family, succeeded in obtaining some personal popularity, but it was only in the comparatively small class, the *pays légal*, with which they shared the emoluments of Government, and it was not sufficient to raise a single hand in their defence when the masses, whom the Court could not bribe or caress, rose against it. The Orleanist-Fusionists are Bourbonists only from calculation. They wish for the Comte de Paris for their king, not from any affection for him or for his family, but because they think that such an arrangement offers to France the best chance of a stable Government in some degree under popular control: and they are ready to tolerate the intermediate reign of Henri V. as an evil, but one which must be endured as a means of obtaining something else, not

very good in itself but less objectionable to them than a Bonapartist dynasty or a Republic.

. . . . . .

'The Legitimists have been so injured in fortune and in influence, they have been so long an oppressed caste, excluded from power, and even from sympathy, that they have acquired the faults of slaves, have become timid, or frivolous, or bitter. Their long retirement from public life has made them unfit for it. The older members of the party have forgotten its habits and its duties, the younger ones have never learnt them. Their long absence from the Chambers and from the departmental and municipal councils, from the central and from the local government of France, has deprived them of all aptitude for business. The bulk of them are worshippers of wealth, or ease, or pleasure, or safety. The only unselfish feeling which they cherish is attachment to their hereditary sovereign. They revere Henri V. as the ruler pointed out to them by Providence: they love him as the representative of Charles X. the champion of their order, who died in exile for having attempted to restore to them the Government of France. They hope that on his restoration the *canaille* of lawyers, and *littérateurs*, and adventurers, who have trampled on the *gentilshommes* ever since 1830, will be turned down to their proper places, and that ancient descent will again be the passport to the high offices of the State and to the society of the Sovereign. The advent of Henri V., which to the Orleanist branch of the Fusionists is a painful means, is to the Legitimist branch a desirable

end. The succession of the Comte de Paris, to which the Orleanists look with hope, is foreseen by the Legitimists with misgivings. The Fusionist party is in fact kept together not by common sympathies but by common antipathies; each branch of it hates or distrusts the idol of the other, but they co-operate because each branch hates still more bitterly, and distrusts still more deeply, the Imperialists and the Republicans.

'Among the educated classes there are few Republicans, using that word to designate those who actually wish to see France a republic. There are indeed, many who regret the social equality of the republic, the times when plebeian birth was an aid in the struggle for power, and a journeyman mason could be a serious candidate for the Presidentship, but they are alarmed at its instability. They have never known a republic live for more than a few years, or die except in convulsions. The Republican party, however, though small, is not to be despised. It is skilful, determined, and united. And the Socialists and the Communists, whom we have omitted in our enumeration as not belonging to the educated classes, would supply the Republican leaders with an army which has more than once become master of Paris.

'The only party that remains to be described is that to which we have given the name of Parliamentarians. Under this designation—a designation that we must admit that we have invented ourselves—we include those who are distinguished from the Imperialists by their desire for a parliamentary form of government;

and from the Republicans, by their willingness that that government should be regal; and from the Royalists, by their willingness that it should be republican. In this class are included many of the wisest and of the honestest men in France. The only species of rule to which they are irreconcilably opposed is despotism. No conduct on the part of Louis Napoleon would conciliate a sincere Orleanist, or Legitimist, or Fusionist, or Republican. The anti-regal prejudices of the last, and the loyalty of the other three, must force them to oppose a Bonapartist dynasty, whatever might be the conduct of the reigning emperor. But if Louis Napoleon should ever think the time, to which he professes to look forward, arrived—if he should ever grant to France, or accept from her, institutions really constitutional; institutions, under which the will of the nation, freely expressed by a free press and by freely chosen representatives, should control and direct the conduct of her governor—the Parliamentarians would eagerly rally round him. On the same conditions they would support with equal readiness Henri V. or the Comte de Paris, a president elected by the people, or a president nominated by an Assembly. They are the friends of liberty, whatever be the form in which she may present herself.'

. . . . . .

'Although our author visits the Provinces, his work contains no report of their political feelings. The explanation probably is, that he found no expression of it. The despotism under which France is now suffering is

little felt in the capital. It shows itself principally in the subdued tone of the debates, if debates they can be called, of the Corps Législatif, and the inanity of the newspapers. Conversation is as free in Paris as it was under the Republic. Public opinion would not support the Government in an attempt to silence the salons of Paris. But Paris possesses a public opinion, because it possesses one or two thousand highly educated men whose great amusement, we might say whose great business, is to converse, to criticise the acts of their rulers, and to pronounce decisions which float from circle to circle, till they reach the workshop, and even the barrack. In the provinces there are no such centres of intelligence and discussion, and, therefore, on political subjects, there is no public opinion. The consequence is, that the action of the Government is there really despotic; and it employs its irresistible power in tearing from the departmental and communal authorities all the local franchises and local self-government which they had extorted from the central power in a struggle of forty years.

'Centralisation, though it is generally disclaimed by every party that is in opposition, is so powerful an instrument that every Monarchical Government which has ruled France since 1789 has maintained, and even tried to extend it.

'The Restoration, and the Government of July, were as absolute centralisers as Napoleon himself. The local power which they were forced to surrender they made over to the narrow *pays légal*, the privileged ten-pounders,

who were then attempting to govern France. The Republic gave the election of the *Conseils généraux* to the people, and thus dethroned the notaries who governed those assemblies when they represented only the *bourgeoisie.* The Republic made the Maires elective; the Republic placed education in the hands of the local authorities. Under its influence the communes, the cantons, and the departments were becoming real administrative bodies. They are now geographical divisions. The Préfet appoints the Maires; the Préfet appoints in every canton a Commissaire de Police, seldom a respectable man, as the office is not honourable; the Gardes champêtres, who are the local police, are put under his control; the Recteur, who was a sort of local Minister of Education in every department, is suppressed; his powers are transferred to the Préfet; the Préfet appoints, promotes, and dismisses all the masters of the *écoles primaires.* The Préfet can destroy the prosperity of every commune that displeases him. He can displace the functionaries, close its schools, obstruct its public works, and withhold the money which the Government habitually gives in aid of local improvement. He can convert it, indeed, into a mere unorganised aggregation of individuals, by dismissing every communal functionary, and placing its concerns in the hands of his own nominees. There are many hundreds of communes that have been thus treated, and whose masters are now uneducated peasants. The Préfet can dissolve the *Conseil général* of his department, and although he cannot actually name their successors, he does so virtually. No candidate for an elective office

can succeed unless he is supported by the Government. The Courts of law, criminal and civil, are the tools of the executive. The Government appoints the judges, the Préfet provides the jury, and *la Haute Police* acts without either. All power of combination, even of mutual communication, except from mouth to mouth, is gone. The newspapers are suppressed or intimidated, the printers are the slaves of the Préfet, as they lose their privilege if they offend ; the secrecy of the post is habitually and avowedly violated ; there are spies in every country town to watch and report conversation ; every individual stands defenceless and insulated, in the face of this unscrupulous executive, with its thousands of armed hands and its thousands of watching eyes. The only opposition that is ventured is the abstaining from voting. Whatever be the office, and whatever be the man, the candidate of the Préfet comes in ; but if he is a man who would have been unanimously rejected in a state of freedom, the bolder electors show their indignation by their absence.

'In such a state of society the traveller can learn little. Even those who rule it, know little of the feelings of their subjects. The vast democratic sea on which the Empire floats is influenced by currents, and agitated by ground swells which the Government discovers only by their effects. It knows nothing of the passions which influence these great apparently slumbering masses. Indeed, it takes care, by stifling their expression, to prevent their being known.

. . . . . .

'We disapprove in many respects of the manner in which Louis Napoleon employs his power, as we disapprove in all respects of the means by which he seized it; but, on the whole, we place him high among the sovereigns of France. As respects his foreign policy we put him at the very top. The foreign policy of the rulers of mankind, whether they be kings, or ministers, or senates, or demagogues, is generally so hateful, and at the same time so contemptible, so grasping, so irritable, so unscrupulous, and so oppressive—so much dictated by ambition, by antipathy and by vanity, so selfish, often so petty in its objects, and so regardless of human misery in its means, that a sovereign who behaves to other nations with merely the honesty and justice and forbearance which are usual between man and man, deserves the praise of exalted virtue. The sovereigns of France have probably been as good as the average of sovereigns. Placed indeed at the head of the first nation of the Continent, they have probably been better; but how atrocious has been their conduct towards their neighbour! If we go back no further than to the Restoration, we find Louis XVIII. forming the Holy Alliance, and attacking Spain without a shadow of provocation, for the avowed purpose of crushing her liberties and giving absolute power to the most detestable of modern tyrants. We find Charles X. invading a dependence of his ally, the Sultan, and confiscating a province to revenge a tap on the face given by the Bey of Algiers to a French consul. We find Louis Philippe breaking the most solemn engagements with

almost wanton faithlessness; renouncing all extension of territory in Africa and then conquering a country larger than France—a country occupied by tribes who never were the subjects of the Sultan or of the Bey, and who could be robbed of their independence only by wholesale and systematic massacre; we find him joining England, Spain, and Portugal in the Quadruple Alliance, and deserting them as soon as the time of action had arrived; joining Russia, Prussia, Austria and England, in the arrangement of the Eastern question, on the avowed basis that the integrity of the Ottoman empire should be preserved, and then attempting to rob it of Egypt. We find him running the risk of a war with America, because she demanded, too unceremoniously, the payment of a just debt, and with England because she complained of the ill-treatment of a missionary. We find him trying to ruin the commerce of Switzerland because the Diet arrested a French spy, and deposing Queen Pomare because she interfered with the sale of French brandies; and, as his last act, eluding an express promise by a miserable verbal equivocation, and sowing the seeds of a future war of succession in order to get for one of his sons an advantageous establishment in Spain.

'The greatest blot in the foreign policy of Louis Napoleon is the invasion of Rome, and for that he is scarcely responsible. It was originally planned by Louis Philippe and Rossi. The expedition which sailed from Toulon in 1849 was prepared in 1847. It was despatched in the first six months of his presidency, in obedience to a vote of the Assembly, when the Assembly

was still the ruler of France; and Louis Napoleon's celebrated letter to Ney was an attempt, not, perhaps constitutional or prudent, but well-intentioned, to obtain for the Roman people liberal and secular institutions instead of ecclesiastical tyranny.

'His other mistake was the attempt to enforce on Turkey the capitulations of 1740, and to revive pretentions of the Latins in Jerusalem which had slept for more than a century. This, again, was a legacy from Louis Philippe. It was Louis Philippe who claimed a right to restore the dome, or the portico, we forget which, of the Holy Sepulchre, and to insult the Greeks by rebuilding it in the Latin instead of the Byzantine form. Louis Napoleon has the merit, rare in private life, and almost unknown among princes, of having frankly and unreservedly withdrawn his demands, though supported by treaty, as soon as he found that they could not be conceded without danger to the conceding party.

'With these exceptions, his management of the foreign relations of France has been faultless. To England he has been honest and confiding, to Russia conciliatory but firm, to Austria kind and forbearing, and he has treated Prussia with, perhaps, more consideration than that semi-Russian Court and childishly false and cunning king deserved. He has been assailed by every form of temptation, through his hopes and through his fears, and has remained faithful and disinterested. Such conduct deserves the admiration with which England has repaid it.

'We cannot praise him as an administrator. He is

indolent and procrastinating. He hates details, and therefore does not understand them. When he has given an order he does not see to its execution; indeed, he cannot, for he does not know how it ought to be executed. He directed a fleet to be prepared to co-operate with us in the Baltic in the spring. Ducos, his Minister of Marine, assured him that it was ready. The time came, and not a ship was rigged or manned. He asked us to suspend the expedition for a couple of months. We refused, and sailed without the French squadron. If the Russians had ventured out, and we either had beaten them single-handed, or been repulsed for want of the promised assistance, the effect on France would have been frightful. We have reason to believe that it was only in the middle of February that he made up his mind to send an army to Bulgaria. They arrived by driblets, without any plan of operations, and it was not until August that their battering train left Toulon. It ought to have reached Sebastopol in May. In time, however, he must see the necessity of either becoming an active man of business himself, or of ministering, like other sovereigns, through his Ministers. Up to the present time many causes have concurred to occasion him to endeavour to be his own Minister, and to treat those to whom he gives that name as mere clerks. He is jealous and suspicious, fond of power, and impatient of contradiction. With the exception of Drouyn de l'Huys, the eminent men of France, her statesmen and her generals, stand aloof from him. Those who are not in exile have retired from public life, and offer neither

assistance nor advice. Advice, indeed, he refuses, and, what is still more useful than advice, censure, he punishes.

'But the war, though it must last longer, and cost more in men and in money than it would have done if it were managed with more intelligence and activity, must end favourably. Ill managed as it has been by France, it has been worse managed by Russia. It is impossible that that semi-barbarous empire, with its scarcely sane autocrat, its corrupt administration, its disordered finances, and its heterogeneous populations, should ultimately triumph over the two most powerful nations of Europe, flanked by Austria, and disposing of the fanatical valour of Turkey. If Louis Napoleon pleases the vanity of France by military glory, and rewards her exertions by a triumphant peace; if he employs his absolute power in promoting her prosperity by further relaxing the fetters which encumber her industry; if he takes advantage of the popularity which a successful war, an honourable peace, and internal prosperity must confer on him, to give to her a little real liberty and a little real self-government; if he gradually subsides from a Τύραννος to a Βασιλεύς; if he allows some liberty of the press, some liberty of election, some liberty of discussion, and some liberty of decision; he may pass the remainder of his agitated life in the tranquil exercise of limited, but great and secure power, the ally of England, and the benefactor of France.

'If this expectation should be realised—and we repeat, that among many contingencies it appears to us to be the least improbable—it affords to Europe the best hope

of undisturbed peace and progressive civilisation and prosperity. An alliance with England was one of the favourite dreams of the first Napoleon. He believed, and with reason, that England and France united could dictate to all Europe. But in this respect, as indeed in all others, his purposes were selfish. Being master of France, he wished France to be mistress of the world. All that he gave to France was power, all that he required from Europe was submission. The objects for which he desired our co-operation were precisely those which we wished to defeat. The friendship from which we recoiled in disgust, almost in terror, was turned into unrelenting hatred; and in the long struggle which followed, each party felt that its safety depended on the total ruin of the other.

'The alliance which the uncle desired as a means of oppressing Europe, the nephew seeks for the purpose of setting her free. The heavy continued weight of Russia has, ever since the death of Alexander, kept down all energy and independence of action, and even of thought, on the Continent. She has been the patron of every tyrant, the protector of every abuse, the enemy of every improvement. It was at her instigation that the Congress of Verona decreed the enslavement of Spain, and that in the conferences of Leybach it was determined to stifle liberty in Italy. Every court on the Continent is cursed with a Russian party; and woe be to the Sovereign and to the Minister who is not at its head: all the resources of Russian influence and of Russian corruption are lavished to render his people rebellious and his adminis-

tration unsuccessful. From this *peine forte et dure* we believe that Europe will now be relieved; and if the people or the sovereigns of the Continent, particularly those of Germany and Italy, make a tolerable use of the freedom from foreign dictation which the weakness of Russia will give to them, we look forward to an indefinite course of prosperity and improvement. Unhappily, experience, however, forbids us to be sanguine. Forty years ago, an event, such as we are now contemplating, occurred. A Power which had deprived the Continent of the power of independent action fell, and for several years had no successor. Germany and Italy recalled or re-established their sovereigns, and entrusted them with power such as they had never possessed before. How they used it may be inferred from the general outbreak of 1848. A popular indignation, such as could have been excited only by long years of folly, stupidity, and tyranny, swept away or shook every throne from Berlin to Palermo. The people was everywhere for some months triumphant; and its abuse of power produced a reaction which restored or introduced despotism in every kingdom except Prussia and Piedmont, and even in Prussia gave to the King power sufficient to enable him, up to the present moment, to maintain a policy, mischievous to the interests, disgusting to the sympathies, and injurious to the honour of his people. But while the Anglo-Gallic alliance continues, the Continent will be defended from the worst of all evils, the prevention of domestic improvement, and the aggravation of domestic disturbance, by foreign intervention. That alliance has already

preserved the liberty of Piedmont. If it had been established sooner, it might have preserved that of Hesse, and have saved Europe from the revolting spectacle of the constitutional resistance of a whole people against an usurping tyrant and a profligate minister crushed by brutal, undisguised violence.

'We repeat that we are not sanguine, that we do not expect the tranquil, uninterrupted progress which would be the result of the timely concession on the part of the sovereigns, and of the forbearance and moderation on the part of their subjects, which, if they could profit by the lessons of history, would be adopted by both parties. The only lesson, indeed, which history teaches is, that she teaches none either to subjects or to sovereigns. But we do trust that when the ruler and his people are allowed to settle their own affairs between one another, they will come from time to time to coarse and imperfect, but useful arrangements of their differences. Rational liberty may advance slowly and unequally; it may sometimes be arrested, it may sometimes be forced back, but its march in every decennial period will be perceptible. Like an oak which has grown up among storms, its durability will be in proportion to the slowness of its progress.'

Correspondence.

Tocqueville, June 30, 1855.

I have only just arrived here, my dear Senior, after wandering for nearly a month from friend to friend all through the Touraine and the Maine. As you may think, I am, on returning home after so long an absence,

overpowered with trifling business. I cannot, therefore, comply to-day with your request and write to you the letter you ask for: I will write it after much thought and at length. The subject is well worthy of the trouble. Shall I at the same time send back to you the conversation which I have corrected, and in what way? The post would be very unsafe and expensive. Give me, therefore, your instructions on this point. But above all, give us news of yourselves and of all our friends.

My wife has borne the journey better than I expected, and the delight we feel in finding ourselves here once more will completely restore her.

This delight is really very great and in proportion to the annoyance of wandering about as we have done for three years without ever finding a place which entirely suited us.

As to public news, I have heard none since I left Paris. The only spot which a single ray of light can ever reach is Paris. All the rest is in profound darkness. If you hear anything important, pray tell me.

Adieu, dear Senior. Remember me to Mrs. and Miss Senior, and believe in our long and very sincere affection,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Tocqueville, July 25, 1855.

I wrote to you yesterday, my dear Senior, a long letter according to my promise.

But when I read it over I felt that it was absurd to send such a letter by the post, especially to a foreigner, and I burnt it.

Since the assault of the 18th,[1] the interference of the police in private correspondence has become more active. Many of my friends as well as I myself have perceived it. More letters have been kept back and more have been stopped. Two of mine have been lost. You may remember that two letters from me failed to reach you, three years ago. The danger is greater in the country, where handwritings are known, than in Paris. You advise me to put my letters into a cover directed to your Embassy, which will forward them. But this is no security. If a letter be suspected, it is easy to open and re-seal it, and still easier simply to suppress it.

And, in fact, after all, you have lost little. I wrote to you only what I have a hundred times said to you. We have lived so much together, and with such perfect mutual confidence, that it is difficult for either of us to say anything new to the other.

Besides, on reading over again, with attention, your note of our last conversation,[2] I have nothing to alter. All that I could do would be to develope a little more my opinions, and to support them by additional arguments. I feel more and more their truth, and that the progress of events will confirm them much more than any reasonings of mine can do.

We are annoyed and disturbed, having the house full of workmen. I am trying to warm it by hot air, and

[1] On the 18th June, 1855, the French and English made an unsuccessful assault on Sebastopol.—Ed.

[2] That of the 28th May, 1855.—Ed.

am forced to bore through very old and very thick walls; but we shall be repaid by being able to live here during the winter.

I am amusing myself with the letters which our young soldiers in the East, peasants from this parish, write home to their families, and which are brought to me. This correspondence should be read in order to understand the singular character of the French peasant. It is strange to see the ease with which these men become accustomed to the risks of military life, to danger and to death, and yet how their hearts cling to their fields and to the occupations of country life. The horrors of war are described with simplicity, and almost with enjoyment. But in the midst of these accounts one finds such phrases as these: "What crop do you intend to sow in such a field next year?" "How is the mare?" "Has the cow a fine calf?" &c. No minds can be more versatile, and at the same time more constant. I have always thought that, after all, the peasantry were superior to all other classes in France. But these men are deplorably in want of knowledge and education, or rather the education to which they have been subjected for centuries past has taught them to make a bad use of their natural good qualities.

It seems to me that Lord John's resignation will enable your Cabinet to stand, at least for some time. All that has passed in England since the beginning of the war grieves me deeply. Seen from a distance, your Constitution appears to me an admirable machine which is getting out of order, partly from the wearing out of

its works, partly from the unskilfulness of its workers. Such a spectacle is useful to our Government.

I asked you some questions, which you have not answered. Is Mrs. Grote returned from Germany? Is she well? Has she received my letter addressed to her at Heidelberg? The last question is always doubtful when one writes from France.

I send you a letter from the Count de Fénelon, which I think will interest you. You will give it me back when we meet.

I am very curious to know what you will think of Egypt; and I hope that we shall be established in Paris when you return.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Tocqueville, September 19, 1855.

Your letter, my dear Senior, of the 26th of August, has much interested me. I see that you are resolved on your great journey. I could say like Alexander, if the comparison were not too ambitious, that I should wish to be in your place if I were not in my own; but I cannot get satiated with the pleasure of being at home after so long an absence. Everything is pleasure in this country life, among my own fields. Even the solitude is charming; but were I anywhere else, I should envy you your tour.

Everything in Egypt is curious: the past, the present, and the future. I hope to learn much from your Journal, which I trust that I shall have. We shall certainly meet you in Paris.

The noise made by the fall of Sebastopol has echoed even to this distant corner of France. It is a glorious event, and has delighted every Frenchman of every party and of every opinion, for in these matters we are one man.

I fear that the victory has been bought dearly. There is not a neighbouring village to which the war has not cost some of its children. But they bear it admirably. You know, that in war we show the best side of our character. If our civilians resembled our soldiers we should long ago have been masters of Europe.

This war has never been popular, nor is it popular, yet we bear all its cost with a cheerfulness admirable when you consider the sorrows which it occasions, aggravated by the distress produced by the dearness of bread. If, instead of the Crimea, the seat of war had been the Rhine, with a definite purpose, the whole nation would have risen, as it has done before.

But the object of the war is unintelligible to the people. They only know that France is at war, and must be made, at any price, to triumph.

I must confess, that I myself, who understand the object for which all this blood is shed, and who approve that object, do not feel the interest which such great events ought to excite; for I do not expect a result equal to the sacrifice.

I think, with you, that Russia is a great danger to Europe. I think so more strongly, because I have had peculiar opportunities of studying the real sources of her power, and because I believe these sources to be perma-

nent, and entirely beyond the reach of foreign attack. (I have not time now to tell you why.) But I am deeply convinced that it is not by taking from her a town, or even a province, nor by diplomatic precautions, still less by placing sentinels along her frontier, that the Western Powers will permanently stop her progress.

A temporary bulwark may be raised against her, but a mere accident may destroy it, or a change of alliances or a domestic policy may render it useless.

I am convinced that Russia can be stopped only by raising before her powers created by the hatred which she inspires, whose vital and constant interest it shall be to keep themselves united and to keep her in. In other words, by the resurrection of Poland, and by the re-animation of Turkey.

I do not believe that either of these means can now be adopted. The detestable jealousies and ambitions of the European nations resemble, as you say in your letter, nothing better than the quarrels of the Greeks in the face of Philip. Not one will sacrifice her passions or her objects.

About a month ago I read some remarkable articles, which you perhaps have seen, in the German papers, on the progress which Russia is making in the extreme East. The writer seems to be a man of sense and well informed.

It appears that during the last five years, Russia, profiting by the Chinese disturbances, has seized, not only the mouth of the Amoor, but a large territory in Mongolia, and has also gained a considerable portion of the

tribes which inhabit it. You know that these tribes once overran all Asia, and have twice conquered China. The means have always been the same—some accident which, for an instant, has united these tribes in submission to the will of one man. Now, says the writer, very plausibly, the Czar may bring this about, and do what has been done by Genghis Khan, and, indeed, by others.

If these designs are carried out, all Upper Asia will be at the mercy of a man, who, though the seat of his power be in Europe, can unite and close on one point the Mongols.

I know more about Sir G. Lewis's book [1] than you do. I have read it through, and I do not say, as you do, that it must be a good book, but that it *is* a good book. Pray say as much to Sir George when you see him, as a letter of mine to Lady Theresa on the subject may have miscarried.

It is as necessary now for friends to write in duplicate from town to town, as it is if they are separated by the ocean and fear that the ship which carries their letters may be lost. I hear that our friend John Mill has lately published an excellent book. Is it true? at all events remember me to him.

Adieu, my dear Senior. Do not forget us any more than we forget you. Kindest regards to Mrs. Senior, and Miss Senior, and Mrs. Grote.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[1] The work referred to was probably that on the *Early History of Rome*.—ED.

Paris, April 1, 1856.

I write a few lines to you at Marseilles, my dear Senior, as you wished.[1] I hope that you will terminate your great journey as felicitously as you seem to me to have carried it on from the beginning. The undertaking appears to have been a complete success. I wish that it might induce you next year to cross over the ocean to America. I should be much interested in hearing and reading your remarks upon that society. But perhaps Mrs. Senior will not be so ready to start off again; so, that I may not involve myself in a quarrel with her, I will say no more on the subject.

I am longing to see you, for beside our old and intimate friendship I shall be delighted to talk with such an interesting converser, and, above all, to find myself again in the company of (as Mrs. Grote calls you) 'the boy.' You will find me, however, in all the vexations of correcting proofs and the other worries connected with bringing out a book.[2] It will not appear till the end of this month.

I can tell you no more about politics than you may learn from the newspapers. Peace, though much desired, has caused no public excitement. The truth is that just now we are not *excitable.* As long as she remains in this condition France will not strike one of those blows by which she sometimes shakes Europe and overturns herself.

Reeve has been and Milnes still is here. We have

[1] Mr. Senior was on his return from Egypt.—Ed.

[2] The *Ancien Régime.*—Ed.

talked much of you with these two old friends. Good bye, or rather, thank God, *à bientôt.*

A thousand kind remembrances to Mrs. Senior.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

CONVERSATIONS.

Paris, May 16.—M. de Tocqueville has scarcely been visible since my return to Paris. Madame de Tocqueville has been absent. She returned yesterday, and they spent this evening with us.

Tocqueville is full of his book, which is to appear in about a week. His days and nights are devoted to correcting the press and to writing notes—which he thought would be trifling, but which grow in length and importance.

The object of the work is to account for the rapid progress of the Revolution, to point out the principal causes which enabled a few comparatively obscure men to overthrow in six weeks a Monarchy of many centuries.

'I am inclined,' I said, 'to attribute the rapidity with which the old institutions of France fell, to the fact that there was no *lex loci* in France. That the laws, or rather the customs, of the different provinces were dissimilar, and that nothing was defined. That as soon as the foundations or the limits of any power were examined, it crumbled to pieces; so that the Assembly became omnipotent in the absence of any authority with ascertained rights and jurisdiction.'

'There is much truth in that,' answered Tocqueville, 'but there is also much truth in what looks like an opposite theory—namely, that the Monarchy fell because its power was too extensive and too absolute. Nothing is so favourable to revolution as centralisation, because whoever can seize the central point is obeyed down to the extremities. Now the centralisation of France under the old Monarchy, though not so complete as its Democratic and Imperial tyrants afterwards made it, was great. Power was concentrated in Paris and in the provincial capitals. The smaller towns and the agricultural population were unorganised and defenceless. The 14th of July revealed the terrible secret that the Master of Paris is the Master of France.'

Paris, May 18.—I spent the day at Athy, the country-seat of M. Lafosse,[1] who had been my companion in our Egyptian journey.

'What do you hear,' I asked, 'of the Empress?'

'Nothing,' he answered, 'but what is favourable; all her instincts and prejudices are good. Lesseps, who is nearly related to her, has many of her letters, written during the courtship, in which she speaks of her dear Louis with the utmost affection, and dwells on the hope that if ever she should become his wife, she may be able to induce him to liberalise his Government.'

'And now,' he said, 'tell me what you heard in England about our Canal?'

[1] M. Lafosse died many years ago. He was a friend of M. de Lesseps, by whom he and Mr. Senior were invited to join the expedition to Egypt.—Ed.

'I heard nothing,' I answered, 'except from Maclean. He told me that he thought that the Maritime Canal, if supplied from the sea, would become stagnant and unwholesome, and gradually fill. That that plan was formed when the levels of the two seas were supposed to differ, so that there would be a constant current.

'"Now that the equality of their levels has been ascertained," he said to me, "the only mode of obtaining a current is to employ the Nile instead of the sea." "But can the Nile spare the water?" I asked. "Certainly," he answered. "An hour a day of the water from the Nile, even when at its lowest, would be ample." "And what do the other engineers say?" I asked. "Randall," he replied, "agrees with me. The others are at present for the salt water. But we are to meet in time and discuss it thoroughly."'

'It is not the opinion of the engineers,' answered Lafosse, 'that I want, but that of the politicians.

'We are told that Lord Palmerston threatens to prevent it as long as he is Minister. This makes us very angry. We think that we perceive in his opposition his old hatred of France and of everything that France supports or even favours—feelings which we hoped the Alliance had cured.

'The matter,' he continued, 'was to have been brought before the Congress. Buol had promised to Nigrelli to do so, and Cavour to Lesseps and Paleocapa. But after the occupation of Italy, and the Belgian press, and the rights of Neutrals had been introduced, the Congress got impatient, and it was thought inexpedient to ask them

to attend to another episodical matter. The Emperor, however, did something. He asked Ali Pasha, the Turkish Minister, what were the Sultan's views. "They will be governed," said Ali Pasha, "in a great measure by those of his allies." "As one of them," said the Emperor, "I am most anxious for its success." "In that case," replied Ali Pasha, "the Sultan can have no objection to it in principle, though he may wish to annex to his firman some conditions—for instance, as to the occupation of the forts at each end by a mixed garrison of Turks and Egyptians." The Emperor then turned to Lord Clarendon. "What are your views," he asked, "as to the Suez Canal?" "It is a grave matter," answered Lord Clarendon, "and one on which I have no instructions. But I believe it to be impracticable." "Well," replied the Emperor, "but supposing for the sake of the argument, that it is practicable, what are your intentions?" "I cannot but think," answered Lord Clarendon, "that any new channel of commerce must be beneficial to England. The real difficulty is the influence which the Canal may have in the relations of Egypt and Turkey." "If that be the only obstacle," replied the Emperor, "there is not much in it, for Ali Pasha has just told me that if *we* make no objection the Sultan makes none. We cannot be more Turkish than the Turk."'

'I am most anxious,' added Lafosse, 'that this stupid opposition of yours should come to an end. Trifling as the matter may seem, it endangers the cordiality of the Alliance. The people of England, who do not know how jealous and *passionnés* we are, cannot estimate the

mistrust and the irritation which it excites. That an enterprise on which the French, wisely or foolishly, have set their hearts, should be stopped by the caprice of a wrong-headed Englishman, hurts our vanity ; and everything that hurts our vanity offends us much more than what injures our serious interests.

'If the engineers and the capitalists decide in favour of the scheme, you will have to yield at last. You had much better do so now, when you can do it with a good grace. Do not let your acquiescence be extorted.'

Paris, May 19.—After breakfast I spent a couple of hours with Cousin.

'You have been in England,' he said, 'since you left Egypt. What is the news as to our Canal? Will Palmerston let us have it? You must stay a few weeks in Paris to estimate the effect of your opposition to it. We consider Palmerston's conduct as a proof that his hatred of France is unabated, and the acquiescence of the rest of your Cabinet as a proof that, now we are no longer necessary to you, now that we have destroyed for you the maritime power of Russia, you are indifferent to our friendship.

'I know nothing myself as to the merits of the Canal. I distrust Lesseps and everything that he undertakes. He has much talent and too much activity, but they only lead him and his friends into scrapes. I daresay that the Canal is one, and that it will ruin its shareholders ; but as I am anxious we should not quarrel with England, I am most anxious that this silly subject of dispute should be removed.'

'Louis Napoleon,' he continued, 'professed to wish that you should allow the Sultan to give his consent; but I doubt whether he is sincere. I am not sure that he is not pleased at seeing the Parisians occupied by something besides his own doings, especially as it promotes the national dislike of England. Now that the war is over we want an object. He tries to give us one by launching us into enormous speculations. He is trying to make us English; to give us a taste for great and hazardous undertakings, leading to great gains, great losses, profuse expenditure, and sudden fortunes and failures. Such things suit *you*; they do not suit *us*. Our habits are economical and prudent, perhaps timid. We like the petty commerce of commission and detail, we prefer domestic manufactures to factories, we like to grow moderately rich by small profits, small expenditure, and constant accumulation. We hate the *nouveaux riches*, and scarcely wish to be among them. The progress for which we wish is political progress—not within, for there we are satisfied to oscillate, and shall be most happy if in 1860 we find ourselves where we were in 1820—but without. I believe that our master's *sortie* against Belgium was a pilot balloon. He wished to see what amount of opposition he had to fear from you, and from Belgium, and how far we should support him. He has found the two former greater than he expected. I am not sure that he is dissatisfied with the last.'

I spent the morning at H.'s. He too attacked me about the Canal.

'Do entreat,' he said, 'your public men to overrule

their ill-conditioned colleague. I told you a year ago, the mischief that you were doing, but I do not think that you believed me. You may find too late that I was right.'

I repeated to him Ellice's opinion that the commerce of England would not use the canal.

'I have heard that,' he said, 'from Ellice himself, but I differ from him. I agree with him, indeed, that your sailing vessels will not use the canal, but I believe that a few years hence you will have no purely sailing vessels, except for the small coasting trade. Every large ship will have a propeller; and with propellers, to be employed occasionally, and sails for ordinary use, the Mediterranean and the Red Sea are very manageable. I believe that the canal will be useful, and particularly to you. But whatever be the real merits of the scheme, for God's sake let it be tried. Do not treat us like children, and say, "We know better what is good for you than you do yourselves. You shall not make your canal because you would lose money by it."'

'What did you hear,' I said, 'about the Congress?'

'I heard,' he answered, 'that Clarendon was very good, and was the best, and that Walewski was very bad, and was the worst.'

'Can you tell me,' I said, 'the real history of the Tripartite Treaty?'

'I can,' he answered. 'There was an old engagement between the three Powers, entered into last spring, that if they succeeded in the war, they would unite to force

Russia to perform any conditions to which she might submit.

'This engagement had been allowed to sleep; I will not say that it was forgotten, but no one seemed disposed to revert to it. But after the twenty-second Protocol, when Piedmont was allowed to threaten Austria, and neither England nor France defended her, Buol got alarmed. He feared that Austria might be left exposed to the vengeance of Russia on the north and east, and to that of the Italian Liberals on the South. An alliance with France and England, though only for a specified purpose, at least would relieve Austria from the appearance of insulation. She would be able to talk of the two greatest Powers in Europe as her allies, and would thus acquire a moral force which might save her from attack. He recalled, therefore, the old engagement to the recollection of Clarendon and Louis Napoleon, and summoned them to fulfil it. I do not believe that either of them was pleased. But the engagement was formal, and its performance, though open to misconstruction, and intended by Austria to be misconstrued, was attended by some advantages, though different ones, to France and to England. So both your Government and ours complied.'

Tuesday, May 20.—The Tocquevilles and Rivet drank tea with us.

I mentioned to Tocqueville the subject of my conversations with Cousin and H.

'I agree with Cousin,' he said. 'The attempt to turn our national activity into speculation and commerce has

often been made, but has never had any permanent success. The men who make these sudden fortunes are not happy, for they are always suspected of *friponnerie*, and the Government to which they belong is suspected of *friponnerie*. Still less happy are those who have attempted to make them, and have failed. And those who have not been able even to make the attempt are envious and sulky. So that the whole world becomes suspicious and dissatisfied.

'And even if it were universal, mere material prosperity is not enough for us. Our Government must give us something more: must gratify our ambition, or, at least, our vanity.'

'The Government,' said Rivet, 'has been making a desperate plunge in order to escape from the accusation of *friponnerie*. It has denounced in the "Moniteur" the *faiseurs*; it has dismissed a poor *aide-de-camp* of Jérôme's for doing what everybody has been doing ever since the *coup d'état*. When Ponsard's comedy, which was known to be a furious satire on the *agioteurs*, was first played, Louis Napoleon took the whole orchestra and pit stalls, and filled them with people instructed to applaud every allusion to the *faiseurs*. And he himself stood in his box, his body almost out of it, clapping most energetically every attack on them.'

'At the same time,' I said, 'has he not forced the Orleans Company and the Lyons Company to buy the Grand Central at much more than its worth? And was not that done in order to enable certain *faiseurs* to realise their gains?'

'He has forced the Orleans Company,' said Rivet, 'to buy up, or rather to amalgamate the Grand Central; but I will not say at more than its value. The amount to be paid is to depend on the comparative earnings of the different lines, for two years before and two years after the purchase.'

'But,' I said, 'is it not true, first, that the Orleans Company was unwilling to make the purchase? and, secondly, that thereupon the Grand Central shares rose much in the market?'

'Both these facts,' answered Rivet, 'are true.'

'Do you believe,' I said to Tocqueville, 'H.'s history of the Tripartite Treaty?'

'I do,' he answered. 'I do not think that at the time when it was made we liked it. It suited you, who wish to preserve the *statu quo* in Europe, which keeps us your inferiors, or, at least, not your superiors. *You* have nothing to gain by a change. We have. The *statu quo* does not suit us. The Tripartite Treaty is a sort of chain—not a heavy one, or a strong one—but one which we should not have put on if we could have avoided it.'

'Do you agree,' I asked Tocqueville, 'with Lafosse, Cousin, and H. as to the effect in Paris of our opposition to the Suez Canal?'

'I agree,' he answered, 'in every word that they have said. There is nothing that has done you so much mischief in France, and indeed in Europe.

'I am no engineer; I should be sorry to pronounce a decided opinion as to the feasibility or the utility of the

canal; but your opposition makes us believe that it is practicable.'

'Those among us,' I answered, 'who fear it, sometimes found their fear on grounds unconnected with its practicability. They say that it is a political, not a commercial, scheme. That the object is to give to French engineers and French shareholders a strip of land separating Egypt from Syria, and increasing the French interest in Egypt.'

'What is the value,' answered Tocqueville, 'of a strip of land in the desert where no one can live? And why are the shareholders to be French? The Greeks, the Syrians, the Dalmatians, the Italians, and the Sicilians are the people who will use the canal, if anybody uses it. They will form the bulk of the shareholders, if shareholders there are.

'My strong suspicion is, that if you had not opposed it, there never would have been any shareholders, and that if you now withdraw your opposition, and let the scheme go on until calls are made, the subscribers, who are ready enough with their names as patriotic manifestations against you as long as no money is to be paid, will withdraw *en masse* from an undertaking which, at the very best, is a most hazardous one.

'As to our influence in Egypt, your journal shows that it is a pet project of the Viceroy. He hopes to get money and fame from it. You *imitate* both his covetousness and his vanity, and throw him for support upon us.'

Paris, May 21.—The Tocquevilles and Chrzanowski[1] drank tea with us.

We talked of the French iron floating batteries.

'I saw one at Cherbourg,' said Tocqueville, 'and talked much with her commander. He was not in good

[1] 'Chrzanowski has passed thirty years fighting against or for the Russians. He began military life in 1811 as a sous-lieutenant of artillery in the Polish corps which was attached to the French army. With that army he served during the march to Moscow, and the retreat. At the peace, what remained of his corps became a part of the army of the kingdom of Poland. He had attained the rank of major in that army when the insurrection on the accession of Nicholas broke out. About one hundred officers belonging to the staff of the properly Russian army were implicated, or supposed to be implicated, in that insurrection, and were dismissed, and their places were supplied from the army of the kingdom of Poland. Among those so transferred to the Russian army was Chrzanowski. He was attached to the staff of Wittgenstein, and afterwards of Marshal Diebitsch, in the Turkish campaigns of 1828 and 1829. In 1830 he took part with his countrymen in the insurrection against the Muscovites, and quitted Poland when it was finally absorbed in the Russian Empire. A few years after a quarrel was brewing between England and Russia. Muscovite agents were stirring up Persia and Affghanistan against us, and it was thought that we might have to oppose them on the shores of the Black Sea. Chrzanowski was attached to the British Embassy at Constantinople, and was employed for some years in ascertaining what assistance Turkey, both in Europe and in Asia, could afford to us. In 1849 he was selected by Charles Albert to command the army of the kingdom of Sardinia.

'That army was constituted on the Prussian system, which makes every man serve, and no man a soldier. It was, in fact, a militia. The men were enlisted for only fourteen months; at the end of that time they were sent home, and were recalled when they were wanted, having forgotten their military training and acquired the habits of cottiers and artisans. They had scarcely any officers, or even *sous*-officers, that knew anything of their business. The drill-sergeants required to be drilled. The generals, and indeed the greater part of the officers, were divided into hostile factions—Absolutists, Rouges, Constitutional Liberals, and even Austrians —for at that time, in the exaggerated terror occasioned by the revolutions of 1848, Austria and Russia were looked up to by the greater part of the noblesse of the Continent as the supporters of order against Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, and Palmerston. The Absolutists and the Austrians made

spirits about his vessel, and feared some great disaster. However, she did well at Kinburn.'

'She suffered little at Kinburn,' said Chrzanowski, 'because she ventured little. She did not approach the batteries nearer than 600 mètres. At that distance there is little risk and little service. To knock down a wall two mètres thick from a distance of 600 mètres would require at least 300 blows. How far her own iron sides would have withstood at that distance the fire of heavy guns I will not attempt to say, as I never saw her. The best material to resist shot is lead. It contracts over the ball and crushes it.'

'Kinburn, however,' said Tocqueville, 'surrendered to our floating batteries.'

'Kinburn surrendered,' said Chrzanowski, 'because you landed 10,000 men, and occupied the isthmus which connects Kinburn with the main land. The garrison saw that they were invested, and had no hope of relief. They were not Quixotic enough, or heroic enough, to prolong a hopeless resistance. Scarcely any garrison does so.'

We talked of Malta; and I said that Malta was the only great fortification which I had seen totally unprovided with earth-works.

'The stone,' said Chrzanowski, 'is soft and will not splinter.'

'I was struck,' I said, 'with the lightness of the arma-

common cause, whereas the Rouges or Mazzinists were bitterest against the Constitutional Liberals. Such an army, even if there had been no treason, could not have withstood a disciplined enemy. When it fell a victim to its own defects, and to the treachery of Ramorino, Chrzanowski retired to Paris.'—(*Extracted from Mr. Senior's article in the 'North British Review.'*)

Chrzanowski died several years ago.—ED.

ment; the largest guns that I saw, except some recently placed in Fort St. Elmo, were twenty-four pounders.'

'For land defence,' he answered, 'twenty-four pounders are serviceable guns. They are manageable and act with great effect within the short distance within which they are generally used. It is against ships that large guns are wanted. A very large ball or shell is wasted on the trenches, but may sink a ship. The great strength of the land defences of Malta arises from the nature of the ground on which Valetta and Floriana are built, indeed of which the whole island consists. It is a rock generally bare or covered with only a few inches of earth. Approaches could not be dug in it. It would be necessary to bring earth or sand in ships, and to make the trenches with sand-bags or gabions.'

I asked him if he had read Louis Napoleon's orders to Canrobert, published in Bazancourt's book?

'I have,' he answered. 'They show a depth of ignorance and a depth of conceit, compared to which even Thiers is modest and skilful. Canrobert is not a great general, but he is not a man to whom a civilian, who never saw a shot fired, ought to give lectures on what he calls "the great principles" or "the absolute principles of war." He seems to have taken the correspondence between Napoleon and Joseph for his model, forgetting that Canrobert is to him what Napoleon was to Joseph. Then he applies his principles as absurdly as he enunciates them. Thus he orders Canrobert to send a fleet carrying 25,000 men to the breach at Aboutcha, to land 3,000 of them, to send them three

leagues up the country, and not to land any more, until those first sent have established themselves beyond the defile of Agen. Of course those 3,000 men would be useless if the enemy were *not* in force, or destroyed if they *were* in force. To send on a small body and not to support them is the grossest of faults. It is the fault which you committed at the Redan, when the men who had got on to the works were left by you for an hour unsupported, instead of reinforcements being poured in after them as quickly as they could be sent.

'In fact,' he continued, 'the horrible and mutual blunders of that campaign arose from its being managed by the two Emperors from Paris and from St. Petersburg. Nicholas and Alexander were our best friends. Louis Napoleon was our worst enemy.

'There is nothing which ought to be so much left to the discretion of those on the spot as war. Even a commander-in-chief actually present in a field of battle can do little after the action, if it be really a great one, has once begun.

'If we suppose 80,000 men to be engaged on each side, each line will extend at least three miles. Supposing the general to be in the centre, it will take an *aide-de-camp* ten minutes to gallop to him from one of the wings, and ten minutes to gallop back. But in twenty minutes all may be altered.'

Correspondence.

Kensington, August 20, 1856.

My dear Tocqueville,—A few weeks after my return to London your book reached me—of course from the time that I got it, I employed all my leisure in reading it.

Nothing, even of yours, has, I think, so much instructed and delighted me. Much of it, perhaps, was not quite so new to me as to many others; as I had had the privilege of hearing it from you—but even the views which were familiar to me in their outline were made almost new by their details.

It is painful to think how difficult it is to create a Constitutional Government, and how difficult to preserve one, and, what is the same, how easy to destroy one.

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Mrs. Senior is going to Wales and to Ireland, where I join her, after having paid a long-promised visit to Lord Aberdeen.

I like the conversation of retired statesmen, and he is one of our wisest. Thiers has just left us. I spent two evenings with him, but on the first he was engrossed by Lord Clarendon, and on the second by the Duc d'Aumale and by Lord Palmerston. They were curious *rapprochements*, at least the first and third. It was the first

meeting of Palmerston and Duc d'Aumale. I am very much pleased with the latter. He is sensible, well informed, and unaffected.

Kindest regards, &c.

A. W. Senior.

Tocqueville, September 4, 1856.

I have read, my dear Senior, your letter with great pleasure. Your criticism delights me, for I rely on your judgment and on your sincerity. I am charmed that you have found in my book more than you had learned from our conversations, on my view of our history. We have known one another so long, we have conversed so much and so unreservedly, that it is difficult for either of us to write anything that the other will think new. I was afraid that what may appear original to the public might seem trite to you.

The Reeves have been with us; we have passed together an agreeable fortnight. I had charged Reeve to bring you, whether you would or not. Did he make the attempt? I am sure that you would have enjoyed your visit, and we should have rejoiced to have under our roof two such old friends as you and Reeve.

I am glad that you have printed your article; pray try to send it to me.

It seems that you intend this winter to anchor in Rome. It increases my regret that I cannot be there. It is out of the question. My wife's health and mine are so much improved that the journey is not necessary, and business of all kinds keeps us at home. If you

push on to Naples, you will, perhaps, enjoy the absence of the rascally king whom you and I found there five years ago. I applaud the virtuous indignation of the English against this little despot, and their sympathy with the unhappy wretches whom he detains arbitrarily to die slowly in his prisons, which, though not placed in the African deserts or the marshes of Cayenne, are bad enough. The interest which your great nation takes in the cause of humanity and liberty, even when that cause suffers in another country, delights me. What I regret is that your generous indignation is directed against so petty a tyrant.

I must say that America is a *puer robustus.* Yet I cannot desire, as many persons do, its dismemberment. Such an event would inflict a great wound on the whole human race; for it would introduce war into a great continent from whence it has been banished for more than a century.

The breaking up of the American Union will be a solemn moment in the history of the world. I never met an American who did not feel this, and I believe that it will not be rashly or easily undertaken. There will, before actual rupture, be always a last interval, in which one or both parties will draw back. Has not this occurred twice?

Adieu, dear Senior. Do not be long without letting us hear from you, and remember us affectionately to Mrs. Senior and to your daughter.

Ashton House, near Phœnix Park, Dublin, September 26, 1856.

My dear Tocqueville,—Your letter found me at Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, where we have been spending a fortnight with Lord Aberdeen.

It has been very interesting. Lord Aberdeen is one of our wisest statesmen.

. . . . . .

I found Lord Aberdeen deprecating the war, notwithstanding its success, utterly incredulous as to the aggressive intentions attributed to Nicholas, and in fact throwing the blame of the war on Lord Stratford and, to a certain degree, on Louis Napoleon.

I found him also much disturbed by our Naples demonstration, believing it to be an unwarranted interference with an independent Government.

. . . . . .

Ever yours,

A. W. SENIOR.

Tocqueville, November 2, 1856.

I am grateful to you, my dear Senior, for your kindness in telling me what I most wished to hear. The judgments of such men as those with whom you have been living, while they delight me, impose on me the duty of unrelaxed efforts.

Your fortnight at Lord Aberdeen's amused me exceedingly, and not the least amusing part were the eccentricities of A.B.

There is one point in which the English seem to me to differ from ourselves, and, indeed, from all other nations, so widely that they form almost a distinct species of men. There is often scarcely any connection between what they say and what they do.

No people carry so far, especially when speaking in public, violence of language, outrageousness of theories, and extravagance in the inference drawn from those theories. Thus your A.B. says that the Irish have not shot half enough landlords. Yet no people act with more moderation. A quarter of what is said in England at a public meeting, or even round a dinner-table, without anything being done or intended to be done, would in France announce violence, which would almost always be more furious than the language had been.

We Frenchmen are not so different from our antipodes as we are from a nation, partly our own progeny, which is separated from us by only a large ditch.

I wonder whether you have heard how our illustrious master is relieving the working-people from the constant rise of house-rent. When they are turned out of their lodgings he re-establishes them by force; if they are distrained on for non-payment of rent, he will not allow the tribunals to treat the distress as legal. What think you, as a political economist, of this form of out-door relief?

What makes the thing amusing is, that the Government which uses this violent mode of lodging the working classes, is the very same Government which, by its mad

public works, by drawing to Paris suddenly a hundred thousand workmen, and by destroying suddenly ten thousand houses, has created the deficiency of habitations. It seems, however, that the systematic intimidation and oppression of the rich in favour of the poor, is every day becoming more and more one of the principles of our Government.

I read yesterday a circular from the prefect of La Sarthe, a public document, stuck up on the church-doors and in the market-places, which, after urging the landed proprietors of the department to assess themselves for the relief of the poor, adds, that their insensibility becomes more odious when it is remembered that for many years they have been growing rich by the rise of prices, which is spreading misery among the lower orders.

The real character of our Government, its frightful mixture of socialism and despotism, was never better shown.

I have said enough to prevent your getting my letter. If it *should* escape the rogue who manages our post-office, let me know as soon as you can.

Kindest remembrances,

A. DE. TOCQUEVILLE.

Tocqueville, February 11, 1857.

I must ask you, my dear Senior, to tell me yourself how you have borne this long winter. I suppose that it has been the same in England as in Normandy, for the two climates are alike.

Here we have been buried for ten or twelve days under a foot of snow, and it froze hard during the whole time. How has your larynx endured this trial? I assure you that we take great interest in that larynx of yours. Give us therefore some news of it.

Your letter gave us fresh pleasure by announcing your intention of passing April and May in Paris. We shall certainly be there at the same time, and perhaps before. I hope that we shall see you continually. We are, you know, among the very many people who delight in your society; besides, we have an excellent right to your friendship.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to your Egypt. What I already know of that country leads me to think that of all your reminiscences it will afford the most novelty and interest.

I do not think that your visit to Paris will be a very valuable addition to your journals. If I may judge by the letters which I receive thence, society there has never been flatter, nor more insipid, nor more entirely without any dominant idea. I need not tell you that your opinion of our statesmen is the same as that which prevails in Paris, but it is of such an ancient date, and is so obvious, that it cannot give rise to interesting discussions.

A-propos of statesmen, we cannot understand how a man who made, *inter pocula*, the speech of —— on his travels can remain in a government. I think that even ours, though so long-suffering towards its agents, could not tolerate anything similar even if it should secretly approve. Absolute power has its limits. The

Prince de Ligne, in a discourse which you have doubtless read, seems to me to have described it in one word by saying that it was the speech of a *gamin.*

I am, however, ungrateful to criticise it, for I own that it amused me extremely, and that I thought that Morny especially was drawn from life; but I think that if I had the honour of being Her Britannic Majesty's Prime Minister, I should not have laughed so heartily. How could so clever a man be guilty of such eccentricities?

In my last letter to our excellent friend Mrs. Grote, I ventured to say that there was one person who wrote even worse than I did, and that it was you. Your last letter has filled me with remorse, for I could actually read it, and even without trouble. I beg, therefore, to make an *amende honorable,* and envy you your power of advancing towards perfection.

. . . . . .

I still think of paying a little visit to England in June. Adieu, dear Senior. Do not be angry with me for not writing on politics. Indeed I could tell you nothing, for I know nothing, and besides, just now politics are not to be treated by Frenchmen, *in letters.*

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Tocqueville, March 8, 1857.

I still write to you, my dear Senior, from hence. We cannot tear ourselves away from the charms of our retreat, or from a thousand little employments. We shall scarcely reach Paris, therefore, before you. You will

therefore, yourself bring me the remainder of your curious journal. What I have already seen makes me most anxious to read the rest. I have never read anything which gave me more valuable information on Egypt and Oriental politics in general. As soon as I possibly can, I look forward to continuing its perusal.

The papers tell us that your Ministry has been beaten on the Chinese War. It seems to me to have been an ill-chosen battle-field. The war was, perhaps, somewhat wantonly begun, and very roughly managed; but the fault lay with distant and subordinate agents. Now that it has begun, no Cabinet can avoid carrying it on vigorously. The existing Ministry will do as well for this as any other. As there is no line of policy to be changed, the upsetting is merely to put in the people who are now out.

If the Ministry falls, the man least to be pitied will be our friend Lewis. He will go out after having obtained a brilliant triumph on his own ground, and he will enjoy the good fortune, rare to public men, of quitting power greater than he was when he took it, and with the enviable reputation of owing his greatness, not merely to his talents, but also to the respect and the confidence which he has universally inspired.

All this delights me; for I feel towards him, and towards all his family, a true friendship.

To return to China.

It seems to me that the relations between that country and Europe are changed, and dangerously changed.

Till now, Europe has had to deal only with a Chinese

government—the most wretched of governments. Now you will find opposed to you a people; and a people, however miserable and corrupt, is invincible on its own territory, if it be supported and impelled by common and violent passions.

Yet I should be sorry to die before I have seen China open to the eyes as well as to the arms of Europe.

Do you believe in a dissolution? If so, when?

A thousand regards to Mrs. Grote, to the great historian, to the Reeves, and generally to all who are kind enough to remember my existence.

I delight in the prospect of meeting you in Paris; yet I fear that you will find it dull. All that I hear from the great town shows me that never, at least during the last two hundred years, has intellectual life been less active.

If there be talent in the official circles, it is not the talent of conversation, and among those who formerly possessed that talent, there is so much torpidity, such want of interest on public affairs, such ignorance as to what is passing, and so little wish to hear about it, that no one, I am told, knows what to talk about or to take interest in. Your conversation, however, is so agreeable and stimulating that it is capable of reanimating the dead. Come and try to work this miracle.

A thousand remembrances.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Conversations.

Paris, Hôtel Bedford, April 9, 1857.—We reached this place last night.

The Tocquevilles are in our hotel. I went to them in the evening.

Tocqueville asked me how long I intended to remain.

'Four weeks,' I answered.

'I do not think,' he replied, 'that you will be able to do so. Paris has become so dull that no one will voluntarily spend a month here. The change which five years have produced is marvellous.

'We have lost our interest not only in public affairs, but in all serious matters.'

'You will return then to the social habits of Louis Quinze,' I said. 'You were as despotically governed then as you are now; and yet the *salons* of Madame Geoffrin were amusing.'

'We may do so in time,' he answered, 'but that time is to come. At present we talk of nothing but the Bourse. The conversation of our *salons* resembles more that of the time of Law, than that of the time of Marmontel.'

I spent the evening at Lamartine's. There were few people there, and the conversation was certainly dull enough to justify Tocqueville's fears.

April 10.—Tocqueville drank tea with us.

We talked of the Empress, and of the possibility of her being Regent of France.

'That supposes,' I said, 'first, that *Celui-ci* holds his power until his death; and, secondly, that his son will succeed him.'

'I expect both events,' answered Tocqueville. 'It is impossible to deny that Louis Napoleon has shown great dexterity and tact. His system of government is detestable if we suppose the welfare of France to be his object; but skilful if its aim be merely the preservation of his own power.

'Such being his purpose, he has committed no great faults. Wonderful, almost incredible, as his elevation is, it has not intoxicated him.'

'It has not intoxicated him,' I answered, 'because he was prepared for it—he always expected it.'

'He could scarcely,' replied Tocqueville, 'have really and soberly expected it until 1848.

'Boulogne and Strasbourg were the struggles of a desperate man, who staked merely a life of poverty, obscurity, and exile. Even if either of them had succeeded, the success could not have been permanent. A surprise, if it had thrown him upon the throne, could not have kept him there. Even after 1848, though the Bourbons were discredited, we should not have tolerated a Bonaparte if we had not lost all our self-possession in our terror of the Rouges. That terror created him, that terror supports him; and habit, and the dread of the bloodshed and distress, and the unknown chances of a revolution, will, I think, maintain him during his life.

'The same feelings will give the succession to his

heir. Whether the heir will keep it, is a different question.'

Sunday, April 12.—Tocqueville drank tea with us. I asked him if he had seen the Duc de Nemours' letter.

'I have not seen it,' he answered. 'In fact, I have not wished to see it. I disapprove of the Fusionists, and the anti-Fusionists, and the Legitimists, and the Orleanists—in short, of all the parties who are forming plans of action in events which may not happen, or may not happen in my time, or may be accompanied by circumstances rendering those plans absurd, or mischievous, or impracticable.'

'But though you have not read the letter,' I said, 'you know generally what are its contents.'

'Of course I do,' he replied. 'And I cannot blame the Comte de Chambord for doing what I do myself—for refusing to bind himself in contingencies, and to disgust his friends in the hope of conciliating his enemies.'

'Do you believe,' I asked, 'that the mere promise of a Constitution would offend the Legitimists?'

'I do not think,' he answered, 'that they would object to a Constitution giving them what they would consider their fair share of power and influence.

'Under Louis Philippe they had neither, but it was in a great measure their own fault.

'They have neither under this Government, for its principle is to rest on the army and on the people, and to ignore the existence of the educated classes.

'You see *that* in its management of the press.

'Montalembert, or Guizot, or Falloux, or I may publish what we like. We are not read by the soldier or by the *proletaire*.[1] But the newspaper press is subject to a slavery to which it was never reduced before. The system was first elaborated in Austria, and I daresay will be copied by all the Continental autocrats, for no inventions travel so quickly as despotic ones.

'The public *avertissements* are comparatively unimportant. Before a journal gets one of those its suppression has probably been decided on. Every day there are communications between the literary police and the different editors. Such or such a line of argument is altogether forbidden, another is allowed to be used to a certain extent. Some subjects are tabooed, others are to be treated partially.

'As the mental food of the lower orders is supplied by the newspapers, this paternal Government takes care that it shall not be too exciting.'

Paris, Monday, April 13.—Tocqueville, Jobez, Marcet, St.-Hilaire,[2] Charles Sumner, and Lord Granville breakfasted with us.

The conversation turned on public speaking.

'Very few indeed of our speakers,' said Tocqueville, 'have ever ventured to improvise. Barrot could do it. We have told him sometimes that a speech must be answered immediately; and when he objected that he had nothing to say, we used to insist, and to assure him

[1] The lowest class.—Ed.

[2] Barthélemy de St.-Hilaire is now Thiers' private secretary and right hand.—Ed.

that as soon as he was in the tribune, the ideas and the words would come; and so they did. I have known him go on under such circumstances for an hour; of course neither the matter nor the form could be first rate, but they were sufficient.'

'In fact,' said Lord Granville, 'much of what is called improvisation is mere recollection. A man who has to speak night after night, gets on most subjects a set of thoughts, and even of expressions, which naturally pour in on him as soon as his argument touches the train which leads to them.

'One of our eminent speakers,' he continued, 'Lord Grey, is perhaps best when he has not had time to prepare himself. He is so full of knowledge and of inferences, that he has always enough ready to make an excellent speech. When he prepares himself, there is *too* much; he gives the House more facts and more deductions than it can digest.'

'Do you agree with me,' I asked, 'in thinking that Lord Melbourne was best when he improvised?'

'I agree with you,' answered Lord Granville, 'that his set speeches were cold and affected. He was natural only when he was quite careless, or when he was much excited, and then he was admirable.'

'Did not Thiers improvise?' I asked.

'Never,' answered Tocqueville. 'He prepared himself most carefully. So did Guizot. We see from the "Revue rétrospective" that he even prepared his replies. His long experience enabled him to foresee what he should have to answer. Pasquier used to bring

his speech ready written. It lay on the desk before him, but he never looked at it.'

'That seems to me,' I said, 'very difficult. It is like swimming with corks. One would be always tempted to look down on the paper.'

'It is almost equally difficult,' said Tocqueville, 'to make a speech of which the words are prepared. There is a struggle between the invention and the memory. You trust thoroughly to neither, and therefore are not served thoroughly by either.'

'Yet that,' said Marcet, 'is what our Swiss pastors are required to do. They are forbidden to read, and forbidden to extemporise, and by practice they speak from memory—some well, all tolerably.'

'Brougham,' said Lord Granville, 'used to introduce his most elaborately prepared passages by a slight hesitation. When he seemed to pause in search of thoughts, or of words, we knew that he had a sentence ready cut and dried.'

'Who,' I asked Sumner, 'are your best speakers in America?'

'The best,' he said, 'is Seward; after him perhaps comes Winthrop.'

'I should have thought it difficult,' I said, 'to speak well in the Senate, to only fifty or at most sixty members.'

'You do not speak,' answered Sumner, 'to the Senators. You do not think of them. You know that their minds are made up. Except as to mere executive questions, such as the approval of a public functionary,

or the acceptance or modification of a treaty, every senator comes in pledged to a given, or to an assumed, set of opinions and measures. You speak to the public. You speak in order that 500,000 copies of what you say, as was the case with my last speech, may be scattered over the whole Union.'

'That,' I said, 'must much affect the character of your oratory. A speech meant to be read must be a different thing from one meant to be heard. Your speeches must in fact be pamphlets, and that I suppose accounts for their length.'

'That is true,' replied Sumner. 'But when you hear that we speak for a day, or for two days, or, as I have sometimes done, for three days, you must remember that our days are days of only three hours each.'

'How long,' I asked, 'was your last speech?'

'About five hours,' he answered. 'Three hours the first day and two hours the second.'

'That,' I said, 'is not beyond our remotest limit. Brougham indeed, on the amendment of the law, spoke for six hours, during the greater part of the time to an audience of three. The House was filled with fog, and there is an H. B. which represents him gesticulating in the obscurity and the solitude.'

'He,' said Lord Granville, 'put his speech on the Reform Bill at the top.'

'The speech,' I said, 'at the end of which he knelt to implore the Peers to pass the bill, and found it difficult to rise.'

Tuesday, April 14.—Z., Sumner, Lord Granville,

Tocqueville, M. Circourt, St.-Hilaire, and Corcelle breakfasted with us.

The conversation took the same turn as yesterday.

'May I venture,' said Lord Granville to Z., 'to ask whom of your opponents you feared the most?'

'Beyond all comparison,' answered Z., 'Thiers.'

'Was not D.,' I asked, 'very formidable?'

'Certainly,' said Z. 'But he had not the wit, or the *entraînement* of Thiers. His sentences were like his action. He had only one gesture, raising and sinking his right arm, and every time that right arm fell, it accompanied a sentence adding a link to a chain of argument, massive and well tempered, without a particle of dross, which coiled round his adversary like a boa constrictor.'

'And yet,' said M., 'he was always languid and embarrassed at starting; it took him ten minutes to get *en train*.'

'That defect,' said Lord Granville, 'belonged to many of our good speakers—to Charles Fox—to Lord Holland. Indeed Fox required the excitement of serious business to become fluent. He never made a tolerable after-dinner speech.'

'Among the peculiarities of D.,' said M., 'are his perfect tact and discretion in the tribune, and his awkwardness in ordinary life. In public and in private he is two different men.'

'It is impossible,' said Tocqueville, 'to deny that D. was great in a deliberative body, but his real scene of action is the bar. He was only *among* the best

speakers in the Constituent Assembly. He is *the* greatest advocate at the bar.'

'Although,' said M——, 'at the bar, where he represents only his client, one of the elements of his parliamentary success, his high moral character, does not assist him. Do you remember how, on the debate of the Roman expedition, he annihilated by one sentence Jules Favre who had ventured to assail him? "Les injures," he said, "sont comme les corps pesants, dont la force dépend de la hauteur d'où ils tombent."'

'One man,' said Z., 'who enjoys a great European reputation, I could never think of as a serious adversary, that is Lamartine.

'He appeared to me to treat the sad realities of political life as materials out of which he could compose strange and picturesque scenes, or draw food for his imagination and his vanity. He seemed always to be saying to himself: "How will the future dramatist or poet, or painter, represent this event, and what will be my part in the picture, or in the poem, or on the stage?"

'*Il cherchait toujours à poser.*—He could give pleasure, he could give pain—he could amuse, and he could irritate,—but he seldom could persuade, and he never could convince. Even before the gate of the Hôtel de Ville, the most brilliant hour of his life, he owed his success rather to his tall figure, his fine features, attractive as well as commanding, his voice, his action—in short, to the assemblage of qualities which the Greeks called *ὑπόκρισις*, than to his eloquence.'

'Was not,' I said, 'his contrast between the red flag and the tricolor eloquent?'

'It was a fine bit of imagery,' said Z., 'and admirably adapted to the occasion. I do not deny to him the power of saying fine things—perhaps fine speeches, but he never made a *good* speech—a speech which it was difficult to answer.'

'If anyone,' he continued, 'ever takes the trouble to look into our Parliamentary debates, Lamartine will hold a higher comparative rank than he is really entitled to. Most of us were too busy to correct the reports for the "Moniteur." Lamartine not only corrected them but inserted whole passages.'

'He inserted,' said M., 'not only passages but facts. Such as "*applaudissements*," "*vive émotion*," "*hilarité*," often when the speech had been received in silence, or unattended to.'

'I remember,' said Corcelle, 'an insertion of that kind in the report of a speech which was never delivered. It was during the Restoration, when written speeches were read, and sometimes were sent to the "Moniteur" in anticipation of their being read. Such had been the case with respect to the speech in question. The intended orator had inserted, like Lamartine, "*vifs applaudissements*," "*profonde sensation*," and other notices of the effect of his speech. The House adjourned unexpectedly before it was delivered, and he forgot to withdraw the report.'

'Could a man like Lord Althorp,' I asked, 'whom it

was painful to hear, hold his place as leader of a French Assembly?'

'Impossible,' said Tocqueville, 'unless he were a soldier. We tolerate from a man who has almost necessarily been deprived of a careful education much clumsiness and awkwardness of elocution. Soult did not speak much better than the Duke of Wellington, but he was listened to. He had, like the Duke, an air of command which imposed.'

'Was there,' I said, 'any personal quarrel between Soult and Thiers?'

'Certainly there was,' said Z., 'a little one. I will not say that Soult was in Spain a successful commander, or an agreeable colleague, or an obedient subordinate, but whenever things went wrong there, Soult was the man whom the Emperor sent thither to put them to rights. Great as Thiers may be as a military critic, I venture to put him below Napoleon.'

'I have been reading,' I said, 'Falloux's reception speech, and was disappointed by it.'

'In his speech and Brifault's,' said Circourt, 'you may compare the present declamatory style and that of thirty years ago. Brifault has, or attempts to have, the *légèreté* and the prettiness of the Restoration. Falloux is *grandiose* and emphatic, as we all are now.'

'Falloux,' said Z., 'made an excellent speech the first time that he addressed the Chamber of Deputies. The next time he was not so successful, and after that he ceased to be listened to.

'But in the Constituent Assembly, and indeed in the

Legislative, he acquired an ascendency. In those Assemblies, great moral qualities and a high social position were rarer than they were among the Deputies, and in the dangers of the country they were more wanted. Falloux possesses them all. He is honest and brave, and in his province employs liberally and usefully a large fortune.'

'Were those the merits,' I asked, 'which opened to him the doors of the Academy?'

'Certainly,' answered Z. 'As a man of letters he is nothing, as a statesman not much. We elected him in honour of his courage and his honesty, and perhaps with some regard to his fortune. We are the only independent body left, and we value in a candidate no quality more than independence.'

'I am told,' I said, 'that Falloux is now an ultra-Legitimist.'

'That is not true,' said Z. 'He is a Legitimist, but a liberal one. He would tolerate no Government, whatever were its other claims, that was not constitutional.'

'Your Academic ceremonies,' I said 'seem to me not very well imagined. There is something *fade*, almost ridiculous, in the literary minuet in which the *récipiendaire* and the receiver are trotted out to show their paces to each other and to the Academy. The new member extolling the predecessor of whom he is the unworthy successor, the old member lauding his new colleague to his face, and assuring him that he, too, is one of the ornaments of the Society.'

'Particularly,' said ——, 'when, as was the case the other day, it is notorious that neither of them has any real respect for the idol which he is forced to crown. Then the political innuendoes, the under-currents of censure of the present conveyed in praise of the past, become tiresome after we have listened to them for five years. We long to hear people talk frankly and directly, instead of saying one thing for the mere purpose of showing that they are thinking of another thing. The Emperor revenged himself on Falloux by his antithesis: "*que le désordre les avait uni, et que l'ordre les avait séparé.*"'

'How did Falloux reply to it?' I asked.

'Feebly,' said ——. 'He muttered something about *l'ordre* having no firmer adherent than himself. In these formal audiences our great man has the advantage. He has his *mot* ready prepared, and you cannot discuss with him.'

We talked of the French spoken by foreigners. 'The best,' said Circourt, 'is that of the Swedes and Russians, the worst that of the Germans.'

'Louis Philippe,' said Z., 'used to maintain that the best test of a man's general talents was his power of speaking foreign languages. It was an opinion that flattered his vanity, for he spoke like a native French, Italian, English, and German.'

'It is scarcely possible,' said Tocqueville, 'for a man to be original in any language but his own; in all others he is forced to say what he can, and that is generally something that he recollects.'

'I was much struck by that,' said Z., 'when conversing with Narvaez. He had been talking sensibly but rather dully in French. I begged him to talk Spanish, which I understand though I cannot speak. The whole man was changed. It was as if a curtain had been drawn up from between us. Instead of hammering at commonplaces, he became pointed, and spirited, and eloquent.'

'Is he an educated man?' I asked.

'For a Spaniard,' answered Z., 'yes. He has the quickness, the finesse, and the elegance of mind and of manner which belong to the South. The want of book-learning contributes to his originality.'

'The most wonderful speaker in a foreign language,' said Sumner, 'was Kossuth. He must have been between forty and fifty before he heard an English word. Yet he spoke it fluently, eloquently, and even idiomatically. He would have made his fortune among us as a stump-orator.'

Tuesday, April 28.—Tocqueville drank tea with us.

We talked rather of people than of things.

'Circourt,' said Tocqueville, 'is my dictionary. When I wish to know what has been done or what has been said on any occasion, I go to Circourt. He draws out one of the drawers in his capacious head, and finds there all that I want arranged and ticketed.

'One of the merits of his talk, as it is of his character, is its conscientiousness. He has the truthfulness of a thorough gentleman, and his affections are as strong as

his hatreds. I do not believe he would sacrifice a friend even to a good story, and where is there another man of whom that can be said?'

'What think you of Mrs. T——?' I inquired.

'I like her too,' he replied, 'but less than I do Circourt. She has considerable talent, but she thinks and reads only to converse. She has no originality, no convictions. She says what she thinks that she can say well; like a person writing a dialogue or an exercise. Whether the opinion which she expresses be right or wrong, or the story that she tells be true or false, is no concern of hers, provided it be *bien dit*.'

'The fault of her conversation,' I said, 'seems to me to be, that while she is repeating one sentence she is thinking of the next, and that while you are speaking to her, she is considering what is to be her next topic. I have noticed this fault in other very fluent conversers. They are so intent on the future that they neglect the present.'

'It is rather a French than an English fault,' said Tocqueville. 'The English have more curiosity and less vanity, than we have; more desire to hear and less anxiety to shine. They are often, therefore, better *causeurs* than we are. *Le grand talent pour le silence*, or, in other words, the power of listening which has been imputed to them, is a great conversational virtue. I do not believe that it was said ironically or epigrammatically. The man who bestowed that praise knew how rare a merit silence is.'

'May we not owe that merit,' I asked, 'to our bad French? We shine most when we listen.'

'A great talker,' I continued, 'Montalembert, is to breakfast with us. Whom shall I ask to meet him?'

'Not me,' said Tocqueville, 'unless you will accept me as one of the chorus. I will not take a *premier rôle*, or any prominent *rôle*, in a piece in which he is to act. I like his society; that is, I like to sit silent and hear him talk, and I admire his talents; and we have the strong bond of common hatreds, though perhaps we hate on different, or even opposite grounds, and I do not wish for a dispute with him, of which, if I say anything, I shall be in danger. If we differed on only one subject, instead of differing, as we do, on all but one, he would pick out that single subject to attack me on. I am not sure that even as host you will be safe. He is more acute in detecting points of opposition than most men are in finding subjects of agreement. He avoids meeting you on friendly or even on neutral ground. He chooses to have a combat *en champ clos*.

'Take care,' he added, 'and do not have too many *sommités*. They watch one another, are conscious that they are watched, and a coldness creeps over the table.'

'We had two pleasant breakfasts,' I said, 'a fortnight ago. You were leader of the band at one, Z. at the other, and the rest left the stage free to the great actor.'

'As for me,' he answered, 'I often shut myself up, particularly after dinner, or during dinner if it be long.

The process of digestion, little as I can eat, seems to oppress me.

'Z. is always charming. He has an *aplomb*, an ease, a *verve* arising from his security that whatever he says will interest and amuse. He is a perfect specimen of an ex-statesman, *homme de lettres*, and *père de famille*, falling back on literature and the domestic affections. As for me, I have intervals of *sauvagerie*, or rather the times when I am not *sauvage* are the intervals. I have many, perhaps too many, acquaintances whom I like, and a very few friends whom I love, and a host of relations. I easily tire of Paris, and long to fly to the fields and woods and seashore of my province.'

We passed to the language of conversation.

'There are three words,' said Tocqueville, 'which you have lost, and which I wonder how you do without,—Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle. You are forced always to substitute the name. They are so mixed in all our forms that half of what we say would appear abrupt or blunt without them.

'Then the *tutoyer* is a *nuance* that you want. When husband and wife are talking together they pass insensibly, twenty times perhaps in an hour, from the *vous* to the *tu*. When matters of business or of serious discussion are introduced, indeed whenever the affections are not concerned, it is *vous*. With the least *soupçon* of tenderness the *tu* returns.'

'Yet,' I said, 'you never use the *tu* before a third person.'

'Never,' he answered, 'in good company. Among the

bourgeoisie always. It is odd that an aristocratic form, so easily learned, should not have been adopted by all who pretend to be gentry. I remember being present when an Englishman and his wife, much accustomed to good French society, but unacquainted with this *nuance*, were laboriously *tutoyering* each other. I relieved them much by assuring them that it was not merely unnecessary, but objectionable.'

May 2.—Tocqueville dined with us.

A lady at the *table d hôte* was full of a sermon which she had heard at the Madeleine. The preacher said, sinking his voice to an audible whisper, 'I will tell you a secret, but it must go no farther. There is more religion among the Protestants than with us, they are better acquainted with the Bible, and make more use of their reading: we have much to learn from them.'

I asked Tocqueville, when we were in our own room, as to the feelings of the religious world in France with respect to heretics.

'The religious laity,' he answered, 'have probably little opinion on the subject. They suppose the heretic to be less favourably situated than themselves, but do not waste much thought upon him. The ignorant priests of course consign him to perdition. The better instructed think, like Protestants, that error is dangerous only so far as it influences practice.

'Dr. Bretonneau, at Tours, was one of the best men that I have known, but an unbeliever. The archbishop tried in his last illness to reconcile him to the Church: Bretonneau died as he had lived. But the archbishop,

when lamenting to me his death, expressed his own conviction that so excellent a soul could not perish.

'You recollect the duchesse in St.-Simon, who, on the death of a sinner of illustrious race, said, "On me dira ce qu'on voudra, on ne me persuadera pas que Dieu n'y regarde deux fois avant de damner un homme de sa qualité." The archbishop's feeling was the same, only changing *qualité* into virtue.

'There is something amusing,' he continued, 'when, separated as we are from it by such a chasm, we look back on the prejudices of the *Ancien Régime.* An old lady once said to me, "I have been reading with great satisfaction the genealogies which prove that Jesus Christ descended from David. Ça montre que notre Seigneur était Gentilhomme."'

'We are somewhat ashamed,' I said, 'in general of Jewish blood, yet the Lévis boast of their descent from the Hebrew Levi.'

'They are proud of it,' said Tocqueville, 'because they make themselves out to be cousins of the Blessed Virgin. They have a picture in which a Duc de Lévi stands bareheaded before the Virgin. "Couvrez-vous donc, mon cousin," she says. 'C'est pour ma commodité," he answers.'

The conversation passed to literature.

'I am glad,' said Tocqueville, 'to find that, imperfect as my knowledge of English is, I can feel the difference in styles.'

'I feel strongly,' I said, 'the difference in French styles in prose, but little in poetry.'

'The fact is,' said Tocqueville, 'that the only French poetry, except that of Racine, that is worth reading is the light poetry. I do not think that I could now read Lamartine, though thirty years ago he delighted me.'

'The French taste,' I said, 'in English poetry differs from ours. You read Ossian and the "Night Thoughts."'

'As for Ossian,' he answered, 'he does not seem to have been ever popular in England. But the frequent reference to the "Night Thoughts," in the books and letters of the last century, shows that the poem was then in everybody's memory. Foreigners are in fact provincials. They take up fashions of literature as country people do fashions of dress, when the capital has left them off. When I was young you probably had ceased to be familiar with Richardson. We knew him by heart. We used to weep over the Lady Clementina, whom I dare say Miss Senior never heard of.

'During the first Empire, we of the old *régime* abandoned Paris, as we do now, and for the same reasons. We used to live in our châteaux, where I remember as a boy hearing Sir Charles Grandison and Fielding read aloud. A new novel was then an event. Madame Cottin was much more celebrated than George Sand is now. For all her books were read, and by everybody. Notwithstanding the great merits of George Sand's style, her plots and her characters are so exaggerated and so unnatural, and her morality is so perverted, that we have ceased to read her.'

We talked of Montalembert, and I mentioned his *sortie* the other day against the clergy.

'I can guess pretty well,' said Tocqueville, 'what he said to you, for it probably was a *résumé* of his article in the "Correspondant." Like most men accustomed to public speaking, he repeats himself. He is as honest perhaps as a man who is very *passionné* can be; but his oscillations are from one extreme to another. Immediately after the *coup d'état*, when he believed Louis Napoleon to be Ultramontane, he was as servile as his great enemy the "Univers" is now. "Ce sont les nuances qui se querellent, non les couleurs;" and between him and the "Univers" there is only a *nuance*. The Bishop of Agen has oscillated like him, but began at the other end. The other day the Bishop made a most servile address to the Emperor. He had formerly been a furious anti-Bonapartist. "How is it possible," said Montalembert, "that a man can rush so completely from one opinion to another? On the 4th of December in 1851 this same Bishop denounced the *coup d'état* with such violence that the President sent me to the Nuncio to request his interference. Now he is on his knees before him. Such changes can scarcely be honest." Montalembert does not see that the only difference between them is that they have trod in opposite directions the very same path.'

Thursday, May 5.—Tocqueville and I dined with M. and Madame de Bourke, and met there General Dumas and Ary Scheffer.

We talked of Delaroche's pictures, and Scheffer

agreed with me in preferring the smaller ones. He thought that Delaroche improved up to the time of his death, and preferred his Moses, and Drowned Martyr, painted in 1853 and 1855, to the other large ones, and his Girondins, finished in 1856, to the earlier small ones.

We passed on to the increased and increasing population of Paris.

'The population of Paris,' I said, 'is only half that of London, while that of the British Islands is not three-fourths that of France. If you were to double the population of Paris, therefore, it would still be proportionally less than that of London.'

'That is true,' said Tocqueville, 'but yet there are many circumstances connected with the Parisian population each of which renders it more dangerous than the London one. In the first place, there is the absence of any right to relief. The English workman knows that neither he nor his family can starve. The Frenchman becomes anxious as soon as his employment is irregular, and desperate when it fails. The English workmen are unacquainted with arms, and have no leaders with military experience. The bulk of the Frenchmen have served, many of them are veterans in civil war, and they have commanders skilled in street-fighting. The English workmen have been gradually attracted to London by a real and permanent demand for their labour. They have wives and children. At least 100,000 men have been added to the working population of Paris since the *coup d'état.* They are young men in the vigour of their strength and passions, unrestrained by wives or families.

They have been drawn hither suddenly and artificially by the demolition and reconstruction of half the town, by the enormous local expenditure of the Government, and by the fifty millions spent in keeping the price of bread in Paris unnaturally low. The 40,000 men collected in Paris by the construction of the fortifications are supposed to have mainly contributed to the revolution of 1848. What is to be expected from this addition of 100,000? Then the repressive force is differently constituted and differently animated. In England you have an army which has chosen arms as a profession, which never thinks of any other employment, and indeed is fit for no other, and never expects any provision except its pay and its pension. The French soldier, ever since 1789, is a citizen. He serves his six years because the law and the colonel force him to do so, but he counts the days until he can return to his province, his cottage, and his field. He sympathises with the passions of the people. In the terrible days of June, the army withstood the cries, the blessings, the imprecations and the seductions of the mob, only because they had the National Guards by their side. Their presence was a guarantee that the cause was just. The National Guards never fought before as they did in those days. Yet at the Château d'Eau, the miraculous heroism and the miraculous good luck of Lamoricière were necessary to keep them together. If he had not exposed himself as no man ever did, and escaped as no man ever did, they would have been broken.'

'I was there,' said Scheffer, 'when his fourth horse

was killed under him. As the horse was sinking he drew his feet out of the stirrups and came to the ground without falling; but his cigar dropped from his mouth. He picked it up, and went on with the order which he was giving to an *aide-de-camp.*

'I saw that,' said Tocqueville. 'He had placed himself immediately behind a cannon in front of the Château d'Eau which fired down the Boulevard du Temple. A murderous fire from the windows in a corner of the Rue du Temple killed all the artillerymen. The instant that Lamoricière placed himself behind it, I thought that I saw what would happen. I implored him to get behind some shelter, or at least not to pose as a mark. "Recollect," I said, "that if you go on in this way you must be killed before the day is over—and where shall we all be?"'

'"I see the danger of what I am doing," he answered, "and I dislike it as much as you can do; but it is necessary. The National Guards are shaking; if they break, the Line follows. I must set an example that everyone can see and can understand. This is not a time for taking precautions. If *I* were to shelter myself, *they* would run."'

'How does Lamoricière,' I asked, 'bear exile and inactivity in Brussels?'

'Very ill,' said Scheffer. 'He feels that he has compromised the happiness of his wife, whom he married not long before the *coup d'état.*'

'Changarnier at Malins, who lives alone and has only himself to care for, supports it much better.'

Tocqueville and I walked home together.

'Scheffer,' he said, 'did not tell all that happened at the Château d'Eau. Men seldom do when they fight over their battles.

'The insurgents by burrowing through walls had got into a house in the rear of our position. They manned the windows, and suddenly fired down on us from a point whence no danger had been feared. This caused a panic among the National Guards, a force of course peculiarly subject to panics. They turned and ran back 250 yards along the Boulevard St. Martin, carrying with them the Line and Lamoricière himself. He endeavoured to stop them by outcries, and by gesticulations, and indeed by force. He gave to one man who was trying to run by him a blow with his fist, so well meant and well directed that it broke his collar bone.

'At length he stopped them, re-formed them, and said: "Now you shall march, I at your head, and the drummer beating the charge, as if you were on parade, up to that house." They did so. After a few discharges, which miraculously missed Lamoricière, the men in the house deserted it.'

'What were you doing at the Château d'Eau?' I asked.

'We were marching,' he said, 'with infantry and artillery on the Boulevard du Temple, across which there was a succession of barricades, which it was necessary to take one by one.

'As we advanced in the middle, our sappers and

miners got into the houses on each side, broke through the party walls, and killed the men at the windows.'

'Those three days,' he continued, 'impress strongly on my mind the dangers of our present state.

'It is of no use to take up pavements and straighten streets, and pierce Paris by long military roads, and loop-hole the barracks, if the Executive cannot depend on the army. Ditches and bastions are of no use if the garrison will not man them.

'The new law of recruitment, however, may produce a great change. Instead of 80,000 conscripts, 120,000 are to be taken each year. This is about all that are fit for service. They are required to serve for only two years. If the change ended there our army would be still more a militia than it is now. It would be the Prussian Landwehr. But those entitled to their discharge are to be enticed by higher pay, promotions, bounties, and retiring pensions—in short, by all means of seduction, to re-enter for long periods, for ten, or fifteen, or perhaps twenty years. It is hoped that thus a permanent regular army may be formed, with an *esprit de corps* of its own, unsympathising with the people, and ready to keep it down; and such will, I believe, be the result. But it will take nine or ten years to produce such an army—and the dangers that I fear are immediate.'

'What are the motives,' I asked, 'for the changes as to the conscription, the increase of numbers, and the diminution of the time of service?'

'They are parts,' he answered, 'of the system. The

French peasant, and indeed the *ouvrier*, dislikes the service. The proportion of conscripts who will re-enlist is small. Therefore the whole number must be large. The country must be bribed to submit to this by the shortness of the term. The conscript army will be sacrificed to what is to be the regular army. It will be young and ill-trained.'

'But your new regular army,' I said, 'will be more formidable to the enemy than your present force.'

'I am not sure of that,' he answered. 'The merit of the French army was the impetuosity of its attack, the "furia Francese," as the Italians called it. Young troops have more of this quality than veterans. The Maison du Roi, whose charge at Steenkirk Macaulay has so well described, consisted of boys of eighteen.'

'I am re-editing,' I said, 'my old articles. Among them is one written in 1841 on the National Character of France, England, and America,[1] as displayed towards foreign nations. I have not much to change in what I have said of England or of America. As they have increased in strength they have both become still more arrogant, unjust, and shameless.

'England has perhaps become a little more prudent. America a little less so. But France seems to me to be altered. I described her as a soldier with all the faults of that unsocial character. As ambitious, rapacious, eager for nothing but military glory and territorial aggrandisement. She seems now to have become mode-

[1] This article is republished in the *Historical and Philosophical Essays*. Longmans: 1865.—Ed.

rate and pacific, and to be devoted rather to the arts of peace than to those of war.'

'France *is* changed,' answered Tocqueville, 'and when compared with the France of Louis XIV., or of Napoleon, was already changed when you wrote, though the war-cry raised for political purposes in 1840 deceived you. At the same time, I will not deny that military glory would, more than any other merit, even *now* strengthen a Government, and that military humiliation would inevitably destroy one. Nor must you overrate the unpopularity of the last war. Only a few even of the higher classes understood its motives. "Que diable veut cette guerre?" said my country neighbour to me; "si c'était contre les Anglais—mais *avec* les Anglais, et pour le Grand Turc, qu'est-ce que cela peut signifier?" But when they saw that it cost only men, that they were not invaded or overtaxed, and that prices rose, they got reconciled to it.

'It was only the speculators of Paris that were tired of it. And if, instead of the Crimea, we had fought near our own frontiers, or for some visible purpose, all our military passions, bad and good, would have broken out.'

Wednesday, May 13.—Tocqueville came in after breakfast, and I walked with him in the shade of the green walls or arcades of the Tuileries chestnuts.

We talked of the Montijos, which led our conversation to Mérimée and V.

'Both of them,' said Tocqueville, 'were the friends of Countess Montijo, the mother.

'V. was among the last persons who knew Eugénie

as Countess Théba. He escorted her to the Tuileries the very evening of her marriage. There he took his leave of her. "You are now," he said, "placed so high that I can only admire you from below." And I do not believe that they have met since.

'Mérimée took a less sentimental view of the change. He acknowledged his Empress in his former plaything, subsided from a sort of stepfather into a courtier, and so rose to honour and wealth, while V. is satisfied to remain an ex-professor and *un homme de lettres*.'

. . . . . .

We met Henri Martin, and I asked Tocqueville what he thought of his History.

'It has the merit of selling,' he said, 'which cannot be said of any other History of France. Martin is laborious and conscientious, and does not tell a story ill; but he is a partisan and is always biassed by his own likings and dislikings. He belongs to the class of theorists, unfortunately not a small one, whose political *beau idéal* is the absence of all control over the will of the people—who are opposed therefore to an hereditary monarchy—to a permanent President—to a permanent magistracy—to an established Church—in short, to all privileged classes, bodies, or institutions. Equality, not liberty or security, is their object. They are centralisers and absolutists. A despotic Assembly elected by universal suffrage, sitting at most for a year, governing, like the Convention, through its committees, or a single despot, appointed for a week, and not re-eligible, is the sort of ruler that they would prefer. The last five years have

perhaps disgusted Martin with his Asiatic democracy, but his earlier volumes are coloured throughout by his prejudices against all systems implying a division of power, and independent authorities controlling and balancing one another.'

We talked of the Secret Police.

'It has lately,' said Tocqueville, 'been unusually troublesome, or rather it has been troublesome to a class of persons whom it seldom ventures to molest. A friend of mine, M. Sauvaire Barthélemy, one of Louis Philippe's peers, was standing at the door of his hotel reading a letter. A gentleman in plain clothes addressed him, announced himself as an *agent de police*, and asked him if the letter which he was reading was political. "No," said Barthélemy, "you may see it. It is a *billet de mariage*." "I am directed," said the agent, "to request you to get into this carriage." They got in and drove to Mazas. There Barthélemy was shown into a neat room with iron bars to the windows, and ordered to wait. After some time Louis Pietri, the Préfet de Police, arrived.

'"I am grieved," he said, "at giving you so much trouble, but I have been commanded to see you in this place, and to inform you that the Emperor cannot bear that a man in your high position should systematically misrepresent him.

'"L'Empereur fait tout ce qu'il peut pour le bonheur de la France, et il n'entend pas supporter une opposition aussi constante et aussi violente. Effectivement il ne veut pas d'opposition. Voulez-vous le tenir pour dit,

Monsieur, et recevoir de nouveau mes excuses du dérangement que j'ai dû vous causer? Pour le présent vous êtes libre."'

[Mr. Senior left Paris on the next day.

M. de Tocqueville paid his promised visit to England in June, and was received with a perfect ovation.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

London, July 10, 1857.

I was too ill, my dear friend, to go to you yesterday. Dr. Ferguson tells me that I have been doing too much, and prescribes perfect rest.

I have already read half your journal of 1857. It is very curious; but I am glad that you have disguised me.

It is terrible to be in London, and to see so little of you; but the force of circumstances is greater than the force of wishes.

Ever yours,

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Tocqueville, August 6, 1857.

You may already have had news of me through some of our common friends, my dear Senior, but I wish, besides, to give you some myself, and to thank you again for the kind welcome I received from you and in your house during my stay in London.

I regret only that I was unable to be more with you,

and that, in spite of myself, I was drawn into a whirlpool which carried me away and prevented me from following my inclinations.

I have returned, however, full of gratitude for the marks of consideration and affection showered upon me in England. I shall never forget them.

I found my wife already installed here, and in good health; and I have resumed my busy and peaceful life with a delight which does honour to my wisdom. For I had been so spoiled in England that I might have been afraid of finding my retreat too much out of the way and too quiet. But nothing of the sort has happened. The excitement of the past month appears to have added charms to the present.

Nevertheless, I have not yet set to work again, but I am full of good resolutions, which I hope to execute as soon as I have completely returned to my usual habits. These first days have been devoted to putting everything into its regular order.

In France we are almost as much interested as you in England in the affairs of India. Everyone, even in the country, asks me for news of what is going on there.

There is a natural disposition to exaggerate the evil and to believe that your dominion is overturned. For my part, I am waiting with the utmost and most painful anxiety for the development of the drama, for no good can possibly result from it; and there is not one civilised nation in the world that ought to rejoice in seeing India escape from the hands of Europeans in order to fall back

into a state of anarchy and barbarism worse than before its conquest.

I am quite sure that you will conquer. But it is a serious business.

A military insurrection is the worst of all insurrections, at least in the beginning. You have to deal with barbarians, but they possess the arms of civilised people given to them by yourselves.

My wife, who has preserved her English heart, is particularly affected by the spectacle which Bengal at present affords.

If you have any more particular news than is to be found in the newspapers, you will give us great pleasure by communicating them.

Remember me to Mrs. and Miss Senior, and to your daughter-in-law.

My wife sends many kind regards to them, as well as to you.

Adieu, dear Senior. Believe in my sincere affection.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

P.S.—I fancy that the first effect of the Indian affair will be to draw still closer the alliance between England and France.

Tocqueville, November 15, 1857.

I am somewhat angry with you, my dear Senior, for not having yet given us your news.[1] It is treating our friendship unfairly. I have not written to you because

[1] Mr. Senior was at this time in the East.—ED.

I doubted your following exactly your intended route, but I will write to you at Athens, as I think that you must now be there. If you have followed your itinerary your travels must have been most interesting to you, and they will be equally curious to us. I conclude that you only passed quickly through the Principalities in following the course of the Danube. I, however, had depended on you for furnishing me with clear ideas of a country which is at present so interesting to Europe, and which I think is destined to play an important part in the future. And what say you of our friends the Turks? Was it worth while to spend so much money and to shed so much blood in order to retain in Europe savages who are ill disguised as civilised men? I am impatient to talk to you, and almost equally so to read you.

I shall have little to tell you. I have not stirred from home since I left England, and am leading the life of a gentleman-farmer; a life which pleases me more and more every day, and would really make me happy, if my wife were not suffering from an obstinate neuralgic affection in the face. I fear that she may have to go to some mineral waters, which she would be sorry to do; for, as you know, she hates travelling, and does no justice to the reputation for wandering possessed by the English race.

I can tell you nothing on politics which you will not find in the newspapers. The great question at present for all civilised Governments seems to be the financial. The crisis from which America and England are suffering will probably extend everywhere. As for India, you are

out, not perhaps of your difficulties, but of your greatest dangers. This affair, and that of the Crimea, show how little sympathy there is for England abroad. There was everything to interest us in your success—similarity of race, of religion, and of civilisation. Your loss of India could have served no cause but that of barbarism. Yet I venture to affirm that the whole Continent, though it detested the cruelties of your enemies, did not wish you to triumph.

Much of this is, without doubt, to be attributed to the evil passions which make men always desire the fall of the prosperous and the strong. But much belongs to a less dishonourable cause—to the conviction of all nations that England considers them only with reference to her own greatness; that she has less sympathy than any other modern nation; that she never notices what passes among foreigners, what they think, feel, suffer, or do, but with relation to the use which England can make of their actions, their sufferings, their feelings, or their thoughts; and that when she seems most to care for them she really cares only for herself. All this is exaggerated, but not without truth.

Kindest regards from us both to you and to Mrs. Senior.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Tocqueville, February 10, 1858.

I was delighted, my dear Senior, to receive a letter from you dated Marseilles. You are right in remaining

till the spring in the South. We trust to meet you in Paris in March.

I say no more, for I cannot write to you on what would most interest you—French politics. Much is to be said on them; but you will understand my silence if you study our new Law of Public Safety, and remember who is the new Home Minister.[1] For the first time in French history has such a post been filled by a general—and what a general!

I defer, therefore, until we meet, the expression of feelings and opinions which cannot be safely transmitted through the post, and only repeat how eager I am for our meeting.

Kind regards to Mrs. Senior.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Tocqueville, February 21, 1858.

I received your letters with great pleasure, my dear Senior, and I think with still greater satisfaction that I shall soon be able to see you.

I shall probably arrive in Paris, with my wife, at about the same time as you will, that is to say, about the 19th of next month. I should have gone earlier if I were not occupied in planting and sowing, for I am doing a little farming to my great amusement.

I am delighted that you intend again to take up your quarters at the Hôtel Bedford, as I intend also to stay there if I can find apartments.

[1] General Espinasse.

I hope that we shall be good neighbours and see each other as frequently as such old friends ought to do. *A bientôt!*

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[Mr. Senior ran over to England for a few weeks instead of remaining in Paris. The meeting between the two friends did not, therefore, take place till April.—ED.]

CONVERSATIONS.

Paris, Saturday, April 17, 1858.—We had a discussion at the Institut to-day as to a bust to fill a niche in the anteroom. Rossi was proposed. His political merits were admitted, but he was placed low as to his literary claims as an economist and a jurist. Dupin suggested Talleyrand, which was received with a universal groan, and failed for want of a seconder. Ultimately the choice fell on Dumont.

'Nothing that is published of Talleyrand's,' said Tocqueville to me as we walked home, 'has very great merit, nor indeed is much of it his own. He hated writing, let his reports and other state papers be drawn up by others, and merely retouched them. But in the archives of the *Affaires étrangères* there is a large quarto volume containing his correspondence with Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna. Nothing can be more charming. The great European questions which were then in debate, the diplomatic and social gossip of Vienna, the contemporary literature—in short,

all that one clever *homme du monde* could find to interest and amuse another, are treated with wit, brilliancy, and gaiety, supported by profound good sense. When that volume is published his bust will be placed here by acclamation.'

Monday, April 19.—I dined with Lanjuinais, and met Tocqueville, Rivet, Dufaure, Corcelle, Freslon, and one or two others.

They attacked me about the change of sentiment in England with respect to Louis Napoleon.

'While he was useful to you,' they said, 'you steadily refused to admit that he was a tyrant, or even an usurper. You chose to disbelieve in the 3,000 men, women, and children massacred on the Boulevards of Paris—in the 20,000 poisoned by jungle fever in Cayenne —in the 25,000 who have died of malaria, exposure, and bad food, working in gangs on the roads and in the marshes of the Metidja and Lambressa.'

'We did not *choose*,' I answered, 'to disbelieve any thing. We were simply ignorant. *I* knew all these facts, because I have passed a part of every year since 1847 in Paris; because I walked along the Boulevards on the 20th of December 1851, and saw the walls of every house, from the Bastille to the Madeleine, covered with the marks of musket-balls; because I heard in every society of the thousands who had been massacred, and of the tens of thousands who had ben *déportés*; but the untravelled English, and even the travelled English, except the few who live in France among the French, knew nothing of all this. Your press tells nothing.

The nine millions of votes given to Louis Napoleon seemed to prove his popularity, and therefore the improbability of the tyranny of which he was accused by his enemies. *I* knew that those nine millions of votes were extorted, or stolen by violence or fraud. But the English people did not know it. They accepted his election as the will of the nation, and though they might wonder at your choice, did not presume to blame it.'

'The time,' they answered, 'at which light broke in upon you is suspicious. Up to the 14th of January 1858 the oppression under which thirty-four millions of people within twenty-four miles of your coast, with whom you are in constant intercourse, was unknown to you. Their ruler insults you, and you instantly discover that he is an usurper and a tyrant. This looks as if the insult, and the insult alone, opened your eyes.'

'What opened our eyes,' I answered, 'was not the insult but the *loi de sûreté publique.* It was the first public act which showed to England the nature of your Government.

'When we found, erected in every department, a revolutionary tribunal, empowered to banish and transport without trial; when we found a rude soldier made Home Minister, and the country divided into five districts to be each governed by a marshal, we saw at once that France was under a violent military despotism. Until that law was passed the surface was smooth. There was nothing in the appearance of France to show to a stranger that she was not governed by a Monarch,

practically, indeed, absolute, but governing as many absolute Monarchs have done, mildly and usefully.

'Of course we might have found out the truth sooner if we had inquired. And perhaps we ought to have inquired. We busy ourselves about our own affairs, and neglect too much those of other countries. In that sense you have a right to say that we chose to be ignorant, since our conduct was such as necessarily to make us ignorant. But it was not because Louis Napoleon was our ally that we chose to be ignorant, but because we habitually turn our eyes from the domestic affairs of the Continent, as things in which we have seldom a right to interfere, and in which, when we do interfere, we do more harm than good.'

We talked of the manner in which the *loi de sûreté publique* has been carried out. And I mentioned 600 as the number of those who had suffered under it, as acknowledged to me by Blanchard in the beginning of March.

'It is much greater now,' said Lanjuinais. 'Berryer on his return from Italy, a week ago, slept in Marseilles. He was informed that more than 900 persons had passed through Marseilles, *déportés* under the new law to Algeria. They were of all classes: artisans and labourers mixed with men of the higher and middle classes. To these must be added those transported to Cayenne, who were sent by way of Havre. As for the number *expulsés* and *internés* there are no data.'

'In the Department of Var, a man was found guilty in 1848 of joining in one of the revolutionary movements

of that time. His complete innocence was soon proved; he was released, and has lived quietly on his little estate ever since. He was arrested under the new law and ordered to be *déporté* to Algeria. His friends, in fact all his neighbours, remonstrated, and sent to Paris the proof that the original conviction was a mistake. "Qu'il aille tout de même," was Espinasse's answer.

'In Calvados the Préfet, finding no one whom he could conscientiously arrest, took hold of one of the most respectable men in the department. "If," he said, "I had arrested a man against whom there was plausible ground for suspicion, he might have been transported. This man *must* be released."'

'Has he been released?' I asked.

'I have not heard,' was the answer. 'In all probability he has been.'

'In my department,' said Tocqueville, 'the *sous-préfet*, ordered by the Préfet to arrest somebody in the arrondissement, was in the same perplexity as the Préfet of Calvados. "I can find no fit person," he said to me. I believe that he reported the difficulty to the Préfet, and that the vacancy was supplied from some other arrondissement.

'What makes this frightful,' he added, 'is that we now know that deportation is merely a slow death. Scarcely any of the victims of 1851 and 1852 are living.'

'I foretold that,' I said, 'at the time, as you will find if you look at my article on Lamartine, published in the "Edinburgh Review."'[1]

[1] See *Journals in France and Italy*.—Ed.

April 20.—We talked of the political influence in France of the *hommes de lettres.*

'It began,' said Tocqueville, 'with the Restoration. Until that time we had sometimes, though very rarely, statesmen who became writers, but never writers who became statesmen.'

'You had *hommes de lettres*,' I said, 'in the early Revolutionary Assemblies—Mirabeau for instance.'

'Mirabeau,' he answered, 'is your best example, for Mirabeau, until he became a statesman, lived by his pen. Still I should scarcely call a man of his high birth and great expectations *un homme de lettres.* That appellation seems to belong to a man who owes his position in early life to literature. Such a man is Thiers, or Guizot, as opposed to such men as Gladstone, Lord John Russell, or Montalembert.'

Wednesday, April 21.—I dined with D. and met, among several others, Admiral Matthieu the Imperial Hydrographer, and a general whose name I did not catch. I talked to the general about the army.

'We are increasing it,' he said, 'but not very materially. We are rather giving ourselves the means of a future rapid increase, than making an immediate augmentation. We are raising the number of men from 354,000 to 392,400, in round numbers to 400,000; but the principal increase is in the *cadres*, the officers attached to each battalion. We have increased them by more than one third. So that if a war should break out we can instantly—that is to say in three months, increase our army to 600,000 or even 700,000 men. Soldiers are

never wanting in France, the difficulty always is to find officers.'

'I hear,' I said, 'that you are making great improvements in your artillery.'

'We are,' he answered. 'We are applying to it the principle of the Minié musket, and we are improving the material. We hope to make our guns as capable of resisting rapid and continued firing as well and as long as the English and the Swedish guns, which are the best in Europe, can do. And we find that we can throw a ball on the Minié principle with equal precision twice as far. This will double the force of all our batteries.'

'Are *you*,' he asked me, 'among those who have taken shares in the Russian railways?'

'No,' I said. 'They are the last that I wish to encourage.'

'Englishmen or Frenchmen,' he answered, 'who help Russia to make railways, put me in mind of the Dutch who sold powder to their besiegers.

'The thinness of her population—that is, the vast space over which it is scattered—alone prevents Russia from being the mistress of Europe. If her 64,000,000 were as concentrated as our 34,000,000 are, she would be irresistible. She loses always far more men in marching than in fighting.'

'The events of the war,' I said, 'lead me to believe that the goodness of the Russian soldier is exaggerated. They were always beaten, often by inferior numbers.'

'In the first place,' he answered, 'those who were beaten at Sebastopol were not the best Russian soldiers.

They were short small men, generally drawn from the neighbouring provinces. The Russian Imperial Guards and the Russian Army in Poland are far superior to any that we encountered in the Crimea. In the second place, they were ill commanded. The improvements of weapons, of science and of discipline, have raised the privates of all the great military nations to about the same level. Success now depends on numbers and on generalship. With railways Russia will be able to bring quickly a preponderating force to any point on her frontier. Her officers are already good, and for money she can import the best generals; indeed, I do not see why she should not breed them. Russia is civilised enough to produce men of the highest military qualities.'

I asked Admiral Matthieu about the naval preparations of France.

'The "Moniteur,"' I said, 'denies that you are making any.'

'The "Moniteur,"' he answered, 'does not tell the truth. We are augmenting largely, both the number and the efficacy of our fleet.

'Four years ago, at the beginning of the Russian war, we resolved to build a steam fleet of 150 steam ships of different sizes for fighting, and 74 steam ships for the transfer service, and to carry fuel and stores. Though we set about this in the beginning, as we thought, of a long war, we have not allowed the peace to interrupt it. We are devoting to it sixty-five millions a year (2,600,000*l.*) of which from fifteen to seventeen millions are employed every year in building new ships, and

from forty to forty-two in adding steam power to the old ones. We hope to finish this great work in fourteen years.'

'What,' I asked, 'is the amount of your present fleet of steamers?'

'We have thirty-three screws,' he answered, 'fifty-seven paddles, and sixty-two sailing vessels in commission, and seventy-three, mostly steamers, *en réserve*, as you would say, in ordinary.'

'Manned by how many men?' I asked.

'By twenty-five thousand sailors,' he answered, 'and eleven thousand marines. But our *inscription maritime* would give us in a few months or less one hundred thousand more. Since the times of Louis XVI. the French Navy has never been so formidable, positively or relatively.'

'How,' I asked, 'has your "Napoleon" succeeded?'

'Admirably,' he answered. 'I have not seen the "Wellington," but she is a much finer ship than the Agamemnon. Her speed is wonderful. A month ago she left Toulon at seven in the morning, and reached Ajaccio by four in the evening. But the great improvement is in our men. Napoleon knew nothing and cared nothing about sailors. He took no care about their training, and often wasted them in land operations, for which landsmen would have done as well.

'In 1814 he left Toulon absolutely unguarded, and sent all the sailors to join Augereau. You might have walked into it.

'In 1810 or 1811 I was on board a French corvette

which fought an action with an English vessel, the "Lively." We passed three times under her stern, and raked her each time. We ought to have cleared her decks. Not a shot touched her. The other day at Cherbourg I saw a broadside fired at a floating mark three cables off, the usual distance at which ships engage. Ten balls hit it, and we could see that all the others passed near enough to shake it by their wind.

'A ship of eighty guns has now forty *canonniers* and forty *maîtres de pièces*. All practical artillerymen, and even the able seamen, can point a gun. Nelson's manœuvre of breaking the line could not be used against a French fleet, such as a French fleet is now. The leading ships would be destroyed one after another, by the concentrated fire. Formerly our officers dreaded a maritime war. They knew that defeat awaited them, possibly death. Now they are confident, and eager to try their hands.'

In the evening L. took me into a corner, and we had a long conversation.

He had been reading my 'Athens Journal.'

'What struck me,' he said, 'in every page of it, was the resemblance of King Otho to Louis Napoleon.'

'I see the resemblance,' I answered, 'but it is the resemblance of a dwarf to a giant.'

'No,' he replied. 'Of a man five feet seven inches high to one five feet eleven inches. There are not more than four inches between them. There is the same cunning, the same coldness, the same vindictiveness, the same silence, the same perseverance, the same unscrupu-

lousness, the same selfishness, the same anxiety to appear to do everything that is done, and above all, the same determination to destroy, or to seduce by corruption or by violence, every man and every institution favourable to liberty, independence, or self-government. In one respect Otho had the more difficult task. He found himself, in 1843, subject to a Constitution carefully framed under the advice of England for the express purpose of controlling him. He did not attempt to get rid of it by a *coup d'état*, or even to alter it, but cunningly and skilfully perverted it into an instrument of despotism. Louis Napoleon destroyed the Constitution which he found, and made a new one, copied from that which had been gradually elaborated by his uncle, which as a restraint is intentionally powerless and fraudulent.

'A man,' he continued, 'may acquire influence either by possessing in a higher degree the qualities which belong to his country and to his time, or by possessing those in which they are deficient.

'Wellington is an example of this first sort. His excellences were those of an Englishman carried almost to perfection.

'Louis Napoleon belongs to the second. If his merits had been impetuous courage, rapidity of ideas, quickness of decision, frankness, versatility and resource, he would have been surrounded by his equals or his superiors. He predominated over those with whom he came in contact because he differed from them. Because he was calm, slow, reserved, silent, and persevering. Because he is a Dutchman, not a Frenchman.'

'He seems,' I said, 'to have lost his calmness.'

'Yes,' answered L. 'But under what a shock! And observe that though the greatest risk was encountered by *him*, the terror was greatest among his *entourage*. I do not believe that if he had been left to himself he would have lost his prudence or his self-possession. He did not for the first day. Passions are contagious. Everyone who approached him was agitated by terror and anger. His intrepidity and self-reliance, great as they are, were disturbed by the hubbub all round him. His great defects are three. First, his habit of self-contemplation. He belongs to the men whom the Germans call subjective, whose eye is always turned inwardly; who think only of themselves, of their own character, and of their own fortunes. Secondly, his jealousy of able men. He wishes to be what you called him, a giant, and as Nature has not made him positively tall, he tries to be comparatively so, by surrounding himself with dwarfs. His third defect is the disproportion of his wishes to his means. His desires are enormous. No power, no wealth, no expenditure would satisfy them. Even if he had his uncle's genius and his uncle's indefatigability, he would sink, as his uncle did, under the exorbitance of his attempts. As he is not a man of genius, or even a man of remarkable ability, as he is ignorant, uninventive and idle, you will see him flounder and fall from one failure to another.

'During the three years that Drouyn de L'Huys was his minister he was intent on home affairs—on his marriage, on the Louvre, on the artillery, on his

bonnes fortunes, and on the new delights of unbounded expenditure. He left foreign affairs altogether to his minister. When Drouyn de L'Huys left him, the road before him was plain—he had only to carry on the war. But when the war was over, the road ended ; neither he nor Walewski nor any of his *entourage* know anything of the country in which they are travelling. You see them wandering at hazard. Sometimes trying to find their way to Russia, sometimes to England. Making a treaty with Austria, then attempting to injure her, and failing ; attempting to injure Turkey, and failing ; bullying Naples, and failing ; threatening Switzerland, threatening Belgium, and at last demanding from England an Alien Bill, which they ought to know to be incompatible with the laws and hateful to the feelings of the people.

'He is not satisfied with seeing the country prosperous and respected abroad. He wants to dazzle. His policy, domestic and foreign, is a policy of vanity and ostentation—motives which mislead everyone both in private and in public life.

'His great moral merits are kindness and sympathy. He is a faithful attached friend, and wishes to serve all who come near him.

'His greatest moral fault is his ignorance of the difference between right and wrong ; perhaps his natural insensibility to it, his want of the organs by which that difference is perceived—a defect which he inherits from his uncle.'

'The uncle,' I said, 'had at least one moral sense—he could understand the difference between pecuniary

honesty and dishonesty, a difference which this man seems not to see, or not to value.'

'I agree with you,' said L. 'He cannot value it, or he would not look complacently on the peculation which surrounds him. Every six months s e magnificent hotel rises in the Champs Élysées, built by a man who had nothing, and has been a minister for a year or two.'

On my return I found Tocqueville with the ladies. I gave him an outline of what L. had said.

'No one,' he said,'knows Louis Napoleon better than L.'

'My opportunities of judging him have been much fewer, but as far as they have gone, they lead to the same conclusions. L. perhaps has not dwelt enough on his indolence. Probably as he grows older, and the effects of his early habits tell on him, it increases. I am told that it is difficult to make him attend to business, that he prolongs audiences apparently to kill time.

'One of the few of my acquaintances who go near him, was detained by him for an hour to answer questions about the members of the *Corps législatif*. Louis Napoleon inquired about their families, their fortunes, their previous histories. Nothing about their personal qualities. These are things that do not interest him. He supposes that men differ only in externals. "That the *fond* is the same in everyone."'

April 26.—Tocqueville spent the evening with us.

We talked of Novels.

'I read none,' he said, 'that end ill. Why should one voluntarily subject oneself to painful emotions? To emotions created by an imaginary cause and therefore

impelling you to no action. I like vivid emotions, but I seek them in real life, in society, in travelling, in business, but above all in political business. There is no happiness comparable to political success, when your own excitement is justified by the magnitude of the questions at issue, and is doubled and redoubled by the sympathy of your supporters. Having enjoyed that, I am ashamed of being excited by the visionary sorrows of heroes and heroines.

'I had a friend,' he continued, 'a Benedictine, who is now ninety-seven. He was, therefore, about thirteen when Louis XVI. began to reign. He is a man of talents and knowledge, has always lived in the world, has attended to all that he has seen and heard, and is still unimpaired in mind, and so strong in body that when I leave him he goes down to embrace me, after the fashion of the eighteenth century, at the bottom of his staircase.'

'And what effect,' I asked, 'has the contemplation of seventy years of revolution produced in him? Does he look back, like Talleyrand, to the *ancien régime* as a golden age?'

'He admits,' said Tocqueville, 'the material superiority of our own age, but he believes that, intellectually and morally, we are far inferior to our grandfathers. And I agree with him. Those seventy years of revolution have destroyed our courage, our hopefulness, our self-reliance, our public spirit, and, as respects by far the majority of the higher classes, our passions, except the vulgarest and most selfish ones—vanity and covetousness. Even am-

bition seems extinct. The men who seek power, seek it not for itself, not as the means of doing good to their country, but as a means of getting money and flatterers.

'It is remarkable,' he continued, 'that women whose influence is generally greatest under despotisms, have none now. They have lost it, partly in consequence of the gross vulgarity of our dominant passions, and partly from their own nullity. They are like London houses, all built and furnished on exactly the same model, and that a most uninteresting one. Whether a girl is bred up at home or in a convent, she has the same masters, gets a smattering of the same accomplishments, reads the same dull books, and contributes to society the same little contingent of superficial information.

'When a young lady comes out I know beforehand how her mother and her aunts will describe her. "Elle a les goûts simples. Elle est pieuse. Elle aime la campagne. Elle aime la lecture. Elle n'aime pas le bal. Elle n'aime pas le monde, elle y ira seulement pour plaire à sa mère." I try sometimes to escape from these generalities, but there is nothing behind them.'

'And how long,' I asked, 'does this simple, pious, retiring character last?'

'Till the orange flowers of her wedding chaplet are withered,' he answered. 'In three months she goes to the *messe d'une heure*.'

'What is the "messe d'une heure?"' I asked.

'A priest,' he answered, 'must celebrate Mass fasting; and in strictness ought to do so before noon. But to accommodate fashionable ladies who cannot rise by noon,

priests are found who will starve all the morning, and say Mass in the afternoon. It is an irregular proceeding, though winked at by the ecclesiastical authorities. Still to attend it is rather discreditable; it is a middle term between the highly meritorious practice of going to early Mass, and the scandalous one of never going at all.'

'What was the education,' I asked, 'of women under the *ancien régime*?'

'The convent,' he answered.

'It must have been better,' I said, 'than the present education, since the women of that time were superior to ours.'

'It was so far better,' he answered, 'that it did no harm. A girl at that time was taught nothing. She came from the convent a sheet of white paper. *Now* her mind is a paper scribbled over with trash. The women of that time were thrown into a world far superior to ours, and with the sagacity, curiosity, and flexibility of French women, caught knowledge and tact and expression from the men.

'I knew well,' he continued, 'Madame Récamier. Few traces of her former beauty then remained, but we were all her lovers and her slaves. The talent, labour, and skill which she wasted in her *salon*, would have gained and governed an empire. She was virtuous, if it be virtuous to persuade every one of a dozen men that you wish to favour him, though some circumstance always occurs to prevent your doing so. Every friend thought himself preferred. She governed us by little

distinctions, by letting one man come five minutes before the others, or stay five minutes after. Just as Louis XIV. raised one courtier to the seventh heaven by giving him the *bougeoir*, and another by leaning on his arm, or taking his shirt from him.

'She said little, but knew what each man's *fort* was, and placed from time to time a *mot* which led him to it. If anything were peculiarly well said, her face brightened. You saw that her attention was always active and always intelligent.

'And yet I doubt whether she really enjoyed conversation. *Tenir salon* was to her a game, which she played well, and almost always successfully, but she must sometimes have been exhausted by the effort. Her *salon* was perhaps pleasanter to us than it was to herself.

'One of the last,' he continued, 'of that class of potentates was the Duchesse de Dino. Her early married life was active and brilliant, but not intellectually. It was not till about forty, when she had exhausted other excitements, that she took to *bel esprit*. But she performed her part as if she had been bred to it.'

This was our last conversation. I left Paris the next day, and we never met again.

Correspondence.

Tocqueville, June 30, 1858.

I must complain a little of your silence, my dear Senior. I hear that before you left Paris you suffered a

great deal from your throat. Is it true, or have you recovered?

I have not either much to boast of on the score of health since we parted. The illness which I had in Paris became still worse, and when I got a little better in that way I had a violent bronchial attack. I even began to spit blood, which had not happened to me for many years, and I am still almost reduced to silence. Still I am beginning to mend, and I hope, please God, to be able to *speak* to my friends when they visit me.

You are aware that I wished to induce my wife to accompany me to the South; but the length of the journey, the difficulties of transport, the heat, and indeed the state of my health, were reasons which she brought forward with so much force that we have remained here, and shall not leave till the end of September. We still hope that you and Miss Senior will join us the first week in that month. We shall be very happy to have you both with us. This is no compliment . . . I hope soon to be able to enjoy more frequent communication with my English friends. A steamboat is about to run from Cherbourg to the coast of England. We shall then be able to visit each other as neighbours (*voisiner*).

Between ourselves, I do not think that the events in England during the last six months are of a nature to raise the reputation of Parliamentary Government in the rest of the world. *A bientôt!*

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Kensington, July 5, 1858.

My dear Tocqueville,—If I had written to you three days ago, I should have talked of the pleasure which my daughter and I expected from our visit to Tocqueville. But our plans are changed. Edward Ellice is going to pay a last visit to America, and has begged me to accompany him. He is a great proprietor in both America and Canada—knows everybody in both countries, and is besides a most able and interesting companion. So I have accepted the proposal, and start on the 30th of this month for Boston. We shall return in the beginning of November.

I am *very* sorry to lose the visit to Normandy, but I trust that it is only deferred.

We are grieved to hear that neither you nor Madame de Tocqueville are as well as your friends could wish you to be.

My *grippe*, after lasting for three months, has gradually subsided, and I look to the voyage to America as a cure for all remains of it.

I have most punctually carried your remembrances to all the persons honoured by being inscribed on your card.

Though I have often seen Gladstone, it has always been among many other persons, and he has been so full of talk, that I have never been able to allude to your subject. I mentioned it to Mrs. Gladstone on Saturday last: she said that there was not a person in all France whom her husband so much admired and

venerated as you—therefore, if there was any appearance of neglect, it could have arisen only from hurry or mistake. I shall see him again on Thursday, when we are going all together to a rehearsal of Ristori's, and I will talk to him: we shall there be quiet.

Things here are in a very odd state. The Government is supported by the Tories because it calls itself Tory, and by the Whigs and Radicals because it obeys them. On such terms it may last for an indefinite time.

Kindest regards from us all to you both.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

9 Hyde Park Gate, Kensington, August 2, 1858.

My dear Tocqueville,—I ought, as you know, to be on the Atlantic by this time; but I was attacked, ten days ago, with lumbar neuralgia, which they are trying, literally, to rub away. If I am quite well on the 13th, I shall go on the 14th to America.

I was attacked at Sir John Boileau's, where I spent some days with the Guizots, Mrs. Austin, and Stanley and Lord John Russell.

Guizot is in excellent spirits, and, what is rare in an ex-premier, dwells more on the present and the future than on the past. Mrs. Austin is placid and discursive.

Lord John seems to me well pleased with the present state of affairs—which he thinks, I believe with reason, will bring him back to power. He thinks that Malmesbury and Disraeli are doing well, and praises much the subordinates of the Government.

Considering that no one believes Lord Derby to be wise, or Disraeli to be either wise or honest, it is marvellous that they get on as well as they do. The man who has risen most is Lord Stanley, and, as he has the inestimable advantage of youth, I believe him to be predestined to influence our fortunes long.

The world, I think, is gradually coming over to an opinion, which, when I maintained it thirty years ago, was treated as a ridiculous paradox—that India is and always has been a great misfortune to us ; and, that if it were possible to get quit of it, we should be richer and stronger.

But it is clear that we are to keep it, at least for my life.

Kindest regards from us all to you and Madame de Tocqueville.

Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

Tocqueville, August 21, 1858.

My dear Senior,—I hear indirectly that you are extremely ill. Your letter told me only that you were suffering from neuralgia which you hoped to be rid of in a few days, but Mrs. Grote informs me that the malady continues and has even assumed a more serious character.

If you could write or dictate a few lines to me, you would please me much.

I am inconsolable for the failure of your American

journey. I expected the most curious results from it. I hoped that your journal would enable me once more to understand the present state of a country which has so changed since I saw it that I feel that I now know nothing of it. What a blessing, however, that you had not started! What would have become of you if the painful attack from which you are suffering had seized you 2,000 miles away from home, and in the midst of that agitated society where no one has time to be ill or to think of those who are ill? It must be owned that Fortune has favoured you by sending you this illness just at the moment of your departure instead of ten days later.

I have been much interested by your visit to Sir John Boileau. You saw there M. Guizot in one of his best lights. The energy with which he stands up under the pressure of age and of ill-fortune, and is not only resigned in his new situation, but as vigorous, as animated, and as cheerful as ever, shows a character admirably tempered and a pride which nothing will bend.

I do not so well understand the cheerfulness of Lord John Russell. For the spectacle now exhibited by England, in which a party finds no difficulty in maintaining itself in power by carrying into practice ideas which it has always opposed, and by relying for support on its natural enemies, is not of a nature to raise the reputation of your institutions, or of your public men. I should have a great deal more to say to you on this and other subjects if I were not afraid of tiring you. I

leave off, therefore, by assuring you that we are longing to hear of your recovery. Remembrances, &c.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Cannes, December 12, 1858.

I wish, my dear friend, to reassure you myself on the false reports which have been spread regarding my health. Far from finding myself worse than when we arrived, I am already much better.

I am just now an invalid who takes his daily walks of two hours in the mountains after eating an excellent breakfast. I am not, however, well. If I were I should not long remain a citizen of Cannes.

I have almost renounced the use of speech, and consequently the society of human beings; which is all the more sad as my wife, my sole companion, is herself very unwell, not dangerously, but enough to make me anxious. When I say my sole companion, I am wrong, for my eldest brother has had the kindness to shut himself up with us for a month.

Adieu, dear Senior. A thousand kind remembrances from us to all your party.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Cannes, March 15, 1859.

You say, my dear Senior, in the letter which I have just received, that I like to hear from my friends, not to write to them. It is true that I delight in the letters of my friends, especially of my English friends; but it is a calumny to say that I do not like to answer them. It

is true that I am in your debt: one great cause is, that a man who lives at Cannes knows nothing of what is passing. My solitary confinement, which is bad enough in every way, makes me a bad correspondent, by depressing my spirits and rendering every exertion painful.

Mrs. Grote, in a very kind and interesting letter, which I received from her yesterday, says, that Lord Brougham, on his late arrival in London, gave a lamentable description of my health. If he confined himself to January, he was right. It is impossible to exaggerate my sufferings during that month. But, since that time, all has changed, as if from day to night, or rather from night to day. To talk now of what I was in January is like making a speech about the Spanish marriages.

I am grieved to find that you have suffered so much this year from bronchitis. I fear that your larynx can scarcely endure an English winter. But it is very hard to be obliged to expatriate oneself every year. I fear, however, that such must be my fate for some winters to come, and the pain with which I anticipate it makes me sympathise more acutely with you.

We know not, as yet, whether we are to have peace or war. Whichever it be, a mortal blow has struck the popularity of Louis Napoleon. What maintained him was the belief that he was the protector of our material interests: interests to which we now sacrifice all others. The events of the last month show, with the utmost vividness, that these very interests may be endangered by the arbitrary and irrational will of a despot. The

feelings, therefore, which were his real support are now bitterly hostile to him.

I feel, in short, that a considerable change in our Government is approaching.

Even our poor *Corps législatif*, a week ago, refused to take into consideration the Budget, until it was informed whether it were to be a war budget or a peace budget. Great was the fury of those who represented the Government. They exclaimed that the Chamber misapprehended its jurisdiction, and that it had nothing to do with political questions. The Chamber, however, or rather its committee on the Budget, held its ground, and extorted from the Government some explanations.

Adieu, my dear Senior. Say everything that is kind to the Grotes, the Reeves, the Lewises—in short, to all our common friends, and believe in the sincerity of my friendship.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[This was M. de Tocqueville's last letter to Mr. Senior. He died on the 16th of April.—ED.]

Hôtel Westminster, Rue de la Paix, April 25, 1859.

My dear Madame de Tocqueville,—I was in the country, and it was only last Friday, as I was passing through London on my way to Paris, that I heard of the irreparable loss that we, indeed that France and Europe, have suffered.

It cannot alleviate your distress to be told how uni-

versal and deep is the sympathy with it—quite as much in England as in France.

It has thrown a gloom over society, not only over that portion which had the happiness and the honour of intimacy with M. A. de Tocqueville, but even of his acquaintances, and of those too whose acquaintance was only with his works.

I have, as you know, been for about a year, the depositary of a large packet confided to me by M. de Tocqueville last spring. About six months ago he begged me to return it to him, in Paris, when I had a safe opportunity. No such opportunity offered itself, so that the packet remains in my library awaiting your orders.

Since I began this letter I have been informed by M. de Corcelle that you are likely to be soon in Paris. I shall not venture to send it by the post, lest it should cross you on the road.

I shall anxiously inquire as to your arrival, in the hope that you will allow one who most sincerely loved and admired your husband, morally and intellectually, to see you as soon as you feel yourself equal to it.

Believe me, my dear Madame de Tocqueville, with the truest sympathy, yours most truly,

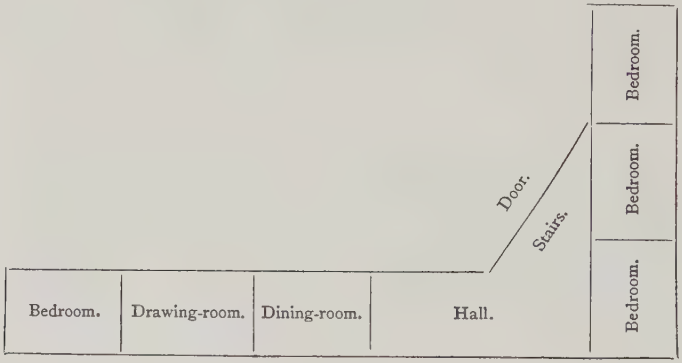
NASSAU W. SENIOR.

[Mr. Senior continued an active correspondence with Madame de Tocqueville, and we saw her whenever we were in Paris. Our long-promised visit to Tocqueville took place in 1861.—ED.]

JOURNAL.

Tocqueville, Sunday, August 11, 1861.—We left Paris on Saturday evening, got to Valognes by the Cherbourg railway by six the next morning, and were furnished there with a good carriage and horses, which took us, and our servants and luggage, in three hours to Tocqueville.

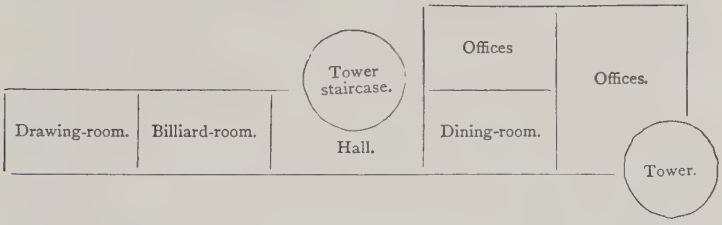
Valognes has been immortalised by Le Sage in Turcaret. It is a town of about 6,000 inhabitants, built of granite, and therefore little altered from what it was 200 years ago. Over many of the doors are the armorial bearings of the provincial nobility who made it a small winter capital: the practice is not wholly extinct. I asked who was the inhabitant of an imposing old house. 'M. de Néridoze,' answered our landlady, 'd'une très-haute noblesse.' I went over one in which Madame de Tocqueville thinks of passing the winter. It is of two stories. The ground floor given up to kitchen, laundry, and damp-looking servants' rooms; the first floor in this form:—



The longer side looks into the street, the shorter, which is to be Madame de Tocqueville's bedroom, into a small garden.

August 11.—At Tocqueville we find M. and Madame de Beaumont, their second son—a charming boy of ten years old, and Ampère.

It is eleven years since I was here. Nothing has been done to the interior of the house. This is about the plan of ground floor.



The first floor corresponds to the ground floor, except that on the western sides a passage runs, into which the library, which is over the drawing-room, and the bedrooms open. The second consists of garrets. My room is on the first floor of the eastern tower, with deep windows looking south and east. The room dedicated by Tocqueville to Ampère is above me. Creepers in great luxuriance cover the walls up to the first floor windows. The little park consists of from thirty to forty acres, well wooded and traversed by an avenue in this form,[1] leading from the road to the front of the house. To the west the ground rises to a wild common commanding the sea, the lighthouses of Gatteville,

[1] See next page.—Ed.

Barfleur, La Hogue, and a green plain covered with woods and hedgerow trees, and studded with church

towers and spires of the picturesque forms of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. It has no grand features, except the sea and the rocky coast of the Cherbourg peninsula, but it is full of variety and beauty. I can understand Tocqueville's delight in the house and in the country. The weather is perfect; the thermometer in my bedroom, the walls of which are about six feet thick, is 71°, in the sun it is 80°; but there is a strong breeze.

August 12th.—Madame de Beaumont, my daughter, and Ampère drove, and Beaumont and I walked, to the coast about three miles and a half off. Our road ran through the gay wooded plain which I have described.

We talked of Italian affairs.

'Up to the annexation of Tuscany,' said Beaumont, 'I fully approve of all that has been done. Parma, Modena, and Tuscany were eager to join Piedmont.

During the anxious interval of six months, while the decision of Louis Napoleon was doubtful, the conduct of the Tuscans was above all praise. Perhaps the general wish of the people of Romagna justified the Piedmontese in seizing it. Though there the difficult question as to the expediency of stripping the Pope of his temporal power rises.

'Perhaps, too, the facility with which Sicily submitted was a justification. But I cannot pardon the seizure of Naples. It is clear to me that if the Neapolitans had been left to themselves they would have driven out the Garibaldians. Garibaldi himself felt this: nothing but a conviction of its necessity would have induced him to call for the assistance of the Piedmontese. I do not believe that in defiance of all international law—indeed in defiance of all international morality—Cavour would have given that assistance if the public opinion of Piedmont had allowed him to refuse it. And what is the consequence? A civil war which is laying waste the country. The Piedmontese call their adversaries brigands. There are without doubt among them men whose motive is plunder, but the great majority are in arms in defence of the independence of their country. They are no more brigands now than they were when they resisted King Joseph. The Piedmontese are as much foreigners to them as the French were: as much hated and as lawfully resisted. They may be conquered, they probably will be conquered. An ignorant corrupt population, inhabiting a small country, unsupported by its higher classes—its fleet, its fortresses, and all the

machinery of its government, in the hands of its enemies—cannot permanently resist; but the war will be atrocious, and the more cruel on the part of Piedmont because it is unjust.'

'You admit,' I said, 'that the higher classes side with Piedmont?'

'I admit that,' he answered; 'but you must recollect how few they are in number, and how small is the influence which they exercise. In general, I detest universal suffrage, I detest democracy and everything belonging to it, but if it were possible to obtain honestly and truly the opinion of the people, I would ask it and obey it. I believe that it would be better to allow the Neapolitans, ignorant and debased as they are, to choose their own sovereign and their own form of government, than to let them be forced by years of violence to become the unwilling subjects of Piedmont.'

'Do you believe,' I said, 'that it is possible to obtain through universal suffrage the honest and true opinion of a people?'

'Not,' he answered, 'if the Government interferes. I believe that in Savoy not one person in fifty was in favour of annexation to France. But this is an extreme case.

'The Bourbons are deservedly hated and despised by the Neapolitans, the Piedmontese are not despised, but are hated still more intensely. There is no native royal stock. The people are obviously unfit for a Republic. It would be as well, I think, to let them select a King as to impose one on them. The King

whom Piedmont, without a shadow of right, is imposing on them is the one whom they most detest.'

'If I go to Rome,' I asked, 'in the winter, whom shall I find there?'

'I think,' he answered, 'that it will be the Piedmontese. The present state of things is full of personal danger to Louis Napoleon. As his policy is purely selfish, he will, at any sacrifice, put an end to it. That sacrifice may be the unity of Catholicism. The Pope, no longer a sovereign, will be under the influence of the Government in whose territory he resides, and the other Catholic Powers may follow the example of Greece and of Russia, and create each an independent Spiritual Government. It would be a new excitement for *Celui-ci* to make himself Head of the Church.'

'Assassinations,' I said, 'even when successful have seldom produced important and permanent effects, but Orsini's failure has influenced and is influencing the destinies of Europe.'

'If I were an Italian liberal,' said Beaumont, 'I would erect a statue to him. The policy and almost the disposition of Louis Napoleon have been changed by the *attentat*. He has become as timid as he once was intrepid. He began by courting the Pope and the clergy. He despised the French assassins, who were few in number and unconnected, and who had proved their unskilfulness on Louis Philippe; but Orsini showed him that he had to elect between the Pope and the Austrians on one side, and the Carbonari on the other. He has chosen

the alliance of the Carbonari. He has made himself their tool, and will continue to do so.

'They are the only enemies whom he fears, at least for the present.

'France is absolutely passive. The uneducated masses from whom he holds his power are utterly indifferent to liberty, and he has too much sense to irritate them by wanton oppression. They do not know that he is degrading the French character, they do not even feel that he is wasting the capital of France, they do not know that he is adding twenty millions every year to the national debt. They think of his loans merely as investments, and the more profligately extravagant are the terms and the amount, the better they like them.'

'Ten years ago,' I said, 'the cry that I heard was, "Ça ne durera pas."'

'That was my opinion,' he answered; 'indeed, it was the opinion of everybody. I thought the Duc de Broglie desponding when he gave it three years. We none of us believed that the love of liberty was dead in France.'

'It is not,' I said, 'dead, for among the higher classes it still lives, and among the lower it never existed.'

'Perhaps,' he answered, 'our great mistakes were that we miscalculated the courage of the educated classes, and the degree in which universal suffrage would throw power into the hands of the uneducated. Not a human being in my commune reads a newspaper or indeed reads anything: yet it contains 300 electors. In the towns there is some knowledge and some political

feeling, but for political purposes they are carefully swamped by being joined to uneducated agricultural districts.

'Still I think I might enter the *Corps législatif* for our capital Le Mans. Perhaps at a general election twenty liberals might come in. But what good could they do? The opposition in the last session strengthened Louis Napoleon. It gave him the prestige of liberality and success.'

'You think him, then,' I said, 'safe for the rest of his life?'

'Nothing,' he answered, 'is safe in France, and the thing most unsafe is a Government. Our caprices are as violent as they are sudden. They resemble those of a half-tamed beast of prey, which licks its keeper's hand to-day, and may tear him to-morrow. But if his life be not so long as to enable the fruits of his follies to show themselves in their natural consequences—unsuccessful war, or defeated diplomacy, or bankruptcy, or heavily increased taxation — he may die in the Tuileries.

'But I infer from his conduct that he thinks an insurrection against his tyranny possible, and that he is preparing to meet it by a popular war—that is to say, by a war with England.

'I found my opinion not so much on the enormous maritime preparations, as on the long-continued systematic attempts to raise against England our old national enmity. All the provincial papers are in the hands of the Government. The constantly recurring topic of

every one of them is, the perfidy and the malignity of England. She is described as opposing all our diplomacy, as resisting all our aggrandisement, as snarling and growling at our acquisition of Savoy, as threatening us if we accept Sardinia, as trying to drive the Pope from Rome because we protect him, as trying to separate the Danubian provinces because we wish to unite them, as preventing the Suez Canal because we proposed it—in short, on every occasion and in every part of the world as putting herself in our way. To these complaints, which are not without foundation, are added others of which our ignorant people do not see the absurdity. They are told that the enormous conscription, and the great naval expenditure, are rendered necessary by the aggressive armaments of England. That you are preparing to lay waste all our coasts, to burn our arsenals, to subsidise against us a new Coalition, and perhaps lead its armies again to Paris.

'The Emperor's moderation, his love of England, and his love of peace, are said to be the only obstacles to a violent rupture. But they are prepared for these obstacles at length giving way. "The Emperor," they are told, "is getting tired of his insolent, and hostile, and quarrelsome allies. He is getting tired of a peace which is more expensive than a war. Some day the cup will flow over. 'Il en finira avec eux,' will dictate a peace in London, will free the oppressed Irish nationality, will make England pay the expense of the war, and then having conquered the only enemy that France can fear,

will let her enjoy, for the first time, real peace, a reduced conscription, and low taxation."

'Such is the language of all the provincial papers and of all the provincial authorities, and it has its effect. There never was a time when a war with England would be so popular. He does not wish for one, he knows that it would be extremely dangerous, but he is accustomed to play for great stakes, and if submitting to any loss of his popularity, or to any limitation of his power is the alternative, he will run the risk. He keeps it, as his last card, in reserve, to be played only in extremity, but to be ready when that extremity has arrived.'

Tuesday, August 13.—We drove to La Prenelle, a church at the point of a high table-land running from Tocqueville towards the bay of La Hogue, and commanding nearly all the Cherbourg peninsula. On three sides of us was the sea, separated from us by a wooded, well-inhabited plain, whose churches rose among the trees, and containing the towns and lofty lighthouses of Gatteville, Barfleur, Vast, and La Hogue. We sat on the point from whence James II. saw the battle of La Hogue, and admired the courage of his English rebels.

Ampère has spent much of his life in Rome, and is engaged on a work in which its history is to be illustrated by its monuments.

We talked of the Roman people.

'Nothing,' said Ampère, 'can be more degraded than the higher classes. With the exception of Antonelli, who is charming, full of knowledge, intelligence, and grace, and of the Duke of Sermoneta, who is almost

equally distinguished, there is scarcely a noble of my acquaintance who has any merits, moral or intellectual.

'They are surrounded by the finest ancient and modern art, and care nothing for it. The eminent men of every country visit Rome—the Romans avoid them for they have nothing to talk to them about.

'Politics are of course unsafe, literature they have none. They never read. A cardinal told me something which I doubted, and I asked him where he had found it. "In certi libri," he answered.

'Another, who has a fine old library, begged me to use it. "You will do the room good," he said. "No one has been there for years." Even scandal and gossip must be avoided under an Ecclesiastical Government.

'They never ride, they never shoot, they never visit their estates, they give no parties; if it were not for the theatre and for their lawsuits they would sink into vegetable life.'

'Sermoneta,' I said, 'told me that many of his lawsuits were hereditary, and would probably descend to his son.'

'If Sermoneta,' said Ampère, 'with his positive intelligence and his comparative vigour, cannot get through them, what is to be expected from others? They have, however, one merit, one point of contact with the rest of the world—their hatred of their Government. They seem to perceive, not clearly, for they perceive nothing clearly, but they dimly see, that the want of liberty is a still greater misfortune to the higher classes than to the lower.

'But the people are a fine race. Well led they will make excellent soldiers. They have the cruelty of their ancestors, perhaps I ought to say of their predecessors, but they have also their courage.'

'They showed,' said Beaumont, 'courage in the defence of Rome, but courage behind walls is the commonest of all courages. No training could make the Spaniards stand against us in the open field, but they were heroes in Saragossa. The caprices of courage and cowardice are innumerable. The French have no moral courage, they cannot stand ridicule, they cannot encounter disapprobation, they bow before oppression; a French soldier condemned by a court-martial cries for mercy like a child. The same man in battle appears indifferent to death. The Spaniard runs away without shame, but submits to death when it is inevitable without terror. None of the prisoners taken on either side in the Spanish civil war asked for pardon.'

'Indifference to life,' I said, 'and indifference to danger have little in common. General Fénelon told me that in Algeria he had more than once to preside at an execution. No Arab showed any fear. Once there were two men, one of whom was to be flogged, the other to be shot. A mistake was made and they were going to shoot the wrong man. It was found out in time, but neither of the men seemed to care about it; yet they would probably have run away in battle. The Chinese are not brave, but you can hire a man to be beheaded in your place.'

'So,' said Ampère, 'you could always hire a substitute

in our most murderous wars, when in the course of a year a regiment was killed twice over. It was hiring a man, not indeed to be beheaded, but to be shot for you.'

'The destructiveness,' said Beaumont, 'of a war is only gradually known. It is found out soonest in the villages when the deaths of the conscripts are heard of, or are suspected from their never returning; but in the towns, from which the substitutes chiefly come, it may be long undiscovered. Nothing is known but what is officially published, and the Government lies with an audacity which seems always to succeed. If it stated the loss of men in a battle at one half of the real number, people would fancy that it ought to be doubled, and so come near to the truth; but it avows only one-tenth or only one-twentieth, and then the amount of falsehood is under-estimated.'

'Marshal Randon,' I said, 'told me that the whole loss in the Italian campaign was under 7,000 men.'

'That is a good instance,' said Beaumont. 'It certainly was 50,000, perhaps 70,000. But I am guilty of a *délit* in saying so, and you will be guilty of a *délit* if you repeat what I have said. I remember the case of a man in a barber's shop in Tours, to whom the barber said that the harvest was bad. He repeated the information, and was punished by fine and imprisonment for having spread *des nouvelles alarmantes.* Truth is no excuse; in fact it is an aggravation, for the truer the news the more alarming.'

'In time of peace,' I asked, 'what proportion of the conscripts return after their six years of service?'

'About three-quarters,' answered Beaumont.

'Then,' I said, 'as you take 100,000 conscripts every year even in peace, you lose 25,000 of your best young men every year?'

'Certainly,' said Beaumont.

'And are the 75,000 who return improved or deteriorated?' I asked.

'Improved,' said Ampère; 'they are *dégourdis*, they are educated, they submit to authority, they know how to shift for themselves.'

'Deteriorated,' said Beaumont. 'A garrison life destroys the habits of steady industry, it impairs skill. The returned conscript is more vicious and less honest than the peasant who has not left his village.'

'And what was the loss,' I asked, 'in the late war?'

'At least twice as great,' said Beaumont, 'as it is in peace. Half of those who were taken perished. The country would not have borne the prolongation of the Crimean War.'

'These wars,' I said, 'were short and successful. A war with England can scarcely be short, and yet you think that he plans one?'

'I think,' said Beaumont, 'that he plans one, but only in the event of his encountering any serious difficulty at home. You must not infer from the magnitude of his naval expenditure that he expects one.

'You look at the expense of those preparations, and suppose that so great a sacrifice would not be made in order to meet an improbable emergency. But expense is no sacrifice to him. He likes it. He has the morbid

taste for it which some tyrants have had for blood, which his uncle had for war. Then he is incapable of counting. When he lived at Arenenburg he used to give every old soldier who visited him an order on Viellard his treasurer for money. In general the chest was empty. Viellard used to remonstrate but without effect. The day perhaps after his orders had been dishonoured he gave new ones.'

'Is it true,' I asked, 'that the civil list is a couple of years' income in debt?'

'I know nothing about it,' said Beaumont; 'in fact, nobody knows anything about anything, but it is highly probable. Everybody who asks for anything gets it, everybody is allowed to waste, everybody is allowed to rob, every folly of the Empress is complied with. Fould raised objections, and was dismissed.

'She is said to have a room full of revolutionary relics: there is the bust of Marie Antoinette, the nose broken at one of the sacks of the Tuileries. There is a picture of Simon beating Louis XVII. Her poor child has been frightened by it, and she is always dwelling on the dangers of her position.'

'So,' I said, 'did Queen Adelaide—William IV.'s Queen. From the passing of the Reform Bill she fully expected to die on the scaffold.'

'There is more reason,' he answered, 'for the Empress's fears.'

'Not,' I said, 'if she fears the scaffold. Judicial murder, at least in that form, is out of fashion. Cayenne

and Lambressa are your guillotines, and the Empress is safe from them.'

'But there are other modes of violent death,' he answered; 'from one of which she escaped almost by miracle.'

'How did she behave,' I asked, 'at the *attentat?*'

'Little is known,' he answered, 'except that the Emperor said to her, as he led her upstairs to her box: "Allons, il faut faire notre métier."'

'Then she is disturbed by religious fears. The little prince has been taught to say to his father every morning: "Papa, ne faites pas de mal à mon parrain." The Pope was his godfather.'

'If the Emperor dies, the real power will pass into the hands of Prince Napoleon. And very dangerous hands they will be. He has more talent than the Emperor, and longer views. Louis Napoleon is a revolutionist from selfishness. Prince Napoleon is selfish enough, but he has also passion. He detests everything that is venerable, everything that is established or legal.

'There is little value now for property or for law, though the Government professes to respect them. What will it be when the Government professes to hate them?'

Wednesday, August 14.—We talked at breakfast of Rome.

'Is there,' said Beaumont to Ampère, 'still an Inquisition at Rome?'

'There is,' said Ampère, 'but it is torpid. It punishes bad priests, but does little else.'

'If a Roman,' I asked, 'were an avowed infidel, would it take notice of him?'

'Probably not,' said Ampère, 'but his *curé* might—not for his infidelity, but for his avowing it. The *curé*, who has always the powers of a *commissaire de police*, might put him in prison if he went into a *café* and publicly denied the Immaculate Conception, or if he neglected going to church or to confession: but the Inquisition no longer cares about opinions.'

'Is there much infidelity,' I asked, 'in Rome?'

'Much,' said Ampère, 'among the laity. The clergy do not actively disbelieve. They go through their functions without ever seriously inquiring whether what they have to teach be true or false. No persons were more annoyed by the Mortara[1] business than the clergy, with the exception of Antonelli. He hates and fears the man who set it on foot, the Archbishop of Bologna, and therefore was glad to see him expose himself, and lose all hope of the Secretaryship, but he took care to prevent the recurrence of such a scandal. He revived an old law prohibiting Jews from keeping Christian nurses. But he could scarcely order restitution. According to the Church it would have been giving the child to the Devil, and, what is worse, robbing God of him. The Pope's piety is selfish. His great object is his own salvation. He would not endanger that, to confer any benefit upon, or to avert any evil from Rome; or indeed from the whole world. This makes him difficult to

[1] The Jewish child who was taken away from his parents and converted.—Ed.

negotiate with. If anything is proposed to him which his confessor affirms to be dangerous to his soul, he listens to no arguments. As for Mortara himself, he is a poor creature. A friend of mine went to see him in his convent. All that he could get from him was:

'"Sono venuti i Carabinieri."

'"And what did they do to you?"

'"M' hanno portato quì."

'"What more?"

'"M' hanno dato pasticci; erano molto buoni."

'What is most teasing,' continued Ampère, 'in the Roman Government is not so much its active oppression as its torpidity. It hates to act. An Englishman had with great difficulty obtained permission to light Rome with gas. He went to the Government in December, and told them that everything was ready, and that the gas would be lighted on the 1st of January.

'"Could you not," they answered, "put it off till April?"

'"But it is in winter," he replied; "that it is wanted. Every thing is ready. Why should we wait?"

'"It is a new thing," they replied; "people will be frightened. It may have consequences. At least put it off till March."

'"But they will be as much frightened in March," he replied.

'"If it must be done," they said, "as a kindness to His Holiness and to us put it off till February."

'There is, however, one sort of oppression which even we should find it difficult to tolerate.

'A Monsignore has a young friend without money, but an excellent Catholic and an excellent politician, a fervid believer in the Immaculate Conception and in the excellence of the Papal Government. He wishes to reward such admirable opinions: but the Pope has little to give. Monsignore looks out for some young heiress, sends for her father, describes his pious and loyal *protégé*, and proposes marriage. Her father objects—says that his daughter cannot afford to marry a poor man, or that she does not wish to marry at all—or that he or she has some other preference.

'Monsignore insists. He assures the father that what he is proposing is most favourable to the salvation of his daughter, that he suggests it principally for the benefit of her soul, and that the father's objections are inspired by the Evil One. The father breaks off the conversation and goes home. He finds that his daughter has disappeared. He returns furious to Monsignore, is received with the utmost politeness and is informed that his daughter is perfectly safe under the protection of a cardinal who himself did her the honour of fetching her in his gilded coach. "You have only," the Monsignore says, "to be reasonable, and she shall be returned to you."

'The father flies to the cardinal.

'The same politeness and the same answer.

'"Do not oppose," he is told, "the will of the Pope, who, in this matter, seeks only your daughter's happiness here and hereafter. She is now with me. If you will give up your sinful obstinacy she shall be restored to

you to-day. If not, it will be our duty to place her in a convent, where she will be taken the utmost care of, but she will not leave it except to marry the person whom His Holiness thinks most fitted to promote the welfare of her soul."

'I have known several cases in which this attempt has been made. With such timid slaves as the Roman nobility it always succeeds.'

Thursday, August 15.—This is the fête of St. Louis—the great fête of Tocqueville. Madame de Tocqueville and Madame de Beaumont spent much of the morning in church.

Beaumont and his son walked to the coast to bathe. Minnie, Ampère, and I strolled among the deep shady lanes of the plateau above the castle. Throughout Normandy the fields are small and are divided by mounds planted with trees. The farmhouses, and even the cottages, are built of primitive rock, granite, or old red sandstone. At a distance, peeping out of the trees that surround them, they look pretty, but they have more than the usual French untidiness. The out-houses are roofless, the farmyards are full of pools and dung heaps, which often extend into the road; and the by-roads themselves are quagmires when they do not consist of pointed stones. I was struck by the paucity of the children and the absence of new houses. The population of Normandy is diminishing.

We conversed on the subject of Italy.

'If we are in Rome next winter,' I asked, 'shall we find the French there?'

'I think not,' said Ampère; 'I think that you will find only the Piedmontese.

'Every day that Louis Napoleon holds Rome is a day of danger to him, a danger slight perhaps now, but serious if the occupation be prolonged. The Anti-papal party, and it includes almost all that are liberal and all that are energetic, are willing to give him time, but not an indefinite time. They are quiet only because they trust him. He is a magician who has sold himself to the Devil. The Devil is patient, but he will not be cheated. The Carbonari will support Louis Napoleon as long as he is doing their work, and will allow him to do it in his own way and to take his own time, as long as they believe he is doing it. But woe to him if they believe that he is deceiving them. I suspect that they are becoming impatient, and I suspect too, that he is becoming impatient. This quarrel between Mérode and Goyon is significative. I do not believe that Goyon used the words imputed to him. We shall probably keep Civita Vecchia, but we shall give up Rome to the Piedmontese.'

'And will the Pope,' I asked, 'remain?'

'Not this Pope,' said Ampère, 'but his successor. Nor do I see the great evil of the absence of the Pope from Rome. Popes have often been absent before, sometimes for long periods.'

'Most of my French friends,' I said, 'are opposed to Italian Unity as mischievous to France.'

'I do not believe,' he answered, 'in the submission of Naples to this Piedmontese dynasty, but I shall be de-

lighted to see all Italy north of the Neapolitan territory united.

'I do not think that we have anything to fear from the kingdom of Italy. It is as likely to be our friend as to be our enemy. But the Neapolitans, even if left to themselves, would not willingly give up their independence, and *Celui-ci* is trying to prevent their doing so.'

'What do *they* wish,' I asked, 'and what does *he* wish?'

'I believe,' he answered, 'that *their* wishes are only negative.

'They do not wish to recall the Bourbons, and they are resolved not to keep the Piedmontese. *His* wish I believe to be to put his cousin there. Prince Napoleon himself refused Tuscany. It is too small, but he would like Naples, and Louis Napoleon would be glad to get rid of him. What would England say?'

'If we believed,' I said, 'in the duration of a Bonaparte dynasty in France, we should, of course, object to the creation of one in Naples. But if, as we think it probable, the Bonapartists have to quit France, I do not see how we should be injured by their occupying the throne of Naples.

'I should object to them if I were a Neapolitan. All their instincts are despotic, democratic, and revolutionary. But even they are better than the late king was. What chance have the Murats?'

'None,' said Ampère. 'They have spoiled their game, if they had a game, by their precipitation. The Emperor has disavowed them, the Neapolitans do not

care for them. The Prince de Leuchtenberg, grandson of Eugène Beauharnais, has been talked of. He is well connected, related to many of the reigning families of the Continent, and is said to be intelligent and well educated.'

'If Naples,' I said, 'is to be detached from the kingdom of Italy, Sicily ought to be detached from Naples. There is quite as much mutual antipathy.'

'Would you like to take it?' he asked.

'Heaven forbid!' I answered. 'It would be another Corfu on a larger scale. The better we governed them, the more they would hate us. The only chance for them is to have a king of their own.'

August 15.—In the evening Ampère read to us a comedy called 'Beatrix,' by a writer of some reputation, and a member of the Institut.

It was very bad, full of exaggerated sentiments, forced situations, and the cant of philanthropic despotism.

An actress visits the court of a German grand duke. He is absent. His mother, the duchess, receives her as an equal. The second son falls in love with her at first sight and wishes to marry her. She is inclined to consent, when another duchy falls in, the elder duke resigns to his brother, he becomes king, presses their marriage, his mother does not oppose, and thereupon Beatrix makes a speech, orders her horses, and drives off to act somewhere else.

Ampère reads admirably, but no excellence of reading could make such absurdities endurable. It was written for Ristori, who acted Beatrix in French with success.

Friday, August 16.—We talked at breakfast of 1793.

'It is difficult,' said Madame de Beaumont, 'to believe that the French of that day were our ancestors.'

'They resembled you,' I said, 'only in two things: in military courage, and in political cowardice.'

'They had,' she replied, 'perhaps more passive courage than we have. [1] My great-great-grandmother, my great-grandmother, and my great-aunt, were guillotined on the same day. My great-great-grandmother was ninety years old. When interrogated, she begged them to speak loud, as she was deaf. 'Écrivez,' said Fouquier Tinville, 'que la citoyenne Noailles a conspiré sourdement contre la République.' They were dragged to the Place de la République in the same *tombereau*, and sat waiting their turn on the same bench.

'My great-aunt was young and beautiful. The executioner, while fastening her to the plank, had a rose in his mouth. The Abbé de Noailles, who was below the scaffold, disguised, to give them, at the risk of his life, a sign of benediction, was asked how they looked.

'"Comme si,' he said, 'elles allaient à la messe."'

'The habit,' said Ampère, 'of seeing people die produces indifference even to one's own death. You see that among soldiers. You see it in epidemics. But this indifference, or, to use a more proper word, this resignation, helped to prolong the Reign of Terror. If the victims had resisted, if, like Madame du Barry, they

[1] This incident is described in a little book published last year, the *Memoirs of Madame de Montaign.*—Ed.

had struggled with the executioner, it would have excited horror.'

'The cries of even a pig,' said Madame de Beaumont, 'make it disagreeable to kill it.'

'Sanson,' I said, 'long survived the Revolution; he made a fortune and lived in retirement at Versailles. A lady was run away with between Versailles and Paris. An elderly man, at considerable risk, stopped her horse. She was very grateful, but could not get from him his name. At last she traced him, and found that it was Sanson.

'Sanson,' said Beaumont, 'may have been an honest man. Whenever a place of *bourreau* is vacant, there are thirty or forty candidates, and they always produce certificates of their extraordinary kindness and humanity. It seems to be the post most coveted by men eminent for their benevolence.'

'How many have you?' I asked.

'Eighty-six,' he answered. 'One for each department.'

'And how many executions?'

'About one hundred a year in all France.'

'And what is the salary?'

'Perhaps a couple of thousand francs a year.'

'Really,' said Ampère, 'it is one of the best parts of the patronage of the Minister of the Interior. *M. le Bourreau* gets more than a thousand francs for each operation.'

'We pay by the piece,' I said, 'and find one operator enough for all England.'

'A friend of mine,' said Beaumont, had a remarkably good Swiss servant. His education was far above his station, and we could not find what had been his birth or his canton.

'Suddenly he became agitated and melancholy, and at last told my friend that he must leave him, and why. His father was the hereditary *bourreau* of a Swiss canton. To the office was attached an estate, to be forfeited if the office were refused. He had resolved to take neither, and, to avoid being solicited, had left his country and changed his name. But his family had traced him, had informed him of his father's death, and had implored him to accept the succession. He was the only son, and his mother and sisters would be ruined, if he allowed it to pass to the next in order of inheritance, a distant cousin. He had not been able to persist in his refusal.'

'The husband of an acquaintance of mine,' said Madame de Beaumont, 'used to disappear for two or three hours every day. He would not tell her for what purpose. At last she found out that he was employed in the *chambre noire*, the department of the police by which letters passing through the post are opened. The duties were well paid, and she could not persuade him to give them up. They were on uneasy terms, when an accident threw a list of all the names of the *employés* in the *chambre noire*, into the hands of an opposition editor, who published them in his newspaper.

'She then separated from him.'

'If the Post-office,' I said, 'were not a Government

monopoly, if everyone had a right to send his letters in the way that he liked best, there would be some excuse. But the State compels you, under severe penalties, to use its couriers, undertaking, not tacitly but expressly, to respect the secrecy of your correspondence, and then systematically violates it.'

'I should have said,' answered Ampère, 'not expressly but tacitly.'

'No,' I replied; 'expressly. Guizot, when Minister for Foreign Affairs, proclaimed from the tribune, that in France the secrecy of correspondence was, under all circumstances, inviolable. This has never been officially contradicted.

'The English Post-office enters into no such engagements. Any letters may be legally opened, under an order from a Secretary of State.'

'Are prisoners in England,' asked Beaumont, 'allowed to correspond with their friends?'

'I believe,' I answered, 'that their letters pass through the Governor's hands, and that he opens them, or not, at his discretion.'

'Among the tortures,' said Ampère, 'which Continental despots delight to inflict on their state prisoners the privation of correspondence is one.'

'In ordinary life,' I said, 'the educated endure inaction worse than the ignorant. 'A coachman sits for hours on his box without feeling *ennui*. If his master had to sit quiet all that time, inside the carriage, he would tear his hair from impatience.

'But the educated seem to tolerate the inactivity of imprisonment better than their inferiors. We find that our ordinary malefactors cannot endure solitary imprisonment for more than a year—seldom indeed so long. The Italian prisoners whom I have known, Zucchi, Borsieri, Poerio, Gonfalonieri, and Pellico, endured imprisonment lasting from ten to seventeen years without much injury to mind or body.'

'The spirit of Pellico,' said Madame de Beaumont, 'was broken. When released, he gave himself up to devotion and works of charity. Perhaps the humility, resignation, and submission of his book made it still more mischievous to the Austrian Government. The reader's indignation against those who could so trample on so unresisting a victim becomes fierce.'

'If the Austrians,' I said, 'had been wise, they would have shot instead of imprisoning them. Their deaths would have been forgotten—their imprisonment has contributed much to the general odium which is destroying the Austrian Empire.'

'It would have been wiser,' said Beaumont, 'but it would have been more merciful, and therefore it was not done. But you talk of all these men as solitarily imprisoned. Some of them had companions.'

'Yes,' I said, 'but they complained that one permanent companion was worse than solitude. Gonfalonieri said, that one could not be in the same room, with the same man, a year without hating him.

'One of the Neapolitan prisoners was chained for some time to a brigand. Afterwards the brigand was

replaced by a gentleman. He complained bitterly of the change.

'The brigand,' said Minnie, 'was his slave, the gentleman had a will of his own.'

'How did M. de La Fayette,'[1] I asked Madame de Beaumont, 'bear his five years' imprisonment at Olmütz?'

'His health,' said Madame de Beaumont, 'was good, but the miseries of his country and the sufferings of his wife made him very unhappy. When my grandmother came to him, it was two days before she had strength to tell him that all his and her family had perished. I was once at Olmütz, and saw the one room which they had inhabited. It was damp and dark. She asked to be allowed to leave it for a time for better medical treatment and change of air. It was granted only on the condition that she should never return. She refused. The rheumatic attacks which the state of the prison had produced, continued and increased: she was hopelessly ill when they were released—and died soon afterwards. The sense of wrong aggravated their sufferings, for their imprisonment was a gross and wanton violation of all law, international and municipal. My grandfather was not an Austrian subject; he had committed no offence against Austria. She seized him simply because he was a liberal, because his principles had made him the enemy of tyranny in America and in France; and because his birth and talents and reputa-

[1] M. de La Fayette was Madame de Beaumont's grandfather.—Ed.

tion gave him influence. It was one of the brutal stupid acts of individual cruelty which characterise the Austrian despotism, and have done more to ruin it than a wider oppression—such a one, for instance, as ours, more mischievous, but more intelligent,—would have done.'

'Freedom,' said Ampère, 'was offered to him on the mere condition of his not serving in the French army. At that time the Jacobins would have guillotined him, the Royalists would have forced duel after duel on him till they had killed him. It seemed impossible that he should ever be able to draw his sword for France. In fact he never *was* able. America offered him an asylum, honours, land, everything that could console an exile. But he refused to give up the chance, remote as it was, of being useful to his country, and remained a prisoner till he was delivered by Napoleon.'

'He firmly believed,' said Madame de Beaumont, 'that if the Royal Family would have taken refuge with his army in 1791 he could have saved them, and probably the Monarchy. His army was then in his hands, a few months after the Jacobins had corrupted it.'

'Two men,' said Ampère, 'Mirabeau and La Fayette, could have saved the Monarchy, and were anxious to do so. But neither the King nor the Queen would trust them.

'Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette are among the historical personages who have most influenced the destinies of the world. His dulness, torpidity and indecision, and her frivolity, narrow-minded prejudices and

suspiciousness, are among the causes of our present calamities. They are among the causes of a state of things which has inflicted on us, and threatens to inflict on all Europe, the worst of all Governments—democratic despotism. A Government in which two wills only prevail—that of the ignorant, envious, ambitious, aggressive multitude, and that of the despot who, whatever be his natural disposition, is soon turned, by the intoxication of flattery and of universal power, into a capricious, fantastic, selfish participator in the worst passions of the worst portion of his subjects.'

'Such a Government,' I said, 'may be called an anti-aristocracy. It excludes from power all those who are fit to exercise it.'

'The consequence,' said Beaumont, 'is, that the qualities which fit men for power not being demanded, are not supplied. Our young men have no political knowledge or public spirit. Those who have a taste for the sciences cultivated in the military schools enter the army. The rest learn nothing.'

'What do they do?' I asked.

'How they pass their time,' said Madame de Beaumont, 'is a puzzle to me. They do not read, they do not go into society—I believe that they smoke and play at dominos, and ride and bet at steeple-chases.

'Those who are on home service in the army are not much better. The time not spent in the routine of their profession is sluggishly and viciously wasted. Algeria has been a God-send to us. There our young men have real duties to perform, and real dangers to

provide against and to encounter. My son, who left St. Cyr only eighteen months ago, is stationed at Thebessa, 300 miles in the interior. He belongs to a *bureau arabe*, consisting of a captain, a lieutenant, and himself, and about forty spahis. He has to act as a judge, as an engineer, to settle the frontier between the province of Constantine and Tunis—in short, to be one of a small ruling aristocracy. This is the school which has furnished, and is furnishing, our best generals and administrators.'

We talked of the interior of French families.

'The ties of relationship,' I said, 'seem to be stronger with you than they are with us. Cousinship with you is a strong bond, with us it is a weak one.'

'The habit of living together,' said Beaumont, 'has perhaps much to do with the strength of our feelings of consanguinity. Our life is patriarchal. Grandfather, father, and grandson are often under the same roof. At the Grange [1] thirty of the family were sometimes assembled at dinner. With you, the sons go off, form separate establishments, see little of their parents, still less of their cousins, and become comparatively indifferent to them.'

'I remember,' I said, 'the case of an heir apparent of seventy; his father was ninety-five. One day the young man was very grumpy. They tried to find out what was the matter with him; at last he broke out, "Everybody's father dies except mine."'

[1] The château of M. de La Fayette.—Ed.

'An acquaintance of mine,' said Beaumont, 'not a son, but a son-in-law, complained equally of the pertinacious longevity of his father-in-law. "Je n'ai pas cru," he said, "en me mariant, que j'épousais la fille du Père Éternel." Your primogeniture,' he continued, 'must be a great source of unfilial feelings. The eldest son of one of your great families is in the position of the heir apparent to a throne. His father's death is to give him suddenly rank, power, and wealth; and we know that royal heirs apparent are seldom affectionate sons. With us the fortunes are much smaller, they are equally divided, and the rank that descends to the son is nothing.'

'What regulates,' I asked, 'the descent of titles?'

'It is ill regulated,' said Beaumont. 'Titles are now of such little value that scarcely anyone troubles himself to lay down rules about them.

'In general, however, it is said, that all the sons of dukes and of marquises are counts. The sons of counts in some families all take the title of Count. There are, perhaps, thirty Beaumonts. Some call themselves marquises, some counts, some barons. I am, I believe, the only one of the family who has assumed no title. Alexis de Tocqueville took none, but his elder brother, during his father's life, called himself vicomte and his younger brother baron. Probably Alexis ought then to have called himself chevalier, and, on his father's death, baron. But, I repeat, the matter is too unimportant to be subject to any settled rules. Ancient

descent is, with us, of great value, of far more than it is with you, but titles are worth nothing.'

Saturday, August 17.—We drove to the coast and ascended the lighthouse of Gatteville, 85 métres, or about 280 feet high. It stands in the middle of a coast fringed with frightful reefs, just enough under water to create no breakers, and a flat plain a couple of miles wide behind, so that the coast is not seen till you come close to it. In spite of many lighthouses and buoys, wrecks are frequent. A mysterious one occurred last February: the lighthouse watchman showed us the spot—a reef just below the lighthouse about two hundred yards from the shore.

It was at noon—there was a heavy sea, but not a gale. He saw a large ship steer full on the reef. She struck, fell over on one side till her yards were in the water, righted herself, fell over on the other, parted in the middle, and broke up. It did not take five minutes, but during those five minutes there was the appearance of a violent struggle on board, and several shots were fired. From the papers which were washed ashore it appeared that she was from New York, bound for Havre, with a large cargo and eighty-seven passengers, principally returning emigrants. No passenger escaped, and only two of the crew: one was an Italian speaking no French, from whom they could get nothing; the other was an Englishman from Cardiff, speaking French, but almost obstinately uncommunicative. He said that he was below when the ship struck, that the captain had locked the passengers in the cabin, and that he knew

nothing of the causes which had led the ship to go out of her course to run on this rock.

The captain may have been drunk or mad. Or there may have been a mutiny on board, and those who got possession of the ship may have driven her on the coast, supposing that they could beach her, and ignorant of the interposed reefs, which, as I have said, are not betrayed by breakers.

Our informant accounted for the loss of all, except two persons, by the heavy sea, the sharp reefs, and the blows received by those who tried to swim from the floating cargo. The two who escaped were much bruised.

A man and woman were found tied to one another and tied to a spar. They seemed to have been killed by blows received from the rocks or from the floating wreck.

In the evening Ampère read to us the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme.' His reading is equal to any acting. It kept us all, for the first two acts, which are the most comic, in one constant roar of laughter.

'The modern *nouveau riche*,' said Beaumont, 'has little resemblance to M. Jourdain. He talks of his horses and his carriages, builds a great hotel, and buys pictures. I have a neighbour of this kind; he drives four-in-hand over the bad roads of La Sarthe, visits with one carriage one day, and another the next. His jockey stands behind his cabriolet in top-boots, and his coachman wears a grand fur coat in summer. His own clothes are always new, sometimes in the most accurate

type of a groom, sometimes in that of a dandy. His talk is of steeple-chases.'

'And does he get on?' I asked.

'Not in the least,' answered Beaumont. 'In England a *nouveau riche* can get into Parliament, or help somebody else to get in, and political power levels all distinctions. Here, wealth gives no power: nothing, indeed, but office gives power. The only great men in the provinces are the *préfet*, the *sous-préfet*, and the *maire*. The only great man in Paris is a minister or a general. Wealth, therefore, unless accompanied by the social talents, which those who have made their fortunes have seldom had the leisure or the opportunity to acquire, leads to nothing. The women, too, of the *parvenus* always drag them down. They seem to acquire the *tournure* of society less easily than the men. Bastide, when Minister, did pretty well, but his wife used to sign her invitations "Femme Bastide."

'Society,' he continued, 'under the Republic was animated. We had great interests to discuss, and strong feelings to express, but perhaps the excitement was too great. People seemed to be almost ashamed to amuse or to be amused when the welfare of France, her glory or her degradation, her freedom or her slavery, were, as the event has proved, at stake.'

'I suppose,' I said to Ampère, 'that nothing has ever been better than the *salon* of Madame Récamier?'

'We must distinguish,' said Ampère. 'As great painters have many manners, so Madame Récamier had many *salons*. When I first knew her, in 1820, her

habitual dinner-party consisted of her father, her husband, Ballanche, and myself. Both her father, M. Bernard, and her husband were agreeable men. Ballanche was charming.'

'You believe,' I said, 'that Bernard was her father?'

'Certainly I do,' he replied. 'The suspicion that Récamier might be was founded chiefly on the strangeness of their conjugal relations. To this, I oppose her apparent love for M. Bernard, and I explain Récamier's conduct by his tastes. They were coarse, though he was a man of good manners. He never spent his evenings at home. He went where he could find more license.

'Perhaps the most agreeable period was at that time of Chateaubriand's reign when he had ceased to exact a *tête-à-tête*, and Ballanche and I were admitted at four o'clock. The most illustrious of the *partie carrée* was Chateaubriand, the most amusing Ballanche. My merit was that I was the youngest. Later in the evening Madame Mohl, Miss Clarke as she then was, was a great resource. She is a charming mixture of French vivacity and English originality, but I think that the French element predominates. Chateaubriand, always subject to *ennui*, delighted in her. He has adopted in his books some of the words which she coined. Her French is as original as the character of her mind, very good, but more of the last than of the present century.'

'Was Chateaubriand himself,' I said, 'agreeable?'

'Delightful,' said Ampère; 'très-entrain, très-facile à vivre, beaucoup d'imagination et de connaissances.'

'Facile à vivre?' I said. 'I thought that his vanity had been *difficile et exigeante*.'

'As a public man,' said Ampère, 'yes; and to a certain degree in general society. But in intimate society, when he was no longer "posing," he was charming. The charm, however, was rather intellectual than moral.

'I remember his reading to us a part of his memoirs, in which he describes his early attachment to an English girl, his separation from her, and their meeting many years after when she asked his protection for her son. Miss Clarke was absorbed by the story. She wanted to know what became of the young man, what Chateaubriand had been able to do for him. Chateaubriand could answer only in generals: that he had done all that he could, that he had spoken to the Minister, and that he had no doubt that the young man got what he wanted. But it was evident that even if he had really attempted to do anything for the son of his old love, he had totally forgotten the result. I do not think that he was pleased at Miss Clarke's attention and sympathy being diverted from himself. Later still in Madame Récamier's life, when she had become blind, and Chateaubriand deaf, and Ballanche very infirm, the evenings were sad. I had to try to amuse persons who had become almost unamusable.'

'How did Madame de Chateaubriand,' I asked, 'take the devotion of her husband to Madame Récamier?'

'Philosophically,' answered Ampère. 'He would not

have spent with her the hours that he passed at the Abbaye au bois. She was glad, probably, to know that they were not more dangerously employed.'

'Could I read Chateaubriand?' I asked.

'I doubt it,' said Ampère. 'His taste is not English.'

'I *have* read,' I said, 'and liked, his narrative of the manner in which he forced on the Spanish war of 1822. I thought it well written.'

'It is, perhaps,' said Ampère, 'the best thing which he has written, as the intervention to restore Ferdinand, which he effected in spite of almost everybody, was perhaps the most important passage in his political life.

'There is something revolting in an interference to crush the liberties of a foreign nation. But the expedition tended to maintain the Bourbons on the French throne, and, according to Chateaubriand's ideas, it was more important to support the principle of legitimacy than that of liberty. He expected, too, sillily enough, that Ferdinand would give a Constitution. It is certain, that, bad as the effects of that expedition were, Chateaubriand was always proud of it.'

'What has Ballanche written?' I asked.

'A dozen volumes,' he answered. 'Poetry, metaphysics, on all sorts of subjects, with pages of remarkable vigour and *finesse*, containing some of the best writing in the language, but too unequal and too desultory to be worth going through.'

'How wonderfully extensive,' I said, 'is French literature! Here is a voluminous author, some of whose writings, you say, are among the best in the French

language, yet his name, at least as an author, is scarcely known. He shines only by reflected light, and will live only because he attached himself to a remarkable man and to a remarkable woman.'

'French literature,' said Ampère, 'is extensive, but yet inferior to yours. If I were forced to select a single literature and to read nothing else, I would take the English. In one of the most important departments, the only one which cannot be re-produced by translation—poetry—you beat us hollow. We are great only in the drama, and even there you are perhaps our superiors. We have no short poems comparable to the "Allegro" or to the "Penseroso," or to the "Country Churchyard."'

'Tocqueville,' I said, 'told me that he did not think that he could could now read Lamartine.'

'Tocqueville,' said Ampère, 'could taste, like every man of genius, the very finest poetry, but he was not a lover of poetry. He could not read a hundred bad lines and think himself repaid by finding mixed with them ten good ones.'

'Ingres,' said Beaumont, 'perhaps our greatest living painter, is one of the clever cultivated men who do not read. Somebody put the "Misanthrope" into his hands, "It is wonderfully clever," he said, when he returned it; "how odd it is that it should be so totally unknown."'

'Let us read it to-night,' I said.

'By all means,' said Madame de Tocqueville; 'though we know it by heart it will be new when read by M. Ampère.' Accordingly Ampère read it to us after dinner.

'The tradition of the stage,' he said, 'is that Célimène was Molière's wife.'

'She is made too young,' said Minnie. 'A girl of twenty has not her wit, or her knowledge of the world.'

'The change of a word,' said Ampère, 'in two or three places would alter that. The feeblest characters are as usual the good ones. Philinte and Éliante.

'Alceste is a grand mixture, perhaps the only one on the French stage, of the comic and the tragic; for in many of the scenes he rises far above comedy. His love is real impetuous passion. Talma delighted in playing him.'

'The desert,' I said, 'into which he retires, was, I suppose, a distant country-house. Just such a place as Tocqueville.'

'As Tocqueville,' said Beaumont, 'fifty years ago, without roads, ten days' journey from Paris, and depending for society on Valognes.'

'As Tocqueville,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'when my mother-in-law first married. She spent in it a month and could never be induced to see it again.'

'Whom,' I asked, 'did Célimène marry?'

'Of course,' said Ampère, 'Alceste. Probably five years afterwards. By that time he must have got tired of his desert and she of her coquetry.'

'We know,' I said, 'that Molière was always in love with his wife, notwithstanding her *légèreté*. What makes me think the tradition that Célimène was Mademoiselle[1]

[1] Under the *ancien régime* even the married actresses were called Mademoiselle.—Ed.

Molière true, is that Molière was certainly in love with Célimène. She is made as engaging as possible, and her worst faults do not rise above foibles. Her satire is good-natured. Arsinoé is her foil, introduced to show what real evil-speaking is.'

'All the women,' said Ampère, 'are in love with Alceste, and they care about no one else. Célimène's satire of the others is scarcely good-natured. It is clear, at least, that they did not think so.'

'If Célimène,' said Minnie, 'became Madame Alceste, he probably made her life a burthen with his jealousy.'

'Of course he was jealous,' said Madame de Beaumont, 'for he was violently in love. There can scarcely be violent love without jealousy.'

'At least,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'till people are married.

'If a lover is cool enough to be without jealousy, he ought to pretend it.'

Sunday, August 18.—After breakfast when the ladies were gone to church, I talked over with Ampère and Beaumont Tocqueville's political career.

'Why,' I asked, 'did he refuse the support of M. Molé in 1835? Why would he never take office under Louis Philippe? Why did he associate himself with the Gauche whom he despised, and oppose the Droit with whom he sympathised? Is the answer given by M. Guizot to a friend of mine who asked a nearly similar question, "Parce qu'il voulait être où je suis," the true one?'

'The answers to your first question,' said Beaumont,

'are two. In 1835 Tocqueville was young and inexperienced. Like most young politicians, he thought that he ought to be an independent member, and to vote, on every occasion, according to his conscience, untrammelled by party connections. He afterwards found his mistake.

'And, secondly, if he had chosen to submit to a leader, it would not have been Molé.

'Molé represented a principle to which Guizot was then vehemently opposed, though he was afterwards its incarnation—the subservience of the Ministry and of the Parliament to the King. In that house of 450 members, there were 220 placemen; 200 were the slaves of the King. They received from him their orders; from time to time, in obedience to those orders, they even opposed his Ministers.

'This, however, seldom occurred, for the King contrived always to have a devoted majority in his Cabinet.

'It was this that drove the Duc de Broglie from the Government and prevented his ever resuming office.

'"I could not bear," he said to me, "to hear Sebastiani repeat, in every council and on every occasion, 'Ce que le Roi vient de dire est parfaitement juste.'" The only Ministers that ventured to have an opinion of their own were those of the 12th of May 1839, of which Dufaure, Villemain, and Passy were members, and that of the 1st of March 1840, of which Thiers was the leader; and Tocqueville supported them both.

'When Guizot, who had maintained the principle of Ministerial and Parliamentary, in opposition to that of Monarchical Governments, with unequalled eloquence,

vigour, and I may add violence, suddenly turned round and became the most servile member of the King's servile majority, Tocqueville fell back into opposition.

'In general it is difficult to act with an opposition systematically and, at the same time, honestly. For the measures proposed by a Government are, for the most part, good. But, during the latter part of Louis Philippe's reign, it was easy, for the Government proposed merely to do nothing—either abroad or at home. I do not complain of the essence of M. Guizot's foreign policy, though there was a want of dignity in its forms.

'There was nothing useful to be done, and, under such circumstances, all action would have been mischievous.

'But at home *every* thing was to be done. Our code required to be amended, our commerce and our industry, and our agriculture required to be freed, our municipal and commercial institutions were to be created, our taxation was to be revised, and, above all, our parliamentary system—under which, out of 36,000,000 of French, only 200,000 had votes, under which the Deputies bought a majority of the 200,000 electors, and the King bought a majority of the 450 deputies—required absolute reconstruction.

'Louis Philippe would allow nothing to be done. If he could have prevented it we should not have had a railroad. He would not allow the most important of all, that to Marseilles, to be finished. He would not allow our monstrous centralisation, or our monstrous protective system, to be touched. The owners of forests were permitted to deprive us of cheap fuel, the owners of

forges of cheap iron, the owners of factories of cheap clothing.

'In some of this stupid inaction Guizot supported him conscientiously, for, like Thiers, he is ignorant of the first principles of political economy, but he knows too much the philosophy of Government not to have felt, on every other point, that the King was wrong.

'If he supposed that Tocqueville wished to be in his place, on the conditions on which he held office, he was utterly mistaken.

'Tocqueville was ambitious; he wished for power. So did I. We would gladly have been real Ministers, but nothing would have tempted us to be the slaves of the *pensée immuable*, or to sit in a Cabinet in which we were constantly out-voted, or to defend, as Guizot had to do in the Chamber, conduct which we had disapproved in the Council.

'You ask why Tocqueville joined the Gauche whom he despised, against the Droit with whom he sympathised?

'He voted with the Gauche only where he thought their votes right. Where he thought them wrong, as, for instance, in all that respected Algeria, he left them. They would have abandoned the country, and, when that could not be obtained, they tried to prevent the creation of the port.

'Very early, however, in his parliamentary life, he had found that an independent member—a member who supporting no party is supported by no party—is useless. He allowed himself therefore to be considered a member

of the Gauche; but I never could persuade him to be tolerably civil to them. Once, after I had been abusing him for his coldness to them, he shook hands with Romorantin, then looked towards me for my applause, but I doubt whether he ever shook hands with him again. In fact almost his only point of contact with them was their disapprobation of the inactivity of Louis Philippe. Many of them were Bonapartists like Abbatucci and Romorantin. Some were Socialists, some were Republicans; the majority of them wished to overthrow the Monarchy, and the minority looked forward with indifference to its fall.

'They hated him as much as he did them, much more indeed, for his mind was not formed for hatred. They excluded him from almost all committees.'

'Would it not have been wise in him,' I asked, 'to retire from the Chamber during the King's life, or at least until it contained a party with whom he could cordially act?'

'Perhaps,' said Beaumont, 'that would have been the wisest course for him—and indeed for me. I entered the Chamber reluctantly. All my family were convinced that a political man not in the Chamber was nothing. So I let myself be persuaded. Tocqueville required no persuasion, he was anxious to get in, and when in it was difficult to persuade oneself to go out. We always hoped for a change. The King might die, or he might be forced —as he had been forced before—to submit to a liberal Ministry which might have been a temporary cure, or even to a Parliamentary reform which might have

been a complete cure. Duchâtel, who is a better politician than Guizot, was superseding him in the confidence of the King and of the Chamber.

'In fact, the liberal Ministry and Parliamentary reform did come at last, though not until it was too late to save the Monarchy.

'If Tocqueville had retired in disgust from the Chamber of Deputies, he might not have been a member of the Constituent, or of the Legislative Assembly. This would have been a misfortune—though the shortness of the duration of the first, and the hostility of the President during the second, and also the state of his health, prevented his influencing the destinies of the Republic as much as his friends expected him to do, and indeed as he expected himself.'

'I have often,' I said, 'wondered how you and Tocqueville, and the other eminent men who composed the committee for preparing the Constitution, could have made one incapable of duration, and also incapable of change.'

'What,' he asked, 'are the principal faults which you find in the Constitution?'

'First,' I said, 'that you gave to your President absolute authority over the army, the whole patronage of the most centralised and the most place-hunting country in the world, so that there was not one of your population of 36,000,000 whose interests he could not seriously affect; and, having thus armed him with irresistible power, you gave him the strongest possible motives to employ it against the Constitution by turning

him out at the end of his four years, incapable of re-election, unpensioned and unprovided for, so that he must have gone from the Élysée Bourbon to a debtor's prison.

'Next, that, intending your President to be the subordinate Minister of the Assembly, you gave him the same origin, and enabled him to say, "I represent the people as much as you do, indeed much more. They *all* voted for me, only a fraction of them voted for any one of you." Then that origin was the very worst that could possibly be selected, the votes of the uneducated multitude; you must have foreseen that they would give you a demagogue or a charlatan. The absence of a second Chamber, and the absence of a power of dissolution, are minor faults, but still serious ones. When the President and the Assembly differed, they were shut up together to fight it out without an umpire.'

'That we gave the President too much power,' said Beaumont, 'the event has proved. But I do not see how, in the existing state of feeling in France, we could have given him less. The French have no self-reliance. They depend for everything on their administrators. The first revolution and the first empire destroyed all their local authorities and also their aristocracy. Local authorities may be gradually re-created, and an aristocracy may gradually arise, but till these things have been done the Executive must be strong.

'If he had been re-eligible, our first President would virtually have been President for life. Having decided

that his office should be temporary, we were forced to forbid his immediate re-election.

'With respect to his being left unprovided for, no man who had filled the office decently would have been refused an ample provision on quitting it. As for this man, no provision that we could have made for him, if we had given him three or four millions a year, would have induced him to give up what he considered a throne which was his by descent. He swore to the Constitution with an *idée fixe* to destroy it. He attempted to do so on the 29th of January 1849, not two months after his election.

'I agree with you that the fault of the Constitution was that it allowed the President to be chosen by universal suffrage; and that the fault of the people was that they elected a pretender to the throne, whose ambition, rashness, and faithlessness had been proved.

'No new Constitution can work if the Executive conspires against it. But deliberating and acting in the midst of *émeutes*, with a Chamber and a population divided into half a dozen hostile factions, the two Royalist parties hating one another, the Bonapartists bent on destroying all freedom, and the Socialists all individual property, what could we do? My wish and Tocqueville's was to give the election to the Chamber. We found that out of 650 members we could not hope that our proposition would be supported by more than 200. You think that we ought to have proposed two Chambers. The great use of two Chambers is to strengthen the Executive by enabling it to play one against the other; but we felt that our Executive was dangerously strong, and we

believed, I think truly, that a single Chamber would resist him better than two could do. The provision which required more than a bare majority for the revision of the Constitution was one of those which we borrowed from America. It had worked well there. In the general instability we wished to have one anchor, one mooring ring fixed. We did not choose that the whole framework of our Government should be capable of being suddenly destroyed by a majority of one, in a moment of excitement and perhaps by a parliamentary surprise.

'With respect to your complaint that, there being no power of dissolution, there was no means of taking the opinion of the people, the answer is, that to give the President power of dissolution would have been to invite him to a *coup d'état*. With no Chamber to watch him, he would have been omnipotent.

'I agree with you that the Constitution was a detestable one. But even now, looking back to the times, and to the conditions under which we made it, I do not think that it was in our power to make a good one.'

'Tocqueville,' I said, 'told me that Cormenin was your Solon, that he brought a bit of constitution to you every morning, and that it was usually adopted.'[1]

'Tocqueville's memory,' answered Beaumont, 'deceived him. Cormenin was our president. It is true that he brought a bit of constitution every morning. But it scarcely ever was adopted or capable of being adopted. It was in general bad in itself, or certain to be rejected by the Assembly. He wished to make the President a

[1] See Vol. I. p. 212.—Ed.

puppet. But he exercised over us a mischievous influence. He tried to revenge himself for our refusal of all his proposals by rendering our deliberations fruitless. And as the power of a president over a deliberative body is great, he often succeeded.

'Many of our members were unaccustomed to public business and lost their tempers or their courage when opposed. The Abbé Lamennais proposed a double election of the president. But of thirty members, only four, among whom were Tocqueville and I, supported him. He left the committee and never returned to it. Tocqueville and I were anxious to introduce double election everywhere. It is the best palliative of universal suffrage.'

'The double election,' I said, 'of the American President is nugatory. Every elector is chosen under a pledge to nominate a specified candidate.'

'That is true,' said Beaumont, 'as to the President, but not as to the other functionaries thus elected. The senators chosen by double election are far superior to the representatives chosen by direct voting.

'We proposed, too, to begin by establishing municipal institutions. We were utterly defeated. The love of centralisation is almost inherent in French politicians. They see the evil of local government—its stupidity, its corruption, its jobbing. They see the convenience of centralisation—the ease with which a centralised administration works. Feelings which are really democratic have reached those who fancy themselves aristocrats. We had scarcely a supporter.

'We should perhaps have a few now, when experience has shown that centralisation is still more useful to an usurper than it is to a regular Government.'

August 18.—We drove in the afternoon to the coast, and sat in the shade of the little ricks of sea-weed, gazing on an open sea as blue as the Mediterranean.

We talked of America.

'I can understand,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'the indignation of the North against you. It is, of course, excessive, but they had a right to expect you to be on their side in an anti-slavery war.'

'They had no right,' I said, 'to expect from our Government anything but absolute neutrality.'

'But you need not,' she replied, 'have been so eager to put the South on the footing of belligerents.'

'On what other footing,' I asked, 'could we put them? On what other footing does the North put them? Have they ventured, or will they venture, to hang a single seceder?'

'At least,' she said, 'you might have expressed more sympathy with the North?'

'I think,' I answered, 'that we have expressed as much sympathy as it was possible to feel. We deplore the combat, we hold the South responsible for it, we think their capricious separation one of the most foolish and one of the most wicked acts that have ever been committed; we hope that the North will beat them, and we should bitterly regret their forcing themselves back into the Union on terms making slavery worse, if possible, than it is now. We wish the contest to end as quickly

as possible: but we do not think that it can end by the North subjugating the Southerns and forcing them to be its subjects.

'The best termination to which we look forward as possible, is that the North should beat the South, and then dictate its own terms of separation.

'If they wish to go farther than this, if they wish us to love or to admire our Northern cousins in their political capacity, they wish for what is impossible.

'We cannot forget that the Abolitionists have been always a small and discredited party; that the Cuba slave trade is mainly carried on from New York; that they have neglected the obligations formally entered into by them with us to co-operate in the suppression of the slave trade; that they have pertinaciously refused to allow us even to inquire into the right of slavers to use the American flag; that it is the capital of the North which feeds the slavery of the South; that the first act of the North, as soon as the secession of the South from Congress allowed it to do what it liked, was to enact a selfish protective tariff; that their treatment of us, from the time that they have felt strong enough to insult us, has been one unvaried series of threats, bullying, and injury; that they have refused to submit their claims on us to arbitration, driven out our ambassadors, seized by force on disputed territory, and threatened war on every pretence.'

'It is true,' said Beaumont, 'that during the last twenty years American diplomacy has not been such as to inspire affection or respect. But you must recollect that

during all that time America has been governed by the South.'

'It is true,' I said, 'that the presidents have generally been Southerns, but I am not aware that the North has ever disavowed their treatment of us. This is certain, that throughout the Union, insolence to England has been an American statesman's road to popularity.'

Monday, August 19.—We walked in the afternoon over the commons overlooking the sea, and among the shady lanes of this well-wooded country.

We came on a group of about twelve or thirteen reapers taking their evening meal of enormous loaves of brown bread, basins of butter, and kegs of cider.

M. Roussell, the farmer in whose service they were, was sitting among them. He was an old friend and constituent of Tocqueville, and for thirty years was Maire of Tocqueville. He has recently resigned. He rose and walked with us to his house.

'I was required,' he said, 'to support the prefect's candidate for the *Conseil général.* No such proposition was ever made to me before. I could not submit to it. The prefect has been unusually busy of late. The schoolmaster has been required to send in a list of the peasants whose children, on the plea of poverty, receive gratuitous education. The children of those who do not vote with the prefect are to have it no longer.'

I asked what were the wages of labour.

'Three francs and half a day,' he said, 'during the harvest, with food—which includes cider. In ordinary

times one franc a day with food, or a franc and a half without food.'

'It seems then,' I said, 'that you can feed a man for half a franc a day?'

'He can feed himself,' said M. Roussell, 'for that, but *I* cannot, or for double that money.'

The day labourer is generally hired only for one day. A new bargain is made every day.

The house was not uncomfortable, but very untidy. There are no ricks, everything is stored in large barns, where it is safe from weather, but terribly exposed to vermin.

A bright-complexioned servant-girl was in the kitchen preparing an enormous bowl of soup, of which bread, potatoes, and onions were the chief solid ingredients.

'Roussell,' said Beaumont, 'is superior to his class. In general they are bad politicians. It is seldom difficult to get their votes for the nominee of the prefect. They dislike to vote for anyone whom they know, especially if he be a gentleman, or be supported by the gentry. Such a candidate excites their democratic envy and suspicion. But the prefect is an abstraction. They have never seen him, they have seldom heard of his name or of that of his candidate, and therefore they vote for him.

'Lately, however, in some of my communes, the peasants have adopted a new practice, that of electing peasants. I suspect that the Government is not displeased.

'The presence of such members will throw discredit

on the *Conseils généraux*, and, if they get there, on the *Corps législatif*, much to the pleasure of our democratic master, and they will be easily bribed or frightened. Besides which, the fifteen francs a day will be a fortune to them, and they will be terrified by the threat of a dissolution. I do not think that even yet we have seen the worst of universal suffrage.'

'What influence,' I asked, 'have the priests?'

'In some parts of France,' said Beaumont, 'where the people are religious, as is the case here, much. Not much in the north-east, where there is little religion; and in the towns, where there is generally no religion, their patronage of a candidate would ruin him. I believe that nothing has so much contributed to Louis Napoleon's popularity with the *ouvriers* as his quarrel with the Pope. You may infer the feelings of the lower classes in Paris from his cousin's conduct.'

'I study Prince Napoleon,' said Ampère, 'with interest, for I believe that he will be the successor.'

'If Louis Napoleon,' I said, 'were to be shot tomorrow, would not the little prince be proclaimed?'

'Probably,' said Ampère,' 'but with Jérôme for regent, and I doubt whether the regency would end by the little Napoleon IV. assuming the sceptre.

'Louis Napoleon himself does not expect it. He often says that, in France, it is more than two hundred years since a sovereign has been succeeded by his son.

'On the whole,' continued Ampère, 'I had rather have Jérôme than Louis Napoleon. He has more

talent and less prudence. He would bring on the crisis sooner.

'On the 31st of October, 1849,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'I was in Louis Napoleon's company, and he mentioned some matter on which he wished to know my husband's opinion. I could not give it. "It does not much signify," he answered, "for as I see M. de Tocqueville every day, I will talk to him about it myself." At that very time, the *ordonnance* dismissing M. de Tocqueville had been signed, and Louis Napoleon knew that he would probably never see him again.'

'I do not,' said Ampère, 'give up the chance of a republic. I do not wish for one. It must be a very bad constitutional monarchy which I should not prefer to the best republic. My democratic illusions are gone. France and America have dispelled them: but it must be a very bad republic which I should not prefer to the best despotism. A republic is like a fever, violent and frightful, but not necessarily productive of organic mischief. A despotism is a consumption: it degrades and weakens, and perverts all the vital functions.

'What is there now in France worth living for? I find people proud of our Italian campaign. Why should the French be proud that their master's soldiers have been successful in a war as to which they were not consulted; which, in fact, they disapproved, which was not made for their benefit, which was the most glaring proof of their servility and degradation? We knew before that our troops were better than the Austrians. What have we gained by the additional example of their superiority?

'I fear,' I said, 'that a republic, at least such a republic as you are likely to have, would begin by some gross economical enormities—by the *droit au travail*, by the *impôt progressif sur la fortune présumée*, by a paper currency made a legal tender without limitation of its amount.'

'The last republic,' said Ampère, 'did some of these things, but very timidly and moderately. It gave to its paper a forced currency, but was so cautious in its issue, that it was not depreciated. It created the *ateliers nationaux*, but it soon dissolved them, though at the expense of a civil war. Its worst fault was more political than economical: it was the 45 centimes, that is to say, the sudden increase by 45 per cent. of the direct taxes. It never recovered that blow. Of all its acts it is the one which is best recollected. The Provisional Government is known in the provinces as "ces gredins des quarante-cinq centimes." The business of a revolutionary government is to be popular. It ought to reduce taxation, meet its expenditure by loans, abolish octrois and prohibitions, and defer taxation until it has lasted long enough to be submitted to as a *fait accompli*.'

'I fear,' said Madame de Tocqueville, 'that our working classes are in a much worse frame of mind than they were in 1848. Socialist opinions—the doctrine that the profits of capitalists are so much taken fraudulently or oppressively from the wages of labourers, and that it is unjust that one man should have more of the means of happiness than another—are extending every day. The workpeople believe that the rich are

their enemies and that the Emperor is their friend, and that he will join them in an attempt to get their fair share, that is, an equal share, of the property of the country—and I am not sure that they are mistaken.'

'Nor am I,' said Beaumont. '*Celui-ci* fully sympathises with their feelings, and I do not think that he has intelligence enough to see the absurdity of their theories.'

'You do not deny him,' I said, 'intelligence?'

'Not,' said Beaumont, 'for some purposes, and to some extent, practical intelligence. His ends are bad, but he is often skilful in inventing and pertinacious in employing means for effecting those bad ends. But I deny him theoretic intelligence. I do not think that he has comprehension or patience to work out, or even to follow, a long train of reasoning; such a train as that by which economical errors and fallacies are detected.'

'Are there strikes,' I asked, 'among your workmen?'

'They are beginning,' said Beaumont. 'We have had one near us, and the authorities were afraid to interfere.'

'I suppose,' I said, 'that they are illegal?'

'They are illegal,' he answered, 'and I think that they ought to be so. They are always oppressive and tyrannical. The workman who does not join in a strike is made miserable. They are generally mischievous to the combined workmen themselves, and always to those of other trades. Your toleration of them appears to me one of the worst symptoms of your political state of health. It shows among your public men an ignorance

or a cowardice, or a desire of ill-earned popularity, which is generally a precursor of a democratic revolution.'

'It is certain,' said Ampère, 'that the masters are becoming afraid of their workmen. Péreire brings his from their residences to the Barrière Malesherbes in carriages. You are not actually insulted in the streets of Paris, but you are treated with rude neglect. A *fiacre* likes to splash you, a *paveur* to scatter you with mud. Louis Napoleon began with Chauvinism. He excited all the bad international passions of the multitude. He has now taken up Sansculotteism. Repulsed with scorn and disgust by the rich and the educated, he has thrown himself on the poor and ignorant. The passions with which he likes to work are envy, malignity, and rapacity.

'I do not believe that he feels them. He is what is called a good-natured man. That is to say, he likes to please everyone that he sees. But his selfishness is indescribable.

'No public interest stands in the way of his slightest caprice. He often puts me in mind of Nero. With the same indifference to the welfare of others with which Nero amused himself by burning down Rome, he is amusing himself by pulling down Paris.'

N. W. Senior.

[We left Tocqueville on the following day with great regret. The same party was never to meet again—the only survivors are Madame de Beaumont and myself and the Beaumonts' son, then a very intelligent boy of ten years old.

One day my father and I visited the little green churchyard on a cliff near the sea where Tocqueville is buried. The tomb is a plain grey stone slab—on it a cross is cut in bas-relief, with these words only:—

ICI REPOSE
ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.
NÉ 24 FÉVRIER 1805. MORT 16 AVRIL 1859.

My father laid a wreath of *immortelles* on the tomb. —ED.]

APPENDIX.

MONTALEMBERT'S speech was afterwards published in the *Moniteur*, but with considerable alterations. In Mr. Senior's journal in 1854 (which has not been published), he says, under the date of April 26, 'I called on Montalembert and took him my report of his speech. He has promised to add to it any notes that it may require. "The printed report," he said, "is intentionally falsified. Before it was struck off I asked to see the proofs. I was told that, as such an application was new, the President of the Bureau would meet and decide on its admissibility. They decided that it could not be granted."'

[The following is Mr. Senior's report, with M. de Montalembert's own corrections and additions in French.—ED.]

At length Montalembert rose. He stood near the extreme right, with his side towards the tribune, and his face towards the centre gallery, in which I sat. His voice and delivery are so good, and the house was so silent, that I did not lose a word. I believe that the following report is a tolerably accurate abridgment of his speech.

'Gentlemen, I must begin by expressing to you my deep gratitude for the attention which you have paid to this unhappy business. I am grieved at having occasioned the waste of so much public time. I am still more grieved at having been the occasion of division among my colleagues.'

[*Note by Montalembert.*—' J'aurais voulu faire plus qu'exprimer

le regret : j'aurais voulu me prêter à tous les arrangements qui m'ont été suggérés par des voix amies pour mettre un terme à cette discussion. Je n'aurais reculé devant aucun sacrifice qui eût été compatible avec l'honneur. Mais vous comprenez tous que sous le coup d'une poursuite, d'un danger, je ne puis rien désavouer, rien rétracter, rien retirer de ce que j'ai écrit, de ce que j'ai pensé. Si j'agissais autrement il vous resterait un collègue absous, mais déshonoré et dont vous ne sauriez que faire.']

'More than all I am grieved when I think of the time at which this has occurred. A time when we are engaged in an honourable and serious war—a war in which, with the great and faithful ally whom I have always desired, and the sympathy of all Europe, we are defending civilisation against an enemy, barbarous indeed, but so formidable as to require our undivided energy and our undivided attention.

'But you must recollect *when* that letter was written. It was in last September, in profound peace, when our whole thoughts were employed, and were properly employed, on our internal affairs.

'Aujourd'hui il en est autrement ; l'état de guerre impose à tous les citoyens des devoirs spéciaux : il doit aussi imposer un certain frein à l'esprit de critique. Aucun Français, quel que soit sa foi politique, ne peut vouloir discréditer le pouvoir des dissidents, des mécontents, mais il n'y a plus d'émigrés, ni à l'intérieur, ni à l'extérieur.'

[*Note by N. W. Senior.*—This seems to be an allusion to a passage in Thiers's celebrated speech of the 17th of February, 1851. 'Il ne faut émigrer, ni au dehors, ni au dedans.']

['J'aurais su contenir les sentiments les plus passionnés de mon âme, plutôt que de paraître affaiblir en quoi que ce soit la main qui porte l'épée et le drapeau de la France. Ce n'est pas toutefois que j'admette que toute liberté de parole ou de presse soit incompatible avec l'état de guerre. L'Angleterre a conservé toutes ses libertés en faisant la guerre aux plus re-

doutables ennemis: aujourd'hui encore l'opposition, d'accord avec le gouvernement sur la question extérieure, maintient les résistances et les critiques à l'intérieur. Et certes personne ne dira que l'Angleterre, pour avoir conservé la liberté de discussion la plus entière, n'ait pas déployé pour le moins autant de prévoyance et d'énergie que nous dans la conduite de la guerre où nous entrons. Il n'y a que les nations où la vie publique circule dans toutes les veines du corps social, qui sachent résister aux épreuves et aux chances d'une guerre prolongée. La liberté de la contradiction centuple le prix d'une libre adhésion ; et à force de mettre une sourdine à toutes les émotions du pays, il faut prendre garde qu'on ne se trouve un jour dans l'impossibilité de faire vibrer les cordes les plus essentielles quand le moment des dangers et des sacrifices sera arrivé.']

'I deeply regret the publication of that letter. But with that publication I repeat that I am utterly unconnected. I never sanctioned it, I never wished for it, I never even thought it possible. There are passages in the letter itself which I might modify if I were to re-write it, but it would rather be by adding to them than by taking from them. Two accusations have been directed against its substance. One that it is hostile to the Emperor; the other that it is hostile to this assembly. No one who knows my character, and knows my history, will believe that I can have intended to injure the Emperor. Our relations have been such as to make it impossible.

['J'ai eu l'occasion de défendre le chef actuel de l'État dans des circonstances infiniment difficiles, et où rien n'était plus douteux que le succès. Je ne prétends pas l'avoir constitué par cela mon débiteur, car en le défendant, je ne voulais servir, comme toujours, que la justice, l'intérêt du pays, la liberté modérée qui se personnifiaient en lui à mes yeux, mais enfin, aux yeux du public il est mon obligé, et je ne suis pas le sien. Si j'avais eu la pensée d'offenser publiquement l'Empereur, et si j'y avais cédé, nous serions *quittes*. Or, je tiens beaucoup à ce que nous ne le soyons pas. Il n'y aurait pour moi ni

honneur ni avantage à ce changement de position. Tous les hommes de bon goût, tous les cœurs délicats, me comprendront.']

'It is equally impossible that I should have wished to offend this assembly. It contains men by whose sides I have fought the great battles of property and law. I love many of its members. I respect almost all. If I have offended any, it was done unconsciously. Again, it is said that the tone of my letter is violent. Expressions may be called violent by some which would be only called *passionnés* by others. Now I admit that I am *passionné*. It is in my nature. I owe to that quality much of my merit, whatever that merit may be. Were I not *passionné*, I should not have been, during all my life, *la sentinelle perdue de la liberté*. I should not have thrown myself into every breach: sometimes braving the attacks of anarchy, sometimes heading the assault on tyranny, and sometimes fighting against the worst of all despotisms, the despotism that is based on democracy.'

['Allons plus au fond, et vous reconnaîtrez que les opinions énoncées dans la lettre ne sont autres que celles toujours professées par moi. Elles peuvent toutes se ramener à une seule, à mon éloignement pour le pouvoir absolu. Je ne l'aime pas: je ne l'ai jamais aimé. Si j'ai tant combattu l'anarchie avant et après 1848, si j'ai suscité contre moi dans le parti démagogique ces haines virulentes qui durent encore et qui ne perdent jamais une occasion d'éclater contre moi, c'est parce que j'ai compris de bonne heure les affinités naturelles du despotisme et de la démocratie; c'est parce que j'ai prévu et prédit que la démocratie nous conduirait au pouvoir absolu. Oui, je crois, comme je l'ai dit, que le despotisme abaisse les caractères, les intelligences, les consciences. Oui, je déplore le système qui rend un seul homme tout-puissant et seul responsable des destinées d'une nation de 36 millions d'hommes; et trouve que cela ressemble trop au gouvernement russe, contre lequel nous allons en guerre, et trop peu au gouvernement anglais, dont nous prisons si haut l'alliance.']

'I am told again, and the accusation is sanctioned by the *réquisitoire* of the Procureur-Général, that my letter is inconsistent with the fidelity which I have sworn to the Emperor and to the constitution. When a man swears fidelity to a sovereign and to a constitution, his oath engages him only as to matters within his own power. He swears not to conspire against them. He swears not to attempt to subvert them. He cannot swear to approve the acts of the sovereign, or the working of the constitution, for he cannot foresee what either of them will be. I have kept, and I shall keep, my oath to the Emperor and my oath to the constitution. I have not attempted, and I shall not attempt, to overthrow either of them. But my approbation of either of them does not depend on me. I accepted the *coup d'état*, comme vous l'avez tous fait, comme notre seule chance de salut dans les circonstances d'alors. I expected a Government *honnête et modéré*. I have been disappointed.'

Here a violent exclamation ran through the assembly. Baroche rose and cried out, 'You hear him, gentlemen. He says that he expected honesty and moderation from the Government, and that he has been disappointed. I appeal to you, Mr. President, to decide whether we are to sit and listen to such infamies.'

[Voix diverses:—'Expliquez vos paroles.' 'Retirez vos paroles.' M. de Montalembert.—'Je les maintiens et je les explique.']

'I expected *un gouvernement honnête et modéré*. I have been disappointed. Its *honnêteté* may be judged by the confiscation of the Orleans property.'

Here was another hubbub, and another protest of Baroche's.

'What is going on before you,' continued Montalembert, 'is a sample of its moderation. It is now attempting in my person to introduce into our criminal law a new *délit*, "communication." Until now it was supposed that nothing was criminal until it was published. It was believed that a man might write

his opinions and his reflections, and might exchange them with his friends; that nothing was libellous that was confidential. *Now* this Government holds a man responsible for every thought that an indiscreet or an incautious friend, or a concealed enemy, or a tool of power reveals. If it succeeds in this attempt, it will not rest satisfied with this victory over the remnant of our freedom. It is not in the nature of things that it should. A Government that will not tolerate censure must forbid discussion. You are now asked to put down writing. When that has been done, conversation will be attacked. Paris will resemble Rome under the successors of Augustus. Already this prosecution has produced a *malaise* which I never felt or observed before. What will be the feelings of the nation when all that is around it is concealed, when every avenue by which light could penetrate is stopped; when we are exposed to all the undefined terrors and exaggerated dangers that accompany utter darkness? The misfortune of France, a national defect which makes the happiness enjoyed by England unattainable by us, is, that she is always oscillating between extremes; that she is constantly swinging from universal conquest to *la paix à tout prix*, from the desire of nothing but glory to the desire of nothing but wealth, from the wildest democracy to the most abject servility. Every new Government starts with a new principle. Every Government in a few years perishes by carrying that principle to an extreme. The First Republic was destroyed by the intemperance with which it trampled on every sort of tradition and authority, the First Empire by its abuse of victory and war, the Restoration by its exaggerated belief in divine right and legitimacy, the Royalty of July by its exaggerated reliance on purchased voters and Parliamentary majorities, the Second Republic by the conduct of its own Republicans. The danger to the Second Empire—its only internal danger, but I fear a fatal one—is its abuse of authority. With every phase of our sixty years' long revolution, we have a new superstition, a new *culte*. We are now required to become the

worshippers of authority. I lament that with the new religion we have not new priests Our public men would not be discredited by instantaneous apostasy from one political faith to another. I am grieved, gentlemen, if I offend you; though many of you are older in years than I am, not one probably is so old in public life. I may be addressing you for the last time, and I feel that my last words ought to contain all the warnings that I think will be useful to you. This assembly will soon end, as all its predecessors have ended. Its acts, its legislation, may perish with it, but its reputation, its fame, for good or for evil, will survive. Within a few minutes you will do an act by which that reputation will be seriously affected; by which it may be raised, by which it may be deeply, perhaps irrevocably, sunk. Your vote to-night will show whether you possess freedom, and whether you deserve it. As for myself, I care but little. A few months, or even years, of imprisonment are among the risks which every public man who does his duty in revolutionary times must encounter, and which the first men of the country have incurred, *soit en sortant des affaires, soit avant d'y entrer*. But whatever may be the effect of your vote on *my* person, whatever it may be on *your* reputation, I trust that it is not in your power to inflict permanent injury on my country. Among you are some who lived through the Empire. They must remember that the soldiers of our glorious army cherished as fondly the recollection of its defeats as of its victories. They must see that the lessons which those defeats taught, and the feelings which they inspired, are now among the sources of our military strength. Your Emperor himself, in one of his earlier addresses, talked hopefully of the period when France would be capable of more liberty than he now thinks good for her, "Un jour," he exclaimed, "mon œuvre sera couronnée par la liberté." I join in that hope. I look sanguinely towards the time when she will be worthy of the English constitution, and she will obtain it. Vous tenez le corps de la France, mais vous ne tenez pas son âme. Cette

âme, aujourd'hui effrayée, engourdie, endormie, cette âme c'est la liberté. Elle se réveillera un jour et vous échappera. La certitude de ce réveil suffit pour consoler et fortifier ses vieux et fidèles soldats à traverser la nuit de l'épreuve. Cette liberté honnête et modérée, sage et sainte, j'y ai toujours cru, et j'y crois encore. Je l'ai toujours servie, toujours aimée, toujours invoquée, tantôt pour la religion, tantôt pour le pays ; hier contre le socialisme, aujourd'hui contre un commencement de despotisme ; et, quelle que soit votre décision, je me féliciterai toujours d'avoir eu cette occasion solennelle de la confesser encore une fois devant vous, et, s'il le faut, de souffrir un peu pour elle.'

These concluding words were drowned in universal murmurs.

N. W. Senior.